

A SATIRE ON CLOTHES—A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

VOL 30 No 2

FEBRUARY

1910

PRICE 25cts

THE SMART SET

A
MAG
AZINE
OF

C
L
E
V
E
R
N
E
S
S

"HER
PASSIONATE
PILGRIMAGE,"
By Weymer Jay Mills.
A Brilliant Novel of
English Pretenders and
American Anglomaniacs.

LONDON

Digitized by Google
Ess Ess Publishing Company, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York

PARIS



THE
Auditorium Hotel

**Michigan Blvd. and Congress St.
CHICAGO**

For twenty years the leading hotel of the city; will be carefully maintained in that Leading Position by its

NEW MANAGEMENT

which went into effect October 1, 1909. Upward of \$300,000 will be expended for improvements, new plumbing, decorations and furniture, which will be introduced in such a manner as to cause

No Interruption to Business

T. J. TALTY, MANAGER

**HOTEL
PIERREPONT**

**43-45-47 West 32d Street
NEW YORK**

QUIET, REFINED AND MODERN

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Apartments of All Sizes, Both Furnished and Unfurnished. Transient Rates for Room and Bath, \$2.50 Per Day and More.

European Plan

HARRY L. BROWN

West Coast of Florida

Automobiling and liveries; also good horses and equipages, yachts, power boats, house boats; finest river in Florida; sea-wall facing the town; eighteen miles from the Gulf; good fishing and hunting; golf and tennis club. Just the dry, balmy, restful breezes for worn-out society people.

HOTEL ROYAL PALM

UNSURPASSED IN ITS CUISINE

Ask Atlantic Coast Line for Lee Co. folder.

Write for Information

FRANK H. ABBOTT, Manager

**HOTEL CUMBERLAND
NEW YORK**

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET



Near 50th St. Subway Station, 53d St. Elevated and all surface lines.

Near Depots, Shops and Central Park.

New and Fireproof

Strictly First-Class. Rates Reasonable.

\$2.50 with bath and up

All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs.

Ten minutes' walk to 20 Theaters

Excellent Restaurant. Prices moderate.

Send for Booklet.

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.
R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

OUR Profit-Sharing Offer

IF you have \$50, \$100 or \$1,000, or if you can save a few dollars each month, which you would invest where it will provide you with a large immediate income, and with the opportunity for still greater profits, you will be interested in reading a book we have just issued and which we will send to you free on request.

In this book we have outlined the story of **the foremost business of its kind in America**, of the splendid success of the business, of its unusually large profits, and of the stability of its earnings.

In this book we have also outlined, as a part of its plan for handling its large and increasing business, an offer made by this Company by which you may share, on an unusual basis, in the greater profits which this Company will make.

We call your attention to the following important facts:

1. **Your investment is guaranteed by ample assets of great value.**
2. **You will receive dividends from the very start.**
3. **The enterprise is firmly established.**
4. **It is in a thriving and prosperous condition.**
5. **It has very great prospects for the future.**

In addition to the **guaranteed income paid at once**, the opportunity offered is extraordinary because of **the profit-sharing feature**, by which you may share **permanently in all** the future profits of the Company, in its large and rapidly increasing business.

The Departments of the United States Government, leading professional and business men in every State in the Union, and in the provinces in Canada, purchase and endorse the product of this Company, which is of world-wide interest in its character.

This most interesting book, fully explaining our "Profit-Sharing Offer," will be mailed to you promptly on request.

Cut Out the Coupon and Mail It Today

S. S.
Feb.
R. S. PEALE
President
225 Fifth Ave.
New York

Please send me
book explaining your
"Profit-Sharing Offer"
without obligation on
my part.

Name.....

Address.....

The SMART SET

for March

"THIRD HAND HIGH"—By Duffield Osborne. A romantic novel of the present day. The love story of an American couple, that shifts from New York to the island of Sicily, where brigands take a hand and bring matters to a swift climax by abducting the heroine and setting the rival lovers to a contest for the honor of being first in at the rescue. A rattling good story of love and adventure.

"ONE OF LIFE'S HARLEQUINS"—By Mabel Wood Martin. The story of a vaudeville actor and his efforts to convince one woman of the dignity of his vocation. A sudden catastrophe shows him to her as a man doing a magnificent work.

"THE MAGNATE AND THE CURTAIN"—By Edward Ostrom, Jr. A tale of business and the futility of mere money-getting.

"AT THE LIPS OF THE SPHINX"—By Inez G. Thompson. Married life, its sunshine and shadows, depicted with photographic detail. A tremendous, stirring tale.

"THE OTHER MAN'S ROMANCE"—By Vanderheyden Fyles. One of the ushers at a fashionable wedding had a story to tell, and it brought up an interesting discussion with the "best man."

"THE INTELLECTUAL MISS CLARENDON"—By Adelaide Stedman. The handicap a woman has placed upon her when she gets a reputation for being clever and brilliant.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN"—By Frederic Arnold Kummer. A brisk, up-to-date story of woman's rights and man's wrongs.

Out February 15th



Do You Want To Enjoy Wearing A DIAMOND

WITHOUT THE TREMENDOUS COST? Then send at once for our handsomely illustrated **FREE** catalog of **RHODESIAN GEMS**. Mined, cut and polished like genuine diamonds. Same beautiful, hard brilliancy; withstand hardest diamond tests. Every way like highest class diamonds except price. Retain their diamond-like brilliancy indefinitely. **RHODESIAN DIAMONDS** are inexpensive. Sold under strong guarantee on approval subject to examination. Surely get our catalog. **SENT FREE**. Also shows genuine diamonds, precious stones, watches, at wholesale prices.

RHODESIAN DIAMOND COMPANY, Dept. S. S. 2, -79 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

DON'T STAY FAT.

**Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured.
No Charge to try the NEW
KRESSLIN TREATMENT.**

**Just Send Your Address and a Supply will be Sent
You FREE—Do It To-day.**

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent, free of



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the **KRESSLIN TREATMENT**, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS** way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to **Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 854E, 41 West 25th St., New York City**, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of indorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let him hear from you promptly.



Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from \$1,000 to \$25,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to get a good position. We maintain the largest **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU** in the world and receive calls for thousands of Salesmen. We have assisted thousands of other men to secure good positions and better salaries and we can help you. Hundreds of our graduates who formerly earned \$25 to \$75 a month have since earned from \$100 to as high as \$1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of positions now open. If you want to secure one of them and increase your earnings, our free book "A Knight of the Gravy" will show you how. Write (or call) for it today. Address nearest office

Dept. 542 National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis
San Francisco, Atlanta.

MORPHINE

Before you pay a cent, we will convince you that Manine permanently cures any drug

habit. Guaranteed not to contain Morphine, Laudanum, Opium or any other habit forming drug. No money required in advance, a full month's treatment sent to those afflicted without one cent of deposit. Manine has cured thousands, it will cure you. Give it a free trial. You are sole judge. **Manine Medicine Co.,**

3330 Locust Street. St. Louis, Mo.

FREE ON APPROVAL



RELIABLE HAIR GOODS ON APPROVAL

Your choice of these hair goods special sent on 10 days' approval. 20-inch-long real hair switch, 50c. Natural wavy switch, 20 inches long, \$1.50. Coronet braid, 62 inches long, \$3.00. Lengths up to 36 inches in proportion. New fashion turban caps, 50c. All our goods are real hair. Prices lower than elsewhere. Order to-day or send 3 prepaid orders and get your own **FREE**. Write for Illustrated Hair Catalog and Beauty Book, Free.

Parlison Hair Co., 934 Security Bldg., Chicago



Sent on Approval. Send No Money. **\$1.50**
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. Hair Switch
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2 1/2 oz. 22 inch short-stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell 3 and **GET YOUR SWITCH FREE**. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c. postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing —also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc.

Anna Ayers,
Dept. 688
17 Quincy
Street
Chicago

Get the Difference!

25c
15c
10c

What is the difference between a fifteen-cent Magazine and a twenty-five-cent Magazine

?

Arithmetically, it is ten cents, but very often this difference represents a reader who is too mean to pay the extra cost, or cannot afford it.

Such a reader will let the storekeeper sell him "THE JUST AS GOOD" article because it costs less.

Isn't it better to advertise to the reader who says: "No! I asked for SMART SET, even if it does cost a quarter, 'I want what I want when I want it.'"

LAST CHANCE—

The price to the subscriber of every one of these offers will advance in February

Don't Miss This Opportunity to Save Money

Extra postage charged on foreign and Canadian subscriptions, \$1.00 and 50c. respectively for each magazine

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$3.00
Cosmopolitan	1.00	
American	1.50	
Total,	\$5.50	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$3.00
American	1.50	
Good Housekeeping	1.25	
Total,	\$5.75	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$4.00
Current Literature	3.00	
American	1.50	
Total,	\$7.50	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$5.75
World's Work	3.00	
Everybody's	1.50	
Delineator	1.50	
Garden Magazine	1.00	
Total,	\$10.00	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$4.05
Suburban Life	3.00	
Good Housekeeping	1.25	
Total,	\$7.25	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$3.50
American	1.50	
Good Housekeeping	1.25	
Cosmopolitan	1.00	
Total,	\$6.75	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$3.20
Good Housekeeping	1.25	
Harper's Bazar	1.25	
Total,	\$5.50	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$3.00
Success	1.00	
American	1.50	
Total,	\$5.50	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$3.50
McClure's	1.50	
Woman's Home Companion	1.50	
Total,	\$6.00	

Magazine	Regular Price	
THE SMART SET	\$3.00	Our Price \$4.05
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Woman's Home Companion	1.50	
Total,	\$7.50	

Address Orders to the SMART SET Subscription Bureau, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York



You Should Know About The American Woman's League

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE is today one of the largest and most powerful organizations of women and men in the world—and its membership is growing rapidly in all sections of the country.

Its single purpose is the Educational and Social advancement of its members and their children.

To promote the educational interests of its members it has organized and equipped The People's University and has already completed the first of a million-dollar group of six magnificent buildings to carry on its educational work. Believing most thoroughly in the slogan, "Keep the Children at Home!" it gives its instruction in all the useful arts, sciences, professions and trades by mail, right in the home of its students.

Absolutely not a penny of charge is made to any member for the Correspondence Courses of the University; the free use of any or all of the courses is a right of membership for life.

The People's University, in addition, does what no other institution could attempt! It singles out, each year, its ablest students and brings them to University City, at its own expense, for a personal attendance course under the Masters, and pays these students a salary of not less than \$60.00 a month for living expenses while here. In other words, thoroughly fits them for the battle of life.

For the development of social life and advancement, the League erects in any community where there are sufficient members (from fifteen up), a beautiful, commodious Chapter House for the sole and exclusive use of its members, in which to hold social gatherings, etc. Upward of fifty such Chapter Houses are already built or arranged for.

These Chapter Houses are erected, fully and beautifully furnished, and maintained by the central body of the League, without a dollar of expense to the local members.

Aside from these two principal features of the League, the minor advantages of membership are many and varied, and any one of them is well worth the small effort required to become a member.

Life membership, entitling the member to all the advantages of the whole organization, may be secured by any woman (or man) of the white race, in a few days' or a week's time, absolutely without the expenditure of a single dollar.

If you are a young woman or young man seeking educational advantages that will enable you to command success; if you are a parent interested in the welfare of your children—you cannot afford not to know about the League, and what it can do for you.

The coupon below, or a post-card request, will bring immediately full detailed and convincing information.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE

7151 Delmar Boulevard, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

----- CUT OUT HERE -----

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE,
7151 Delmar Blvd., University City, St. Louis, Mo.:

Please send me, without obligation on my part, full information about The American Woman's League.

Name.....

Street and No.....

P. O.....

State.....

A NATURAL AFFINITY

Why Does Passiflorin Quiet and Soothe the Nerves?

Every plant has a tie—an affinity in sympathy with some element of life in the body. We say of this, that it affects the brain; that, the heart; this, the eye; that, the blood. The Passion Flower has its affinity in the nerves. When these are disturbed, excited, inflamed or overworked, the Passion Flower soothes, quiets and restores to normal its own affinity, but has no action on the heart, the brain or the stomach.

Passiflorin contains only the Passion Flower and other well-known plants. It cannot drug the senses, or produce the evil effects of morphine, headache powders or any of the derivatives of coal tar. It will soothe and quiet the nerves, and induce natural, dreamless sleep.

Passiflorin

**Contains Passion Flower, Yellow Jasmine,
Meadow Anemone, Blue Skullcap**

Passiflorin is the best remedy for Nervousness and Sleeplessness ever discovered. Nervous men or women, sleepless, tired out, blue, "at the end of all things," with a Nervous, Neuralgic or Sick Headache, will find the virtue of the Passion Flower priceless.

Passiflorin will give the husband, wife or daughter a good night's rest and quiet days when needed most. A one-ounce sample bottle of Passiflorin will be sent by mail on receipt of 10c. silver or stamps to pay part the expense.

THE HOLT CHEMICAL CO.

516 Lincoln Inn Court Cincinnati, O.

ESTABLISHED 1875

A RECORD OF 34 YEARS

OF SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF THE

DRUG AND LIQUOR HABITS

BY



The DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.

Sanatorium at Lebanon, Ohio. Fine location. Large grounds. Easily reached by train and electric cars from Cincinnati. **No restraint. Rates reasonable. Cure guaranteed.**

HOME

TREATMENT

If it is not convenient to take treatment at the Sanatorium, write us for our **Home Remedy** that has cured thousands who could not come and who had failed elsewhere. Each individual case comes under the direct personal supervision and care of our Physicians. Write for terms, testimonials and full information.

The DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. U. 5, Lebanon, Ohio

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN



The Mighty Voltaire 22 De Luxe Volumes

This is the only complete edition of VOLTAIRE'S works in English containing the celebrated TOBIAS SMOLLETT'S notes taken from the famous 18th Century Translation, specially edited and revised, with a masterly critique and biography of VOLTAIRE by the Right Honorable JOHN MORLEY, Member of Parliament.

DO NOT NEGLECT THIS OPPORTUNITY. THIS OFFER CANNOT BE DUPLICATED

By special arrangement with the St. Hubert's Guild, publishers of the finest books it is possible to manufacture, we are able to offer a few sets of **Voltaire's Complete Writings** in 22 beautiful de luxe volumes at less than one quarter the St. Hubert's Guild price, and if you desire will accept small payments monthly until the special bargain price is paid.

This is the most remarkable offer ever advertised. The 22 volumes are exquisite in every detail—type, illustrations and bindings—they are a delight to all book-lovers.

Voltaire is recognized by authorities as the equal, if not the superior, of Shakespeare, as a writer who has covered almost every phase of life. **His writings** are certainly the most interesting and instructive that the world possesses.

VOLTAIRE THE MIGHTY

Voltaire's writings have a tremendous influence upon all mankind. **Justice Seabury**, sitting in the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, New York, N. Y., in handing down a decision recently, made this statement in connection with the writings of Voltaire: "Differ as men may as to the views of Voltaire on many questions, none can deny the great influence of his works in promoting justice and humanity and the reign of reason in public affairs."

During his life the truth and boldness of his writings shook France to its foundations. They affected so many officials in high places that he was imprisoned three times, once in the Bastille for an entire year. The authorities did not dare let the people read his wonderful writings.

Voltaire is the intellectual giant of all ages—History records no genius with so many mental gifts. He tore down the rotten superstructure of ignorance—unearthed a mass of buried truth—wrote with marvelous skill the history of those who had lived and gone, and explored the glorious fields of poetry, drama and fiction.

The love of Voltaire is amorous but nevertheless exquisite—his dramas rival those of Shakespeare—his fiction fascinating—his wit spontaneous—charming.

Voltaire's writings are an education in themselves—a never failing source of intellectual refreshment, recreation and amusement. There is a wealth of material to meet the demands of any mood of one's mind at all times.

Voltaire's writings are a wonderful help and uplift to all mankind. The Royal Road to "know thyself" is to "read and know Voltaire."

The Best Book Bargain Ever Advertised. Mail Coupon Now

Read How This Beautiful Edition Was Made. This edition is printed from new, large type, very readable, on a special antique finished paper, illustrated from exquisite old French designs, which form in themselves a rare gallery of famous historical characters. The work contains over 100 photogravure illustrations, 38 being colored by hand, forming a collection of gems by the world's most famous artists. These 22 De Luxe Volumes with Index are handsomely and durably bound in Red English Buckram, the volumes are stamped upon the back in gold, with a medallion of Voltaire in gold upon the side, with gold tops, silk head-bands, silk ribbon book marker, and each volume contains an Illuminated Title Page.

THE WERNER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

THE
WERNER
CO.,
Akron, Ohio

Gentlemen:

You may send me upon approval, all charges prepaid, the complete works of Voltaire, 22 De Luxe volumes, size 8½ by 6 inches, beautifully illustrated by over 100 photogravures, 38 being colored by hand, bound in Red English Buckram, with medallion of Voltaire upon side of each volume in gold, with gold backs, gold tops, silk head-bands and silk ribbon book marker. If satisfactory I will remit you \$1.00 after examination, and \$3.00 a month for thirteen months. If I decide not to keep the books, I shall advise you within 10 days, and ship, as you requested, at your expense.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and State..... S.S.-10-2

Vol. XXX

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

No. 2

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1910

HER PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE (A Complete Novel)	Weymer Jay Mills	1
LOVE CRY (Verse)	John G. Neihardt	67
RECIPROCITY (Verse)	Olive Balfour	68
THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF	Edwin Main Post	69
THE AMOROUS DROP OF GASOLINE (Verse)	Harry Clarke	72
HIS SAVING GRACE	Gertrude Brooke Hamilton	73
THE CHOICE (Verse)	Frances E. Deeds	78
FATE'S JESTING	Frank H. Shaw	79
CAR COMING ! (Verse)	Henry Stuart Dudley	88
NUGGLES	Aquila Kempster	89
THE AWAKENING (Verse)	Kelsey Percival Kitchel	95
INVOCATIONS	C. L. Crittenton	96
A DRESS REHEARSAL (Essay)	Harry Cowell	97
THE POET'S GARDEN (Verse)	Oscar Loeb	100
THE FIXED IDEA	Jean Louise De Forest	101
THE SWEETEST GIRL OF ALL (Verse)	W. B. Kerr	106
"TOMORROW AT FIVE"	John J. a'Becket	107
THE CUTHBERT MAYSE AFFAIR	Clarissa Mackie	119
HENKERS MAHLZEIT (A Play in One Act)	Alicia Ramsey	123
FEBRUARY (Verse)	Louis Untermeyer	132
THE SOUL OF SOLÁ	Julian Johnson	133
SEA LURE (Verse)	Charlton Lawrence Edholm	140
MADemoiselle AUTOMNE (In Original French)	Lucie Delarue-Mardrus	141
CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE EDITOR	Z. M. & N. B.	144
BEYOND TODAY (Verse)	Eugene C. Dolson	144
WHAT THE THEATER GOT IN ITS STOCKING	George Jean Nathan	145
BOOKS TO READ AND BOOKS TO AVOID	H. L. Mencken	153

Yearly Subscription \$3.00

Single Copies 25 Cents

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted

Entered at New York Post Office as second-class mail matter

Issued monthly by Ess Ess Publishing Company

WILLIAM D. MANN, President

452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

W. L. DANIELS, Sec. and Treas.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Digitized by Google

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



"Onyx"



Hosiery

INCREASED DEMAND for the "ONYX" Brand is the best evidence of its satisfying quality.

No earnest seeker for substantial returns, either in *style, quality, durability* or *price*, will be disappointed in any hosiery bearing the "ONYX" trade-mark.

Acceptance of this statement will settle the Hosiery question for the entire year.

Silent but effective confirmation is given by any of the very reliable numbers described herewith.

Our New "DUB-L TOP"

Our New "DOUBLEX QUALITY"

Our New "WYDE TOP"

AS DESCRIBED BELOW:

FOR WOMEN

E 960—Women's "ONYX" Black "DUB-L TOP" Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. **50c. per pair**

409 K—Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silklisle—Double Sole, Spliced Heel. Feels and looks like Silk, wears better. **50c. per pair**

E 710—Women's "ONYX" Black "DUB-L TOP" and "WYDE TOP" Gauze Lisle Double Sole, Spliced Heel—very wide on top without extra width all over. **50c. per pair**

310/13—Women's "ONYX" Black. Medium Weight —Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. A hose that is unequaled for wear and elasticity. **50c. per pair**

E 970—Women's "ONYX" Black "DUB-L TOP" Silklisle Double Sole, Spliced Heel — an excellent quality. **75c. per pair**

OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S—Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet; double sole, spliced heel. **50c. per pair**

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

498—A Pure Thread Silk in Black and All Colors, of extra length with a "WYDE TOP" and "SILKLISLE GARTER TOP" and SOLE.

This "ONYX" Silk Number is Twenty-nine inches long, is Extra Wide and Elastic at Top, while the "GARTER TOP" and SOLE of SILKLISLE gives extra strength at the points of wear, preventing Garters from cutting, and toes from going through.

106—Women's Pure Thread Silk — the extraordinary value—best made in America—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed. **\$2.25 per pair**

FOR MEN

E 310—Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Fall Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. Known by most men as "The Best Hose I ever wore." **50c. per pair**

E 325—Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silklisle, Double Sole, Spliced Heel. "The satisfactory hose." **50c. per pair**

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to nearest dealer, or send, postpaid, any number desired. Write to Dept. 12.

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

New York

HER PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE

By WEYMER JAY MILLS

"HE was a good father to you while he lived," said the grave legal magnate.

The youth's face showed no change as he listened to words that were meant to be kind. His head was thrown back with the old imperious air, and his curious eyes were like pools of liquid steel.

"Thank you, Mr. Carstairs," he said. He turned, bowing slightly to the woman who sat enthroned on a great stuffed chair.

"I suppose you wish to talk with my—with Lady Mortimer."

"If Her Ladyship will allow me."

The door closed.

Once in the hall, the boy faltered. The look of buoyancy, of madcap youth, which was the habitual expression of his mind, left him for a moment. The little man, who had been waiting for him by that closed door, thought he was going to faint.

"Oh, Mr. Philip—Sir Philip, I should say—whatever has happened? Tell your old Dickery." He wheezed with almost maternal solicitude. "It cannot be so bad, sir." He crept nearer to the stumbling figure of his god.

"Go back, Dickery," said the youth. "It's nothing. I'm just a bit upset. Go and fetch me some brandy; I'll be all right in a minute. They don't air the place."

"Yes, sir. But, sir—"

"Go, Dickery!"

"Oh, Mr. Philip, the look of you so upset me, I forgot. His Highness is in the drawing-room."

"Arthur here—in this house? I thought he was in Cavan!"

"He's in town for the Court, sir. The King sent for him, sir."

With a glance that betokened supreme renunciation, the servant walked slowly away. In that darker portion of the hall, where the doors were shrouded in heavy velvet curtains, he stood still and watched. His faithful heart was leaping up in his throat. Some terrible, unforeseen calamity had befallen his master.

In that hideous mid-Victorian drawing-room, with its leagues of rose-laden walnut and claret-colored satin, brought from Lady Mortimer's girlhood home in Bedford Square, Philip Mortimer stood, with his hand firmly clasped in that of his friend, Prince Arthur of Gradicia—they had been chums since the day they had met in the yard of Charterhouse, ten years before. This youth, whose blood was partly royal, came to his school shy and reserved, owing to an isolated childhood. His was a nature destined to be unusually sensitive to the first impressions of friendship, and Philip Mortimer had made these. A lad who could ride as Philip rode, who could swim, row and fence better than any of his companions, was sure to appeal to a romantic mind with a vividness never to be obliterated. And, added to Philip's masterful virility, there was a softer side, a strange yearning toward half-conceived ideals, a tendency to dream wild dreams that set the blood storming at the doors of the brain, an enthusiasm that was alluring and oft-times compelling.

The blinds were down. The wondering eyes of the Prince could make out only dimly the look of sullen anguish on his friend's face.

"Tad, old boy," he said, "I didn't

know you cared so much for him—the pater; you were seldom with him.”

“Don’t—don’t speak to me! Don’t look at me! Can’t you see I’m struggling to keep my reason?”

“Hasn’t he left you anything?” whispered the other. His voice was as sepulchral as the room.

“Oh, my God! Left me anything!”

With a cry he went toward a window and began savagely pulling up the blind and throwing open the casement. Then he crossed to another without speaking.

The other man watched him, fascinated.

The chirping of sparrows came into the sad old place—the song birds of the city’s spring. It was a day when the warm, sweet breath of the countryside was whispering to London’s dusty heart. The sunlight flashed in from Curzon Street, lighting up the smirking pomatum-crowned heads of the Gorden-Smiths, Lady Mortimer’s people. The Mortimer portraits had been sold at Christie’s at a very early period of the dead Baronet’s career.

Philip turned suddenly. His hands were clenched in a supreme effort for self-mastery.

“It’s dreadful,” he said. “It’s almost the worst thing that *could* be. He was never married to my mother!”

The other drew back as if struck.

“I always wondered why he never saw more of me,” the voice went on. “He was so kind when he did see me. I remember when he taught me to take my first fences on Ginger. He used to pat me on the back and give me a quid at each clean jump—you know he came to see me at school once a year on May Day. He said it brought back the best time in his life. Once he spoke of her—of my mother. He said she was very pretty.”

“How could he do it, Tad? How could he betray her—he must have betrayed her—and acknowledge you as his son, as he has? All the world thinks he married her. Why did he confess in his will?”

“Oh, that’s what hurts—even more than the shame of it. He has two sons

by the Gorden-Smith woman—but he might have played his game out to the end. First, he cheats my mother, then the world—and then me.”

“Men are afraid to cheat the world too long.”

“But he leaves me to cheat it always, or hang my head. I cannot see my way clear to anything.”

“Don’t be downcast, Tad.” The speaker’s face was as full of misery as that of his friend. “You’re so clever, the world will forgive you your birth.”

“The world never forgives anything. Only God and our mothers forgive.”

“Don’t turn sour, Tad.”

“Never, old Buster; I’m going to dance through life. I’ll dance with Fate, the merry jade; I shall do my best to get even with her.”

“I wish I could follow you,” said the Prince. “I wish there was no kingdom of Gradicia—dull, respectable Gradicia. I wish I were a—”

“A what? Speak out, man,” laughed the other.

“A vagabond, Tad.”

“So you have placed me already.”

He went over to the mirror and stared at himself impishly. His mood was changing. Youth in her most daredevil, defiant mood laughed back at him.

“Hear me, bold sir,” he cried to his reflection in the glass, “you, who have no father and no mother! Rebecca Sharp is going to adopt you. You have two hundred a year, Sir Philip. Two hundred a year and a vast knowledge of life. You do not believe in men, except two or three, and women you must judge by the one who gave you birth. And as for love, does such a thing exist? I fear it does,” he added with a sigh.

There was a knock at the door. Dickery stood there with the brandy. The boy poured out two full glasses and offered one to his friend. “A toast,” he said, “to Sir Knight, who leaves all that he knew to begin a strange adventure.”

The Prince gazed at him silently with a look in his eyes that matched that in the eyes of Philip’s old valet.

"I am glad you didn't speak at that moment. Something was dying—I have just killed my pride," laughed Philip.

"What are you going to do?" asked the other.

"Beg a favor of Lady Mortimer."

"And if granted?"

"You shall drive me to the Albany. Oh, Dunk," he said hotly, a sudden storm in his eyes, "shall I be able to have Lottie? That glorious girl—what will she say when she hears all that has happened to me? She's off doing the provinces now; I rather expected a letter from her today." He went over to the window again.

The Prince smiled sadly. He had never approved of his friend's infatuation for Lottie Vane, a member of Mr. Snee's company.

"Dunk," came Philip's voice from across the room in measured tones, "you are going to watch Dickery pack my things for America."

"America!" echoed the other, astonished.

"Yes, sir!" came the courtly reply. "All Rebecca Sharp's family go there. I suppose I must get money some way, and the only way for a gentleman to get it is to marry into it."

"But Lottie—" said Arthur the chivalrous.

"Poor girl!" sighed Philip.

II

PHILIP sat before his fire. Pinky, Pouke and Plantagenet, his three fox terriers, lay at his feet. Candles burned on the chimney piece and the mahogany wine cooler. The high-ceilinged, dignified room, that had sheltered many a young gentleman of fashion, was half in shadow. Candle light gave the place a sense of far-away romance, for many persons whose names have become woven in the tapestry of history had lived in that room and the two antechambers beyond.

Philip was gazing into the flames. At his feet were the *Globe*, the *Sporting*

Times and the *Connoisseur*—a strange collection of papers for any young man. One hand held his Monday evening pipe. His chimney piece knew a carefully arranged row of fourteen of them. In the other was his mother's miniature, that he had taken down from the wall, and a bundle of letters in a girlish hand. The letters were still bound by a piece of yellowing blue ribbon. Philip looked at the packet, then into the fire and then at his mother's beautiful face. He was trying to solve the old intangible mystery of life. Philip was a very youthful philosopher.

In her likeness she was about seventeen. Her face was fashioned in one of the old Greek molds that have been used since the world began. Her dark eyes were soft. They were the eyes that see fairies, the peasant Celt would tell you. Sometimes her son's colder eyes took their light, when men in power assumed the privileges that should have been left to God. Her eyebrows were serene. Her mouth was a chaste half-blown rose, that some man's kiss was destined to bruise into the color of her warm Irish heart. She was a creature who could dare the pillory for love, and she had found the way to her pillory. In her hair, that matched her eyes, she wore a long white feather, and her dress was open at the neck, to show her slender throat. In her picture she looked a princess, a princess who lived in a kingdom just a little away from the world.

"Mother!" the boy whispered, trying to force the attention of pictured eyes, that stare on long after real eyes have lost their weariness. He was remembering a certain warm spring day, when the dead Baronet had driven him off from school for lunch at the County Club in Guildford. And what a red letter day it was! We all have one or two such days in the house of memory. The hack-broken nags were younger brothers of Pegasus. The sky was bluer and the wind and clouds more jubilant than ever before, the hedges sweeter, the sparrows all skylarks—the land before one a glorious land of promise. He lay back in

his chair and heard the guard sound his horn on the London coach that dashed past. He was living it over again, that anguish of delight when life is fresh and new, and each league one flies is a league farther away from books and dull routine—but, best of all, when a smiling god out of Olympus sits and listens to one become half a dozen kinds of a hero without a question. Nothing could ever quite efface that mental picture, molded in the clay of youthful enthusiasm. There were subtler, sweeter things lingering with it. "You do me proud, little man," his father had said; "I shall make you proud of me—some day!" were his own words. A band on its way to camp was playing "The British Grenadiers," and the music lingered in the old High Street with its rhythmic swing. Oh, how fine it was to belong to someone who knew and understood! "Make *her* proud of you," the god had whispered in a sudden burst of emotion. He was taking the miniature out of a crumpled handkerchief. For a moment they both blinked at it in the sun. "She said you would be great, lad, for you are a child of love." The boy looked up and saw tears in the faded blue eyes under the shaggy gray locks. The tears of a god were something to reverence, then, to carry secretly to some hushed chamber in the heart.

Later, after the god was off his pedestal, the clear eyes of the boy watched his father weep with something akin to scorn. He knew that tears were shed when his horses failed to win, when the new Lady Mortimer had her tantrums and when tradesmen were pressing. His own eyes grew harder as they pierced the elder man's weak character. Perhaps they shuddered at the possibility of a like habit. Philip's heart said of his father, until the day of his death: "He is a gentleman and a strong man;" but his mind only mocked at the estimate.

As Philip gazed at his mother's picture, he sighed. "I hope you never found him out. I hope, when you gave him your heart, that it blotted

out the other thing, and did not follow after you and stab you. I wonder why I am his son and so little like him?"

The second Lady Mortimer and Mr. Carstairs had both asked themselves the same question that afternoon. Philip left the Prince to confront them with his most baffling mood.

"I have come back to ask a favor," he said—"to *beg* a favor!"

"A favor!" echoed Lady Mortimer, raising her dull eyes. The only favors her husband ever begged of her were monetary ones. The boy wanted another hundred a year.

"Not money," Philip said; "only a gracious act, a whim of mine, a whim I can reward you for." He slightly accentuated the word "reward."

Lady Mortimer flushed, but she did not raise her eyes.

"I am naturally overcome at my father's exposure of his wrongdoing to the world," continued Philip. "I supposed that I was his heir; I thought he loved me."

"You would have had my Edward suffer?" said the woman. She was always madly jealous of the affection Sir Robert had lavished on his eldest son. "What's right, is right," she said. "What's wrong, is wrong. If he had married your mother—"

"Don't!" said the boy, his white face whiter. "We haven't time to waste words. Prince Arthur awaits me in the drawing-room. I have one favor to ask, madam, and nothing more. Will you have my birth kept secret for a year? I shall be away from England for that year. I want to have for one year what should have been mine for life. My desire does not affect your son. On this day one year hence you may publish me broadcast. If you care to do as I request, I will give you the Cosway miniature of Lady Marie Mortimer, left to me by my father. It is the only Mortimer likeness unsold. Your son would appreciate having it one day. It is worth a thousand pounds." Philip added its value with a sneer.

Lady Mortimer turned to Mr. Carstairs.

"It is a curious desire, Mr. Philip," he said—"this wishing to put off the evil day."

"I buy the time with the miniature. Your client has always desired it. Her son is scarcely out of the nursery."

"If it will not hurt Sir Edward," said the woman vulgarly, "I will grant the favor." She ambled to her feet. "The Prince"—she pointed to the hall with a ring-laden hand—"would he like a sip of port? I have some very old port my father bought at Lord Steyne's sale."

"You had better save it for a more auspicious occasion," said the boy. "At present he is holding my coat in the hall."

"Well, I never!" said the woman.

Then he had taken her fat hand in his and bidden his father's house a last good-bye.

Philip, as he stirred his coals, smiled over her chagrin.

A second time in the last twelve hours he went to a mirror and studied his face. "You look like a villain, old chap," he laughed; then he whistled to his dogs. With waving tails and eyes alert they circled about his feet, answering him with sniffs and enthusiastic yelps. One, more inquisitive than the others, dug his nose deep into the chair and dragged something to the floor.

Philip glanced down to see the string on his mother's love letters give way. He had not looked at the contents of the packet Mr. Carstairs's clerk had given him after the reading of the will. He felt a man's instinctive repugnance to things that have escaped their graves. Now he was forced to pick them up one by one, and so he read:

I am coming to you tonight, sweetly and sanely. I cannot fight the battle with self any longer. I love you. The whole world seems full of you. Each morning, as I awake, you are my first thought, and when I sleep I dream of your head, pillowed, oh, so softly against my breast. You are the king-cups in the meadows, the sun himself. You are love, real love, great love—my first love, my only love. For twenty years I have lived without you, dear heart. Lived, I say, but I never lived until I saw you. The world has been a stage, and I have been

a puppet doll, worked by the strings of convention. I have always known it would be like this. I, who have looked upon virtue as an alabaster vase, who have kept it free from any stain and treasured it as the one gift man could not rob me of, now scoff at virtue. I gazed in the glass after you had kissed me. I felt I had sinned, but the glass showed my face as it has always been. Is it a sin to love as I love, when the market place is full of men and women—

Dampness had completely obliterated what followed. With trembling hands the boy took up another.

I am haunted by the fear that you have left Dublin. I am only a weak woman, after all. I thought that, if you were to leave me suddenly, I could live on your memory forever. But the memory of you is a torture.

The kisses you placed on my cheeks, my lips, my brow, are like burning ghosts. I sit and count the hours. My fingers move like lead when I take up my needle. Oh, Merciful One, are the hours the funeral pageant of my heart? Will he never come to me again? Will he never hold me close? Will the warm breath of him never mingle with mine? I am a mad creature; I do not seem to fear God nor hell. There is no hell worse than what I am suffering. There is no God who would not forgive such love as mine. Last night, after the performance was over, I walked through the alley with faithful Maria at my heels. There was a light in our window. I smelt the lilies again, and a strangled cry rose in my throat. I did not even breathe as we passed the doorstep. I wondered if your lips were as cold as mine. Do you still remember? Do you keep your vows? Or were those vows a string of pretty words you have learned to tell weak women? You said you would love me always, but *your* "always" was only for a day. I fear that I shall never hear your footsteps again, never see you smile, never kiss the soft place beneath each eye. Oh, Robert, boy, I am sinking in a whirlpool of wretchedness! I wish I could die here—now—this moment. I know that you are faithless, that you have lied to me, that you have taken my soul from me, and yet I love you. I shall die loving you. I shall die hoping. I would give a thousand worlds for one more kiss. My only world began and has ended with you. My love, that was the greatest thing in my life, has proved a curse.

There was one more that he could only partially decipher. It began as the others had begun. Philip read it eagerly; a fire of hopeless rage was consuming him.

Giles has given me my discharge. The blow came tonight. He says I no longer dance as I did.

It was you, dear, who changed me. You showed me a world above this world. You taught me to be different—to speak as one of your people speak, to know something beyond these lights of gipsydom that are forever blinding our eyes. I followed you into your world, to be deserted by you, and now my world deserts me. But enough of this; you may never read these lines. For days I have been watching the post. I am going mad, I think.

But it is over now. I shall know rest soon. I shall see you again. I shall have one more look, even if they will not let me speak to you. He will have pity then, my heart says. He will kiss me once. He will fold me in his strong arms and not let them take me away. I have stolen the money to come to you. I took three pounds from Giles's desk after he had paid me. They can put me away in jail when they find me. I am a thief and I do not care. I must see you. I shall walk the streets of London until I do. Give me one glimpse of my heaven, Merciful Father, before you wall me up in hell! I am sending this to Jermyn Street. I shall go there first. Perhaps you never received the other letters. Perhaps you still love me. We are leaving now. The candle is almost out. Maria is crying; she knows that I have stolen to get to you and is afraid. Your face is close to mine; I hear your breathing, but when I try to put my lips to yours I cannot.

Philip let the faded sheet fall to the floor. "Oh, my God!" he said softly to himself. He had been no worse than most young men of his age in London, but, like all Irishmen, he seldom thought of balancing his account with life. Now every dark sheet of his past was ablaze with light as his mother's sweet face looked at him out of the dying fire. Suddenly her eyes vanished, and gave place to eyes gayer and more radiant.

With a savage cry he threw himself out of his chair. "Lottie," he said, between gritted teeth, "I will take you with me! I'll not push you to the wall as he pushed her. I'll make you my wife—my wife!"

There was a ring below, and Dickery came clattering up the stone steps with a telegram.

With trembling hands the youth tore it open. It read:

I have just heard. I am coming to you tonight.
LOTTIE.

"Mother's very words!" Philip whispered hoarsely. His eyes filled with

the tears of a new tenderness. He was the man primeval ready to fight for his mate. His suffering was opening gateways where most men never stray.

III

THERE is an hour in London town when the sorrow of all the world walks abroad in the ghostly streets. It is the time just before the dawn breaks. The silver galleon of a moon fades off into the sky, a lost ship caught sight of in a dream, and the stars flicker out like the lights of timid angels, who have sickened at what lies under the dome of heaven. Then the men who are awake try to forget, and some try to remember. Perhaps it is a bird carol in a city tree, or a passing woman's face in the mist, or the old country song of a lad in a market cart that opens the rusty gate into the back alleyways of the heart. When the night's smirk is dead, what is left but wanting, or forgetfulness? Men enter the soft, sweet-scented hours of darkness, each in his coat of mail he has woven for himself, but the dawn cries: "Unvizard, warrior! Let your tired eyes gaze into mine. In their silence, their mystery, their terror, are mirrored the 'might have beens' of every life."

Philip's face was pressed close against the bleared old pane. He had been watching the street for the past three hours. Lottie Vane had failed to send a second telegram, and by much frantic telephoning Dickery had learned that the last night train from Bath was expected at eleven o'clock, two hours overdue. It was nearing eleven when the first telegram arrived, and there was no possibility of Philip reaching Paddington in time. The June night was dying in a cold, windy shroud and at eleven-fifteen Dickery rebuilt the fire and helped his master into a dressing gown. Then began a stormy hour of pacing the floor, each footstep leading him farther into a tangled web of thought. Twenty-three years had passed since his mother poured out her

breaking heart in her letters, and his eyes first saw the light in a wretched Chelsea hovel. He did not know where he was born, nor did he care. As he walked to and fro he kept thinking of himself in the guise of his father. "I am like him, and yet I despised his weakness," he kept saying to himself. "Like father, like son. This morning I was willing to do the same by Lottie as he did by my mother. I was willing to let her pay the price of everything, and go off myself to stalk a big marriage. I'm a rotter by birth, I suppose, and I'd have thrown her over if you hadn't spoken to me out of the past, mother."

There were other thoughts, too. A woman's face was smiling at him tantalizingly. He was thinking of Lottie Vane as he first saw her the night of Bertie Dangan's party.

Bertie had told him that he was going to surprise him with a "ripper," and Bertie had surprised him, although his Savoy parties were famous for the beautiful stage girls he assembled.

Lottie, in her simple white gown, her string of pink coral beads about her slender throat and the knot of damask roses at her breast, was a sight for gods and gilded young men. Other beauties, more becarmined and be-diamonded, gazed at her enviously as she let her dark curls touch the blond face of the gallant by her side.

"Philip," she said, "Bertie says you'll only be a baronet, and yet you look a king."

"I'll be your king," he whispered. "I've never met anyone so lovely as you. You must tell me more about that quaint Virginia where your people come from."

He had kissed her in the hansom. In imagination he kissed her now. The pane was cold to his lips. Would she never come? Dickery had long ago clattered off to bed. The last candle spluttered out with a gasp. The huge traveling boxes, packed and waiting for the new day, looked like so many dark coffins. He crossed the room and put on his collar and scarf. Perhaps he had better go out into the street and look for her. The night watch-

man was still pacing the court. From the window that looked on the Burlington Arcade he could see silhouettes of wretchedness start into life and become human. The street sleepers had heard the tap of Policeman Dawn. It was coming with a rush of cool wind, like wings.

There was a sound in the court—the soft swish of silken garments. Then came the night watchman's challenge and a woman's answering laugh. That low, silvery laugh, different from any other woman's laugh he had heard, a sound like a far-away flute in a woodland. That laugh had secured Lottie Vane an engagement in Her Majesty's Theater.

Philip ran to the door. He no longer needed a candle to light the staircase. She was coming to him with pattering elfin footsteps.

She looked up and saw him, and her face broke into smiles. "Philip," she said, "I'm so late—or so early—Jones wasn't going to let me in. I think he was half asleep and didn't know me at first. As if midnight was any more respectable to let your cousin in than three!"

They were by his door now. "Dear," she said softly, "I forgot—I forgot for the moment about your trouble. Just like big silly me. I've thought of you every hour since it—it happened."

"Don't speak, Lot," he whispered. "Don't let's think of anything—anything but that we are here together."

He had drawn her to the low couch that fronted the street window. Her gown of Oriental silk was so thin that he could feel the sweet warmth of her. Her hair was scented with the intoxicating odor of carnations—the scent by which the unfortunate Empress Josephine had kept her happiness for those last years with Napoleon. It was loose now, and the curls were slipping from their silken bands and creeping, serpent-like, to encoil Philip's throat. He had torn off his collar and scarf a second time, and his dressing gown had slipped to the floor. His strong, round arms were tender with all the tenderness of the world, and the woman

they enfolded was tired, oh, so tired! The fire only whispered. The heavy velvet curtains shut out the whitening light, but behind them the dawn wind was calling. In that cool, vibrant force that seems to leap up out of dew-laden shades where birds are singing, and come to rid the sad old city of the dregs of the night, Philip heard the story a lover heard in the garden of Eden.

He raised his head and looked at the face nestling on his arm. She had never meant so much to him before. There had been times when he was almost tired of her, when she failed to enchant, to enslave. A year is a long time for love to last, the love that flashes into life and burns fiercely for a day and a night. But now there was more than the cry of one woman; there was the cry of the eternal feminine. With its answer to longing, there was the answer to loneliness. The mystery of wanting seemed to see the flickering star of peace.

Philip had the poet's heart, although he would have designated the writing of poetry as a maudlin occupation. As the blood leaped to his lips and he drew her close and yet closer to him, the dawn wind sang of a little home in that land of promise—America; of dancing children blessed with her hair and her blue, blue eyes. Their children! His heart almost stopped beating at the threshold of that new thought.

He drew back from her, afraid. In the dead embers he still saw his mother's face. The movement disturbed the woman. She leaned forward and clung to his neck. Her eyes opened and she gave him one of her elfin smiles. He waited breathlessly for her to speak—for the answer to his thoughts. She let her lashes close again. She sank back to him with a sigh.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" he whispered.

"Of my sins," with another sigh. "I lost ten pounds at bridge yesterday. You'll pay it for me, won't you, Philip? Say yes, dearest!"

The boy did not speak. The wind no longer sang. He made to leave her; then her lips wooed him back.

He turned and kissed her fiercely; then he threw her away from him.

From the disarray of cushions she laughed up at him. "Brute!" she said. "Why is the subject of money so unpleasant to the men who love us poor, weak women? I wish I were rich, and I'd buy everything from one end of Bond Street to the other for one dear old thing I know."

"I've never begrudged you anything have I, Lottie? I've shared all I had."

"Dear old boy," she said, "you have a way with you. Do you know what I'm thinking of as we sit here? We seem to be floating off on the dawn, don't we?" Her eyes opened wide and studied his face carefully.

"Somehow, this brings back that night at Henley. We went there three days after we met, you know. Do you remember the moon, dear, and the man dressed as a Pierrot, who sang of the pirate who sailed the seas, robbing ladies of their hearts? You loved me that night, Philip. You almost asked me to marry you."

"And you almost refused me," he said huskily.

She looked at him again. "I was afraid our marriage would hurt you with your father. I was thinking of you as much as of myself, dear."

"Will you marry me now?" he said simply.

"Marry you!" she cooed. "Marry you and go rumbling away from the land of paint and powder in a great big motor car—off to Cairo and palm trees and pyramids! Marry you and go sailing away to dear old Virginia! I must dance, Philip—I'm so happy. Why, I shall be a lady! Say 'My lady' to me, Philip; I want to get used to the sound."

"My lady—my poor lady," he repeated softly.

She was sensitive to the moods of men, this strange girl from a strange country. A cry like a sob rose in her throat.

"Go on!" she panted, clenching her long, slim hands. "Say you won't marry me and be done with it!"

"I have just asked you to marry me," he said again, the old tenderness in his voice.

Then her voice grew hard. "Go on," it rasped. "Why do you look at me like that, as if something terrible had happened?"

Facing her resolutely, with his arms folded across his breast, he told her the tragic tale of what havoc one day had wrought with his life: his father's startling will, the year he had wrested from Lady Mortimer, his plot to cheat fate, then the reading of his mother's letters and his resolve. He kept nothing back. He had not intended marrying her before tonight.

She listened, her eyes stalking each word. After he was done she did not speak. There was the silence of the grave in the room. Suddenly she said, "I'm very cold, Philip." Then she laughed hysterically.

"I'll make up the fire," he answered, like one who speaks at random.

When his back was turned a torrent of words leaped to her lips.

"No, no!" she wailed. "It would be too silly. I couldn't face the hardship. I'm a beast, boy," she said, "but I couldn't starve with you. I couldn't go back there that way. I never want to go back, anyway. I know too much; I crave too much. I should have to be reborn to be a fit wife for a poor chap, honey."

The boy bent over the fire.

"Philip," said the woman, her voice breaking, "you think you love me very much now."

He turned and held out pleading arms.

"Because of her—of your poor mother's letters, you want to marry me."

"Because you're mine. Oh, can't you see, Lottie, I've changed?"

"You weren't my first love," she whispered very low. "I lied to you. It hurts now, but it will make things easier when you're in the running again—you're so young, so young, boy."

His head was in his hands.

"Come," she said. "It's all over—all over—and I'm so done up. Let's be good pals to the end. It's our last hansom ride together, if you're really

sailing tomorrow—today, I mean." She crossed and pulled up the blind. The sun came in and touched their haggard faces.

"Today you ride with Trevelyan," he sneered. "I'm an outcast, next to a beggar, a useless thing!"

"Our last ride together," she said as she drew her Worth wrap, that Philip had given her, closer about her shoulders. Her voice had a wistful note.

He dragged himself to her on his knees. For a moment she seemed the most beautiful woman in the world. It was the old cry of the flesh.

She lowered her face for him to kiss.

Then he went mad. "You courtesan!" he hissed.

"Do not be hard, boy, because I kiss and ride away. I know the woman should always wait and be flung aside. I wish I could stay; I wish I could take what you offer, but I gave my soul with my first kiss—my soul, boy! You've had only the husks. He, the first, I would have lived with in one room, scrubbed floors for, or died for if he had wanted me to. A woman feels that way only once."

"Life seems made up of husks," said Philip, with a sob in his throat.

"Yes, husks," said the woman. "We eat them because we want to live—eat them and become swine!" All the elfin quality had left her features. She seemed to wear the mask of some weary court jester.

"I wanted to do the right thing. And I love you so—I love you so!" he cried.

"I lost my soul to the first man," whispered the woman. "Yours has been born tonight. Keep it, my Philip."

"I'm sorry I hurt you, boy," she continued softly; "but some better woman will heal the wound." There were tears on her pallid cheeks, tears for him, and for what she might have been.

IV

PRINCE ARTHUR had sounded Philip's knocker twice.

It was twelve o'clock, and the sun

was high in the heavens. Noonday bells were ringing all over the city, and about the Albany the streets were filled with toilers.

"Out, sleepy head!" cried the Prince. Then he looked up and saw that the knocker was quaintly muffled in a pocket handkerchief.

"Dickery's work," he laughed. "He is original in his defiance of convention. I wonder he didn't take one of his master's toeless silk socks."

There was a faint creaking behind the door. A key turned softly and a head looked out for a moment and then drew back.

"Dickery!" said Arthur.

"Sure, sir. Is it you, sir?"

"None other," said Arthur, entering. "Is he still asleep?"

"Like a newborn babe, sir."

"And, in Heaven's name, when does his ship sail?"

"At six, sir, from Southampton."

"Shall I wake him?"

There was a groan from the other room and a tossing of linen sheets, then a rapid succession of sighs and stretches.

"Any letters?" demanded Philip.

"Seven bills," said Arthur from the other room.

"What, you here, Dunk? It is good of you to come for the last of me."

Philip dragged himself across the bed. Full consciousness had come back to him with a rush of tortured thought.

He jumped from the bed with a pantherlike spring. "I feel as if I could swim the Channel this morning."

The Prince regarded him steadily. He knew this tempest mood of his friend. The woman was at the bottom of it, he surmised. He wondered if Lottie Vane were accompanying Philip to New York.

"No," said Philip, reading his eyes; "I've been chucked, old Buster."

"I'm glad," said Arthur, rising. "I hope some day you'll meet a good woman—and love her."

"I asked her to be my wife," Philip said softly.

A flush mounted Arthur's face

"She refused you?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"What we all want—what all London wants today—what I want—what you want: the madness of the age—money!"

A wan smile crossed Arthur's face. The smile said: "I never liked her."

"I love her still," cried Philip, "and yet something in me wants to despise her. With her I could have gulped down my infernal medicine. Now I shall thrust the nasty stuff smack in the face of society. I've got my whole year for deluding the simple Americans back again. I'm Sir Philip Mortimer, and they say a title goes a long way over there."

Philip went to the fireplace and looked at the remains of the embers curiously. When he returned from his drive with Lottie, he had found his mother's letters staring at him from the floor and had destroyed them one by one. Photographs of his father followed them. He could not forgive the man who had brought him up in luxury and left him to shame. The miniature of his mother made him hesitate. The thing seemed alive; the eyes haunted him.

The telephone bell ended the anguish of the moment.

Philip went to the telephone. "Good morning, Minnie," he said. "No, I cannot come to Mount Street tonight. I'm awfully sorry. But I'm sailing for New York by the *Adriatic*. Good-bye. It's all so sudden. I wish I could see you once more. Keep my memory green. Good-bye."

"Minnie is sending me a letter to Mrs. Curtsey. She's crossing with her daughter. They are Americans, but they have the big house in Brook Street."

"Yes, I remember the girl. She's just out. They were in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot this year. She has a face suggestive of a Madonna, and she goes in for dressing like a Downman portrait. But I say, man, do hurry."

The conversation was interrupted

by Dickery, who announced that Mr. Dangan was at the outer door. "I know it's 'ee," said Dickery. "He knows the signal better than any of your pals, sir. Three knocks, soft, medium and loud."

"I say, you are cheerful!" said a youth in the doorway. "Off to Monty, people?"

Philip took the hand and squeezed the fat fingers against a massive diamond and emerald ring. His head was high, his eyes on fire. The comedy he had elected to play was beginning. "I'm off to your country tonight," he said.

"My country? America? You really mean it, old chap?"

"Yes. No more of your Savoy supper parties," sighed Philip.

"I've the new Russian actress coming tomorrow night. I wish you were to be with us, old chap."

"So do I," said Philip.

The room for him was suddenly fragrant with the odor of carnations. Strains of Delilah's wooing of Samson, a memory of the Savoy's magic garden, filled the air.

"Have you seen the noon *Mirror*?" asked Dangan, breaking up the dream. "Lottie's engagement to John Trevelyan, the sugar millionaire, is announced in it."

"You've lost no time," said Philip. He was speaking to her alone. She seemed to be there on the couch with him, the fire dying and the cold dawn creeping in.

"Talk of men being brutes!" cried the Prince. "Most women are born without souls."

"That's what I say," echoed Bertie. His voice had a note of pity in it for his friend Philip. He turned to commiserate with him, but did not speak. Philip's face was the face of a charioteer driving in an amphitheater.

V

THE Duchess of Marta wrote to Philip:

I am sending you the letter of introduction by James. You are a wretch to leave

me without a word, and I hope, my dear boy, Sir Robert has not cut you off with a shilling. If he has, Philip, marry the Curtsey girl; she will have a pile. The family, like all Americans I have met, are confirmed "lordolitors." They adore titles; read of their dinner parties in the *Daily Tale*. A word about America. You know Dicky took me over with him two years ago to look up some securities. Forget your English reserve when there, and cultivate reporters and all that sort of thing. You see, their leading families are not in Burke, like ours, and the only way you know they are leading is by seeing them constantly in the papers. When you are once in the papers the thing becomes a sort of endless chain, and finally they chronicle you just like royalty. And don't forget the British fair, dear Philip, for, after all, we are much nicer than anything found abroad.

Bon voyage,

Yours ever,

MINERVA.

Philip read the letter aloud to Arthur.

"Dear Minnie!" said the Prince.

"She is a good sort."

Dickery stood in the doorway. "My lord," he said, fixing his green eyes on his master, "I have changed to come with you."

"Are you going to begin again?" inquired Philip sternly. "I told you last night, Dickery, that I couldn't afford a valet. You'd eat your head off in New York."

"I'd eat nothing, sir. I'm a light eater at best, sir—as you know, sir."

"It's useless to argue, Dickery."

"Who's to get your breakfast, sir—that's what I'd like to know; and who's to black your boots, and pack and unpack your bags, and light your fires and warm your papers, sir, and get you out of bed in the mornings and get you into bed some mornings, sir, and tear up your letters from ladies you leave about, sir?" added Dickery slyly.

"Of all the infernal, impudent servants!" cried Philip. He carefully avoided Arthur's eyes. "I'll change my mind about the good character I've written for you."

"I don't need a character. Having lived with you is enough, sir."

"It depends upon where you present yourself," interrupted Arthur. "Jerusalem and Park Lane are all one

nowadays. Don't get into a house where he's owing money to its master."

"My bag is packed," pleaded Dickery. "All your baggage is waiting for the whistle, sir." He began clasping and unclasping his red hands.

"I tell you I'm too hard up."

"I've me own bit, sir. I've two hundred quid out of the bank. I'll come, I will, sir. There's no stopping me. I've a fancy to see my brother Pat, I have."

"Oh, damn you," said Philip.

"Then I'm to go, sir," said Dickery. The old Irishman's eyes were beady with excitement; he had won the day.

A little later, as the two young men gulped down their coffee, giving each other a thousand last directions and counsels, Dickery kept creeping to the door to see if Philip's humor still held out.

"How I wish I were taking that Southampton train with you! And yet I think the whole business awfully rotten. You know, Tad, commonplace highwaymen, the old-fashioned sort, sometimes get on for a time, but I don't believe gentlemen highwaymen ever do. The breeding's against the vocation. It's just like trying to make an out and out shire horse take fences."

"It's my last fling, boy. In heaven's name, don't be serious."

"Yes, I know," sighed Arthur.

"If Lottie had married me, I'd have been different. I'd have tried to make a place for myself in another world."

In a few minutes more all was ready. Philip pressed a sovereign into the gatekeeper's hand and leaped into the four-wheeler. Dickery was to follow in a hansom.

For a long time they said nothing. Then Philip looked out of the window.

"Oh, old Mater London," he said, "did Ben Jonson, or Charles Lamb, or Sydney Smith, or any of the great ones love you more than I do? London, in the sun," he sighed. He made the Prince turn and look back with him.

Arthur's eyes were misty then. He was heedless of that pageant of life

before him, and through films of passing color he saw himself in the cool, dim library at Charterhouse. His friends, the pictures, were looking down upon him. The sixteenth century nun with the pink cheeks and the beautiful rebellious eyes, the wooden woman, labeled Lawrence, the nymphs who never stopped their chase of Pan. Outside there was the scent of summer, of Surrey roses wafted up from the valley; a thumbled copy of Horace lay open before him demanding translation before bed time, but he didn't care. His only thought was to push on the hands of the frowning clock. Philip was due from fives at four, and then they had permission to take their evening canter. Much of his youth had been spent in watching for Philip. Now the task was over. The hands of the clock of life were moving toward hours he could not see.

"I wonder how many chaps, starting for God knows where, have stood up in this bend of the Strand and looked back?" he murmured, half to himself.

Arthur's lips quivered too much for speech. They did not look at each other again as the cab bumped over the long bridge to Waterloo.

VI

PHILIP stood on the hurricane deck wooing the sea. It was twilight. Like all children born of the passion of true lovers, Philip's senses were more acute than those of the average man. If Fate could have looked him in the face, she would have said: "You are destined to be one of the lovers of life. The hunger for beauty will never leave you. To you the lips of fair women will be as roses and the song of the thrush, the scent of a violet, or a goblet of golden wine sufficient to open the doors of Paradise. But beware, glad youth, for the doors of Paradise lie close to darker doors. With your divine imagination, you will suffer from a lack of moral fiber. You are doomed to dance to all the winds of

the world, and each will bring a new emotion. A strong wind may drive you into port or wreck you on the rocks of sensuality."

The dressing bugle had sounded, and the shimmering leagues of silver and purple were his alone. He did not face the future as most wanderers do; his gaze sought the fading cliffs of England. Perhaps you have never left the land you love with the knowledge that you might never return.

The sea grew black suddenly, and the last speck of land vanished. In his utter loneliness his travailed soul went out to the soul of the great tossing ship. He was a man, and he turned and faced the wind.

"Will you dress, sir?" said Dickery to his master a half-hour later.

"I don't know what is done on these ships. I should have asked Bertie Dangan."

"A gentleman does what he is accustomed to do, Lord Kithmorie used to say," said Dickery reprovingly. "Still, sir, if you ask me, sir, I should say the clothes you 'ave on is good enough for the company here, sir."

"Well, all right. I'll venture below. She is beginning to roll a bit, isn't she?"

"Some's took to their beds already, sir."

"Cheerful cruise. Did you say the dinner bugle had blown?"

"A good half-hour ago, sir."

Philip sauntered into the dining saloon, looking neither to the right nor left. Perhaps his head was held a trifle higher than it would have been a few weeks before Sir Robert's death. When Fate places one on the wrong color of the checkerboard, it is impossible to escape self-consciousness.

He was making for a vacant table, when a steward touched his arm. "You must get your place from the purser, sir. He's over by the band."

"Will you ask him for Sir Philip Mortimer's seat?"

The man saluted civilly and hurried away.

The room, suggestive of the Carlton dining room, was only partially filled

with people, and yet the soft rose shades on the lights and the bunches of daffodils and hyacinths decorating the tables and the evening dresses of some of the women gave it a touch of the witchery of the London night.

"Will you follow me, sir?" said the steward, who had returned. "You're at the Doctor's table."

The two hundred first cabin passengers were mostly Americans, and as Philip followed his guide they looked up at him in that inquiring, half-flattering way Americans have. Philip, ever since he had become an unwilling idol of society for accomplishing the astonishing feat of reviving an Almack ball, had grown impervious to stares.

His table was almost filled. The seat on his left was vacant; that on his right was occupied by a stout, elderly personage, who was waving a lorgnette over a passenger list somewhat as a musical director waves a baton.

"Ain't this awful, Sadie!" she was saying to the girl at her side. "They've got me down as Mrs. Elvira Gaddis, of Buffalo, instead of Mrs. Joshua Gaddis. What will your father say?"

"I told you, mamma, not to sign your own name when we went to the White Star office."

"Oh, Sadie, and just see here! They've only got 'maid' down instead of 'maids.' That Mrs. Schuyler under us has maids and a valet. I should like to know what she looks like, a woman traveling with a manservant."

"Talk lower, ma," said Sadie, her small, dark eyes having become aware of a new member of the opposite sex at the table.

"Who do you think he is?" asked Mrs. Gaddis.

"The lord probably."

"There ain't a lord down; there's a 'Sir.'"

"Don't be so stupid, mamma."

"Well, I just thought I'd make you speak plain; you're always correcting me."

The audible whispers of his neighbors made Philip feel like a man who has inadvertently strayed into one of

the ranges at Bisley. The color was mounting to his face. Then he raised his eyes and encountered a pair of dark green eyes farther down the table.

The green eyes were frankly supercilious. They were shaded by wisps of red-gold hair, a color much affected by the esthetic, stained glass window type of woman who appears yearly at the Academy receptions, and is supposed to dwell somewhere near the region of Shepherd's Bush; she wore it in the fashion of those Russian princesses one reads about but never meets. Her lips were delicately curved in a Cupid's bow by careful touches of rouge. Her cheeks were pallid. She looked like a creature who had beaten her hands vainly at the bars of the conventions until forty, and at forty-five suddenly resolved on desperate adventure. In diamond letters across her throat Philip read the name Elizabeth. He could not quite make out her nationality. Then he listened for her voice as she asked the steward to bring her a lemon squash. It was unmistakably English, but an artificial, overcultivated voice. Men who know Bohemia know it. Elsewhere, it would be thought too much trouble. Grunts are often sufficient from the mouths of the mighty.

Philip's cold, gray eyes looked past the hot, green eyes to the old gentleman in loose fitting evening clothes, who was complaining that his lamb had never seen a spring.

"She's an authoress," said Mrs. Gaddis, following his gaze with a friendly smile—"Mrs. De Hautpins."

"Hautpins," corrected her daughter softly.

"Yes," continued the lady from Buffalo, answering herself, "she wrote 'Moths in the Dark,' and lives in Paris. I wouldn't let Sadie read it at first, but Sadie said the Atheneum Culture Club was discussing it, and I just had to. Isn't she interesting looking, though?"

"Very," said Philip, gulping his soup.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Gaddis with a

start, "I feel squeamish! How she is rolling! I wish we'd taken a German boat; they're so quick."

There was the throb of the sea and the voice of the wind outside.

"Now she's down again," said Mrs. Gaddis, lowering her fork. "Sadie, if this goes on I know I shall be sick. I feel it in my bones. You know I dreamt last night I was sick. Have you ever been sick, young man—sir, I mean? You are a 'Sir,' aren't you? I suppose you never have been seasick; you look so strong. You English do have such red cheeks. My husband has no color at all."

Philip smiled. Replies to his loquacious neighbor seemed unnecessary.

The band had begun a new selection—"Delilah's Love Song," Philip's favorite love song, that breathes all man and woman ever knew of a great passion: "Ah, come to me, ah, come to me!"—the notes throbbed.

Over the hot room, over the flying leagues, off to England went his heart. Such notes were made to raise men above mortality—or drive them mad. Philip's heart hungered, almost to breaking—he knew not why.

The woman next to him was speaking again. The voice, ruffling his subconscious thoughts, was like a nightmare. "There's nothing so consoling as music," she said, as if announcing the discovery of something important. "I always wanted my daughter to take lessons on the violin. It's such a refined accomplishment. I suppose you go often to Albert Hall to hear the concerts."

Philip assured her that he didn't.

"You don't! How strange! I thought the English were so fond of music. Although *your* Opera House doesn't compare with the Metropolitan in New York."

"Really!" said Philip. He was beginning to feel thoroughly bored. The woman was the most communicative female he had ever met. She reminded him strangely of Lady Mortimer. He felt sure that unappreciative mountain of egotism would find kindred spirits in America. He wished at least that

she had the pleasure of Mrs. Gaddis as a dinner companion.

"There they go," vouchsafed Mrs. Gaddis. "They're the Curtseys," as a rather pleasant-faced, fashionably dressed woman and a tall young girl passed him. Philip suddenly remembered the Duchess of Marta's letter.

"She was presented at Court this year," said his mentor. "It's perfectly shameful the way some Americans get to Court and others don't. We have plenty enough money to go, but the Ambassador didn't pay the slightest attention to my request for tickets."

"I'm sure, if the Lord Chamberlain knew you," said Philip, "he'd have asked you to wear feathers."

"I don't think her so good-looking." The lady was rambling again. "Why," turning her head the other way, "she's not as good-looking as you are, Sadie." Sadie turned her head in the direction of the salad bowl. "Aren't you ever going to learn anything?" she said to her mother in a scornful voice. "Don't talk so much of your family to strangers. He's got eyes and can see for himself what I look like. As for that Curtsey girl, she looks like thirty cents!"

"Don't take on, Sadie; don't upset my weak nerves. The ship's bad enough. The food's very bad, too—not nearly so good as on the German line. I'd just as lief not be able to pronounce it, but you're so stuck up."

"The Doctor's looking down this way, but you'd better keep in with him, I should think. Don't let him hear you complaining the first thing."

"Me complain? I never complain. I'm always cheerful. Not even those fleas in Jerusalem made me lose my temper."

Philip laughed a deep, good-humored laugh. There was no holding it back. After all, he was only a boy. The green eyes answered at the other end of the board, and then sought his openly.

Philip had never admired the type of woman who stalks her game in the open. He liked to be taken unawares.

Why is it that the fast dying out early Victorian sort of woman knew the game so well, and her advanced, analytical sister generally makes a bungle of it? He looked away, then, bowing to Mrs. Gaddis and her now blushing daughter, he turned in his chair and prepared to depart.

Elizabeth De Hautpans was speaking in her carefully prepared syllables.

"No, this is not my first trip. I love the Americans. They are so kind to one! But, between you and me, I think very little of the men. They don't hunt, nor wear silk socks, nor do anything you would expect them to do. The reporters are the nearest approach to gentlemen. Ah, yes, they are sweet men—sweet men. They would have been in 'Moths in the Dark' if I had known them then. Men love to be in books—in my books."

"You can put them in your next book," a voice answered. "They are waiting to hear what you think of them. All America awaits your verdict."

"Ah, I am so glad. I shall teach them how to love. They are like children when in love. Men kiss a woman there as one puts pennies in their chewing gum machines—coldly."

Even the steward, holding aloft the potatoes, paused to listen.

"I have had two months in New York, and I know much of it." The fair Elizabeth was now talking with a vague accent of some country she had invented. "All the world came to my hotel. I took notes of the best people. I shall put them in my new book. I promised everyone to put them in, you know. Of course, I cannot keep all my promises. American women think too much. They do not feel. I want to teach them to feel. That is my mission in America this time. I shall make them feel."

"Feel sick!" were the last words Philip heard, spoken by some outraged Puritan at a table near the door.

At his stateroom Dickery met him. "I've laid out a black suit for the morning, sir, and a black scarf and a black and white striped shirt."

"I thought I told you I had chucked the garments of woe," said his master crossly.

"Oh, sir," said Dickery, "I thought—well, you know, sir, it's not done—not so soon."

"Put the things back. I'll do the thinking for us both."

"Was the dinner bad, sir?" ventured Dickery after a pause.

Philip did not answer. He threw himself down on his berth and gazed at the wall. He was utterly miserable, and he gave himself up to his mood. After a bit he rose, opened a trunk and took out a little red leather case of photographs. Lottie Vane was on top—a lovely portrait of her as the Princess Esmeralda in "The Gay Lord Merryington." Tonight he did not kiss it in his shy, half-ashamed way; he only stared.

Then he began groping back over the hours to her. His head grew drowsy; his yearning eyes closed.

An hour passed before he awoke. The cabin was dark, but through his porthole he saw the sea spread with a cloth of gold.

Throwing on a greatcoat, he mounted the stairway to the deck. The place seemed deserted, and the kingdom of Neptune his alone. There it lay, a broad expanse of glittering roads that crossed and recrossed, and purple shadow palaces, smiling for a moment and then vanishing.

Philip thought he heard a sigh. At the rail stood a woman, her garments seemingly fashioned of the night stuff. She turned slightly at his approach, and her profile was silhouetted strongly against the moonlight. The features were enough like Lottie Vane's to make Philip half stumble in surprise. Ah, no; Lottie had never had that radiant, wistful look. She was a creature of a less ethereal world.

For a moment Sir Philip Mortimer forgot his tribulations and the mystery of life he so often attempted to unravel. It was as if some wayward spirit had left the gate of Heaven open for a moment and bade him look in.

VII

THE sea was smooth, and they sat in a long line sheltered from the sun. We all know how they looked, for the line has been forming since Christopher Columbus started the fashion of a transatlantic pilgrimage. There were feminine things smothered in rugs, and others showing dainty ankles and open-work stockings; there were old ladies with bits of embroidery in their laps and lavender salts near their noses. There were all varieties of the American commercial man bound for home in sporty looking caps snatched from the Strand; scattered among them were a few artistic souls with uncut hair and green Norfolk jackets.

There they lay, with half-closed eyes, forgetful of all worlds but the narrowing world of the tossing ship. Some of them wondered if they were going to escape without illness; some of them were eager to impart the experiences of past voyages; some of them wanted to make friendships—others wanted to unmake them. Some of them leaned very far back and sniffed at neighboring displays of steamer rug and footgear inferior to their own. In that smiling, sulking, critical, elaborately comfortable line, many a little vanity was poising its wings to fly. The few people who lacked the ability to pose, or had found the vocation tiresome, read, watched the face of the sea or waited patiently for beef tea to be served.

"The swells never come out," said Mrs. Gaddis. Her chair was close to Philip's. Sadie had been up betimes that morning, almost before the decks were washed, and bribed the deck steward. Sadie sat next to her mother now. She was dressed in a suit of Gordon tartan, cut very short. Stockings of MacDonald tartan emphasized the startling effect. Sadie had a theory that shops were full of dust microbes, and seldom wasted time when in them.

"What are swells, Mrs. Gaddis?" asked Philip. He was beginning to find the personage from Buffalo very amusing.

"Why, the Four Hundred," exclaimed Mrs. Gaddis, amazed at his ignorance. "Just think, Sadie," turning to her daughter, "he's never heard of the Four Hundred! Why, they'll all be after you—a 'Sir,' and so good-looking, too. Even Sadie says so, and she's awful hard to please."

Philip hurriedly picked up the copy of "Moths in the Dark" Mrs. Gaddis had pressed upon him for his edification. Sadie looked at her stockings.

"Society's very hard to get into in America," continued Mrs. Gaddis. "There's so many barriers, and when you think you're in it you ain't, half the time. I'm much more for society than any of my family. I come by it naturally. My grandfather was old Judge Ashby, of Goshen. The Ashbys were always very proud. When William Spencer Lafayette Ashby married he sent a box of his wedding cake to Queen Victoria, and all Goshen talked of it for weeks. I suppose you've been close to the Queen—the present one, I mean. Is it true that she wears real live flowers in her bonnets? No? What tales one hears! I do like English society. Some think the Americans are friendly, but I say the English are much more friendly. Ain't they, Sadie? Do talk a bit, Sadie. He doesn't want to talk to an old woman all the time."

"Here comes the beef tea," said Sadie.

"Did you tell Maria and Lucile to watch out and see that I got some rice in mine?"

Mrs. Gaddis raised her eyes and encountered the steward.

"Yes, Steward," she said, "three cups; one for the gentleman, one for my daughter and one for me. No, not that lady over there. She's not my daughter. When do you think I married my husband?"

Philip said he did not care for any. He remembered that he had left his watch in his berth. He rose and shook out his coat; then he strode down the deck with a measured, guardsmanlike stride, followed by Miss Gaddis's reproachful eyes.

"You threw me at his head," said the indignant Sadie to her mother.

"Nonsense," answered Mrs. Gaddis. "Men like a little flattery. You don't know how to get on with the creatures. Who got us abroad, I'd like to know, but me? Your father said, almost up to the last day, he'd be damned if I'd go. Wasn't it my handling him that got us off? Oh, Sadie, if I was a girl I'd go in for that nice young man. A little salt on his tail from a pretty girl like you, and he's caught."

"You think so?" said Sadie, her eyes glaring at her parent.

Philip made his way to the smoking room, lighted a cigarette and proceeded to write to Arthur. "Send me a daily journal," was the last request of the Prince. They had both laughed at the mere thought of the thing, for neither of them ever wrote letters. Philip's first letter began under the heading: "Philip Mortimer's Visit to America." Philip had a vague idea that he could write a book on American society. Up to his Charterhouse days, he had believed the place to be peopled with Red Indians. Now he thought of it as the home of strange and semi-barbaric millionaires.

When his letter was finished, Philip made for the long smoking room hall leading to the deck.

As he did so, a woman entered from the other end. She was dressed in a trailing gown of purple homespun, and her wide hat and her face were completely hidden by a thick white veil. In one hand she carried an open volume. Philip's far-sighted eyes caught the name, "Moths in the Dark." He did not know why, but he wanted to turn back.

"Please stop," she said, fluttering nearer. "Will you do me a favor?"

"I should be glad to," answered Philip, with a blush.

"I want you to come out and talk to me. The sea is a wilderness, and the people— Oh, these awful people! I have been communing with myself. I am tired of it now; I wish to feel a live woman. You can make me feel one!"

"You flatter me," said Philip, cursing the length of the hall.

"You're English, of course, and so am I. We both belong to the same set—I can see that. It's so nice to meet one of one's own sort. You're the only interesting looking man on the ship."

Philip's mind reverted to the woman he had seen in the moonlight; that was his only answer to this woman's seductive smile.

"I could make you my hero," said the painted lips, as they sat down together.

"Oh, no, you couldn't," said Philip, vaguely alarmed.

"You see, I know who you are. I know all about the Almack ball; our cousins, the Crevelings, went."

"Really!" said Philip.

"Yes; they adored you as D'Orsay."

"I was wearing a coat belonging to Lady Arran's footman."

"Have you read my beautiful 'Moths in the Dark'? There is a passage about the man who conquers, who sets the Thames on fire. He's like you, yes, so beautifully, radiantly young." Mrs. De Hautpans drew up her veil; her eyes blazed with an emotion that could not be put into words.

"Mrs. Gaddis, my table companion, has loaned it to me," said Philip. "Ah, here she comes now. May I bring her up? She is a great admirer of yours." Here was a loophole of escape.

The lady in question walked as if her boots were very tight. The wind battled with the feathers in her bonnet, and she battled with the wind, as if it were a swarm of gnats, but she smiled resolutely as she came panting up to Philip. He had been friendly to her, and he was a baronet, and he couldn't refuse to introduce her to her adored lady novelist. She measured the distance to them with her eye. No, they couldn't get away. Mrs. Gaddis had not been so excited since she had presented her copy of *Punch* to a countess in a railway carriage and received a gracious "Thank you."

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Gaddis," she said, as if Philip's polite introduction needed

strengthening—"Mrs. Gaddis, of Buffalo." The reiteration made a rather pessimistic curve to her mouth. "My name ain't very well known to you, Mrs. De Hautpans, 'tain't likely, but it's well known in Buffalo, where Joshua is."

"Take a pew," said Philip, making a sort of side leap nearer freedom. Sadie's tartan legs were gleaming in the sunny, canvas flapping distance. Sadie, even in her outrageous apparel, was preferable to the woman by his side.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gaddis, "I bought six copies of 'Moths in the Dark' at Christmas. I think it's just too wonderful. I never thought I'd live to get a look at you."

The famous Elizabeth sighed with a little purr of joy. The canny look left her eyes; she leaned back in her steamer chair and one little foot crossed the other. For a moment she was a fly in a treacle pot.

"But ain't it awful!" continued Mrs. Gaddis. "Not one of them had the good sense to like it as I liked it. Mrs. Champlain-Jones, who has a bowl which George Washington ate out of—no, I can't say a thing against her family—wouldn't let Sadie in the door after that. Think of it—my innocent Sadie! That reminds me; Sadie must take her medicine. Sadie! Oh, yes, you go tell her, Sir Mortimer."

"Don't they look too sweet!" said Mrs. Gaddis, as they walked away. "How does it begin—that part on young love, where he is combing her hair in the sun, and he says, 'Oh, you passionate tiger-lily!'—you must know your own book. You forget! Ain't that strange! I suppose your head does get muddled up. I often wonder how Ellen Terry remembers all her plays. Oh, do look at Sadie now! Ain't she a study in plaid? Young love," wheezed Mrs. Gaddis; "when women gets to *our* ages, Mrs. De Hautpans, they like to look at it, don't they?" Mrs. Gaddis settled back comfortably. Then she wondered why her famous friend didn't reply.

Philip had delivered Mrs. Gaddis's message to her daughter.

"I don't want to go now," said Sadie. "I heard someone say that Mrs. Brookford is coming up."

"Your mother is with Mrs. De Hautpans."

"Oh, I don't care about her; she's nothing but a writer. They never go out much into society in our country."

"I suppose you'll get to know all the swells," said Sadie suddenly; "then you won't bother with us."

Philip was at a loss for words.

"One reason why I want to see her," confided Sadie, "is because at Burnaggy's, where I bought this shooting dress, they said she had just ordered one, and I want to see if she has it on."

"I should think the color wouldn't be dark enough for shooting," said Philip.

"I'm afraid it's too dark for Buffalo," said Sadie hotly. "Most of the girls who go in for snipe shooting wear red sweaters."

"Really!" said Philip. They had reached the doorway.

There was a subdued air of excitement hovering about the crowd standing there. Age lowered its scent bottles, novels and fancy work; youth stopped its basket ball and shuffleboard, and that long line in the sun ceased to look seaward. Even the deck steward caught the infection in the air and leaned on his mop.

"She's coming," whispered Sadie. "That's her maid. My maid told me last night."

A woman dressed in black came slowly up the staircase. She walked like a queen, but she was entirely oblivious of the silent homage accorded her. Philip saw with a start his vision of the night. Her face was less like Lottie's in broad daylight. Her hair was paler and more ethereal. Her face was habitually sad, but her eyes were raised to Philip's once. She stared at him as he had stared at her the night before.

VIII

THE bugle for tea had blown. Mrs. Curtsey sat pouring out a world-famous

millionaire's Chinese beverage from her Georgian teapot. She always carried her tea service to and from Europe. At her back was a huge bowl of fragrant pink and blue hyacinths fresh from the great ship's ice chest. Two footmen, in dark blue civilian dress, stood behind Mrs. Curtsey's chair. She poured her tea with an absent-minded little smile. Although her hair was done in exact imitation of Queen Alexandra's, and her tea gown whispered Bond Street, she still looked a pretty shop girl, who had left her proper vocation in life. People who were not attracted by her husband's exaggerated wealth came to her because of her oft-times confiding simplicity. It was known in Mayfair that *he* was the socially ambitious one, and his better half was only the most costly of his mouthpieces. He stood beside her now, a man with two passions in life—one to be a leader of London society, the other to grow thin.

Across the room, on a sort of swinging couch, Philip sat beside Miss Curtsey. Dickery had learned in some adroit way that Mrs. Brookford had been invited, and his master's eyes never strayed very far from the door. The Curtseys were also expectant. In fact, this woman's comings and goings seemed to be the chief event on shipboard. That long line in the sun was always awaiting her.

"You've never met her—fancy! She took a house in Bruton Street this year for a bit," said Mrs. Curtsey.

"She did not go in for entertaining much," continued her husband. "She had *one* ball and *one* representative of royalty at it. Although a river of champagne makes London thirsty, it doesn't always bring out the bigwigs. The Duke of Strathnoodle was chatting with me outside Arthur's—his club, you know—one day last week, and he said the Duchess never accepted an American invitation!"

A curious remark, thought Philip. He wondered that the man had not seen the veiled insult to himself. Then he forgot his surroundings and began thinking of her. How strange that she

should look so much like the one woman who had played a great part in his life! The minutes were more like hours.

"I know she'd get on better if she didn't have to go it alone, Willie," Mrs. Curtsey was saying. "Just fancy the Brookfords having forty million pounds! That's two hundred million dollars! Brookford is never with her, but I don't believe she cares much. They say she's quite a frog."

"Never!" said Philip mentally. The memory of her glad eyes came back to him.

"She didn't want to marry him," whispered the girl at Philip's side. "Mamma said her mother made her do it. Do you think one should marry to please one's family?"

"Not without love," said Philip.

"I'm glad you said that," smiled the girl. Then the door opened.

"Mrs. Brookford, my lady," bawled the man.

Philip felt his heart in his throat; he looked at the graceful figure in blue serge by the door.

"How good of you to come to us, Eve!" said Mrs. Curtsey, extending a plump little fist decorated with a ring set with a miniature of her husband's right eye. Willie said he saw you at Mrs. Rodman Seven's looking awfully well. You know my girl, Dorothea, don't you? Such a sweet child. And Sir Philip Mortimer. The dear Duchess of Marta sent him to us."

Philip bowed low. She did not offer her hand. She seemed almost afraid to meet his gaze. She had encountered that gaze once before, and a wild rose color touched her cheeks at the remembrance. Then his eyes, intent, fascinated, compelled hers to open.

For a moment they stood silent, the boy of twenty-three and the woman just past thirty. All the youth in her was leaping back to meet him, this very god of splendid youth. The Curtseys saw before them the acknowledged queen of New York society, but Philip saw a girl, a witch thing, caught in the merciless wheels of Mammon, thirsting and hungering to live.

Tea hissed forth from the Georgian urn. The servants rolled about a tea tray on wheels, laden with thin sandwiches and fruit. There were no sweets. It was one of the host's attempts at wit, that "when tea time came he gave up his cake to the middle classes."

The talk was the usual sort one hears from ultra-smart Americans who have climbed to the highest pinnacle of social distinction in their own country and spent nine months of the year flying about Europe maneuvering for royal dinner guests.

"We're crossing just to see my solicitors," said Mr. Curtsey.

"We get back for the season; Willie always has such a ripping time. He's up for the Jockey Club now," echoed the lady behind the urn.

Whenever Mr. Curtsey used his best English intonation, Mrs. Curtsey always followed with hers. She had come from a remote part of Massachusetts, while he had lived in its chief city. Their discarded early friends, who saw them once a year at the Boston Assemblies, whispered that her voice had been cultivated only after the most strenuous efforts on his behalf. "Dora, don't talk through your nose; and, for heaven's sake, don't say 'gotten,'" was the favorite tale Mrs. Grundy told of him.

"Boston is a rotten hole, isn't it?" he was observing now to his bored guests.

She was gazing at Philip wonderingly, and he was gazing at her whenever convention would permit it.

"Oh, don't say that, William—we were born there!" she said absently.

"I'm the only one of us who really waves the old Stars and Stripes, am I not, dearest?" laughed Miss Curtsey. "I suppose papa knows more about Guy Fawkes's day than the Fourth of July. I still keep a little box of fire crackers, Mrs. Brookford, and throw them at my family when they run down Winthrop's woods too much."

"Oh, but society's so changed in Boston," yawned her father. "The Assemblies once had the name of being

exclusive, but after the Civil War they let in all the shopkeepers in the town. Don't you agree with me, Eve?"

"Yes, I dare say," said Mrs. Brookford, "but society is not what it used to be anywhere," she smiled. "Have you stayed with county families—old ones—the fusty, musty, antimacassar sort, I mean? And even in the Rue St. Dominique *tout est changé*."

"Yes, everything is changing, but New York stays rather rotten. It always seems so deucedly provincial to me. Stretches of brownstone vulgarity, with marble-fronted Jewish dwelling places grasping the gutter at intervals. Everybody overfed, overexcited or overbearing. Everybody boring everybody else with pretensions. A charming republic! Our friends are really more amazing than the obscure millions. I love hearing them talk about their positions. Those who acquired money ten years ago in New York always scorn the people who acquired it the year after them, and so on."

They all laughed.

The door opened and a woman entered languidly. Philip recognized Mrs. De Hautpans in a frock that seemed to be made up of old fish nets dyed her favorite color. Just below her heart floated a sash of green taffeta. As the eyes of the startled company fell upon her attire, she said in her perfect voice: "I'm an orchid today. This is my orchid frock."

"A dream," echoed Mrs. Curtsey; "but, of course, no one but a woman like you, dear Mrs. De Hautpans, could wear it."

"It does need a perfect figure," said Elizabeth. "See, I have no hips at all." She began spreading out some of her draperies as she edged nearer Sir Philip.

"Don't look as if you wanted to examine her!" said Mrs. Curtsey in her husband's ear. Aloud she said: "How do you take your tea, Mrs. De Hautpans?"

"Lemon and no sugar," she said, letting her eyes become slits of jet-like lashes. Then she murmured some Egyptian words to herself.

"When we were in St. Petersburg,"

said William, "Prince Metrichenieff used to—"

"Oh, don't!" cried Elizabeth, interrupting him. "Oh, don't, I implore you! I dream of the place by night. I cannot hear you speak of it. If the vision becomes too clear it will destroy my mood. I must write of New York, you know, and I cannot write when my heart is in Russia." She began using her strange accent again.

Everybody stared at her. She sat there with her arms curling about her knees, imagining that she was looking like some barbaric Tartar princess.

"Shall you stay long in America this time, Mrs. De Hautpans?" asked William. He felt that someone should end the monologue.

"I have letters—oh, so many letters—but it depends on *him*."

"Mr. De Hautpans?" questioned Mrs. Curtsey severely. The artistic temperament was new to her.

"Ah, no; by 'him' I mean an inspiration."

The room caught its breath.

"I always sex my inspirations," continued Elizabeth naively. "Sometimes it is only the sky." As she spoke she looked at Philip for a glance of approbation, but his eyes were locked in Eve's.

"Do you stay long?" she smiled over at Dorothea.

"A month, I think, and then we go back for the season."

"You must marry an Englishman," she said. "They make love so beautifully—when you get them started." She cast a mischievous look at Philip and then bit her lip. He was very annoying.

"Oh, no," answered the girl. "I shall marry one of my own countrymen."

"Why, surely your father is an Englishman?" The lashes touched the eyebrows with surprise.

Afterward, when Mrs. Curtsey said that the woman was "impossible," William said she was "very nice."

As the talk rippled on and the men took away the tea things, Philip began

to wonder if he might ask Mrs. Brookford to walk with him on his favorite hurricane deck. The Curtseys irritated him. They belonged to the usual type of worldlings who spend their days at the treadmill of convention. As for the emotional novelist, to rid himself of her in an extreme moment he would have jumped overboard.

Yes, Mrs. Brookford was leaving. She was weary of them also. He saw her push away a second cup of tea. As she rose from her low seat Philip left his. He intended following her boldly, so he avoided all the wiles of the Curtseys to make him remain.

"Good-bye," she said, giving her hand to each of her hosts in turn with a lithesome grace that was all her own. Near the door she bent over the hyacinths. "Spring!" she whispered to them. "They make one sigh for gay Italian gardens and sapphire skies."

"The sea is covered with them as the sun goes down. Won't you come and gaze on them?" urged Philip. He stood with his hat in his hand, eager to be off.

They were outside the door now.

"How quaint of you!" she laughed. Her arms were out to the joyous breeze like wings. "One doesn't expect a Jove to offer one such an enchanting garden."

"Jove?" he repeated.

"You did look rather thunderish during some of Mr. Curtsey's monologues on American society."

"Well, he is an ass to go on about his own country as he does. Why, an Englishman would stand up for his little island, even if the Suffragettes took to holding forth from the dome of St. Paul's, or Winston Churchill aspired to the crown."

"I love the Johnny Bulls for it," she said impetuously.

"All the time I knew you were a brick." His ardent tone emphasized the compliment.

She laughed merrily at his enthusiasm.

They were so engrossed in each other that they walked unconsciously into the very jaws of the staring crowd.

Curious middle-aged men and women left their chairs to obtain a better view of this woman, whose name was a mouthpiece for the multitudes. A group of bold-eyed girls darted from their tea to follow in her wake. Philip could hear their comments as their too eager feet sometimes nearly touched his heels.

"What do they want—the pigs?" he said hotly.

"A view of Mrs. Millions," she replied wearily. "It must seem very strange to you. I do wish they'd leave us. Can we escape to the upper deck?"

"Shall we run away?"

"I'd like to. Isn't it silly to be a citizen of a free country and never to draw a breath in the open without someone looking? I wish I were vainer and liked it."

"You're so human," said Philip; "I feel as if I had known you weeks instead of minutes. Anyway, it's nearly forty-eight hours since I first saw you."

She blushed again. When a touch of red bloomed in her cheeks she came very near to girlhood.

"Look!" she said. "The sunset is making great pink flowers in the sky. In a moment they'll be gone."

"Like all lovely things," he whispered.

She leaned her head on her arms over the rail. She seemed to be oblivious of him then.

"What are you looking for?" he asked softly.

"My ships," she said, "my white-sailed ships. You know the old rhyme says they'll come in the sweet by and by."

The wail of the sea was in his heart, the wail of the sea for her and for himself. Some strange magnetic current of sympathy was drawing them together.

"I wish we were aboard the Ancient Mariner's ship and could go sailing on for ever and ever, with the hyacinths blooming off in the twilight and the salt spray in our faces."

"Why do you say that?" she demanded suddenly. "You've nothing

to fear over there." She was pointing toward America. "It's all yours for the taking; and you're so young—so young."

His face grew darker.

"Old enough to have made a mess of things, or to have had other people make it for me."

She drew closer and laid one hand on his.

"The sea never consoles, does it?" she said softly. "It always answers one's mood."

Below the bugle had sounded and the decks were clear. As far as the eye could reach the world was theirs.

For a moment their masks were off, and their eyes searched the rim of night. Pilgrim paused by pilgrim at the close of day and wondered about the morrow. Such a meeting as theirs and such a moment come but once in a lifetime.

She studied his face intently. She had never approached the mad fury of a soul torn asunder in real life before.

From her early marriage she had lived high up in her gilded tower, where souls grow blind from the dazzling radiance, and yet she had kept hers fresh and watered—perhaps with tears.

"She is asleep," he said to himself as he stole another look at her. It was true that her dreams had shut out many of the cries of the world.

As she looked at him her heart filled with yearning tenderness. He was different from any man who had ever crossed her pathway. She wanted to help him—to speak, but her voice choked and she could not.

"If you knew everything—what has brought me to this—what has made me the thing I am, I wonder if you'd draw away?"

She did draw away from him, fearful and trembling. Then she crept to him again, a new light leaping to her eyes.

Brookford's sable rugs. The sea was as black as a raven's wing, but the sky was full of a mystical silvery light. The storm king was hunting in some far-away cloudland.

"Eve"—for three days he had whispered it in secret.

Philip had begun to forget Lottie Vane. Eve was enough like her to have been her sister. To be exact, she was about six years older, and yet she seemed younger than the other woman. One had sought the God of Love in every stray caprice and desire; the other had only dreamed of him up in her gilded towers. One knew the open country outside the old established laws of the world; the other walked serenely in the highway. One woman's mouth was a full-blown flower, one a closed bud.

Eve Brookford was bending over him now, smiling as she steadied herself in the wind. The thick rim of dark fur on her cap threw her perfectly chiseled features into high relief. Her pale hair was hidden under the soft fur. She wore a tightly fitting gown of Donegal tweed, that showed every curve of her Dianalike figure.

"The top of the morning to you, dear ma'am," he said springing to his feet.

"Ma'am!" She pursed up her features. "You make me feel like a school-mistress."

"We say it only to very great ladies at home."

"Ah! Then I forgive you, Englishman." She sank gracefully to her knees, and he began folding her in the rugs.

"I wonder if any of them will find us here today?" she asked. "Yesterday they didn't. When I passed Mrs. De Hautpans on deck last night she positively glared at me."

"Sadie said again at breakfast that she knew from the first that I was destined for the Four Hundred. She bitterly resents the Curtseys, but your name is a trifle too awe inspiring. I've never known such hero worship. Have you an automatic springing cushion on the seat of your carriage, as the

IX

"EVE," said Philip to himself. He was up in the very prow of the boat, stretched full length on one of Mrs.

Queen has? It does ease the neck when bowing."

"How you 'rag' me, as you would say. I do feel sorry for that girl, though—when she doesn't come up dressed like a Scotch Indian. I suppose her people have tons and tons of money and it depresses them dreadfully. She ought to be married to a nice young milkman or green grocer, loving her home and children, instead of sighing to become a member of those ridiculous Colonial Dames or Colonial Daughters and to see her picture in the papers."

"How do you know all that?" asked Philip.

"I see things out of the corner of my eye."

Philip threw back his head and laughed boyishly.

"Yes, most Americans, or New Yorkers, would laugh at her now, for she is very crude, but she has enough vitality and energy to become a social leader. If she wants to become one very much, she will. The intense desire is all that is needed in New York if one has great wealth. That is what makes our social game so interesting. She will go on and on until she reaches the goal. And what do you think that goal is? A desert of sawdust. After one has wallowed in the sawdust until satiety, there is nothing left but to go and conquer England. I suppose the day will come when all our best known families will have houses in London, and then we shall be thinking of a German season every year. Of course, every American loves Paris, but no one really smart ever goes in the American colony there. That is made up of the 'sore hundred'!"

"You speak as though you were very tired of the sawdust desert," he said softly.

"I am. I should like to hide myself somewhere."

"Are you as tired as that?"

"I am not tired now. Oh, the waves! How they fly! What is that rolling down there? I think I see Mrs. Gaddis coming!"

"Oh, no, you don't," said Philip.

Her eyes twinkled. "Then, it's the vampire poetess to pin you up as a specimen."

"I loathe her," said Philip. "She reminds me of the man in Earl's Court who had an advertisement written on his head—only, everything she does is an advertisement. How ghastly to have to regard oneself as a sort of American breakfast food, or somebody's tea!"

"I have many friends who do."

"I'd rather not talk of them," he murmured, creeping closer; "let's talk of ourselves."

"Are we so interesting?"

"You are—to me," he said.

She blushed. He was learning that she blushed very easily.

"Do it once more," he pleaded in jest.

"You silly boy!"

"It's like watching roses bloom."

She turned her head away.

Then he tried to seize her hand.

"Don't," she said, "please don't! I suppose I sound awfully old-fashioned, or prudish—whatever you like—but good women do not—well, you know what I mean." She drew away slightly.

"Forgive me," he said humbly.

"Of course I do."

"Honest and true?"

"Yes, let's forget it. I simply thought of it as a horrid habit, anyway."

"You make me feel an awful ass."

It was his turn to blush. "Perhaps you're the first good woman I have ever met."

"Then I'm sorry for you, but you forget one other."

"Oh, the good women of the world must be very lonely. There are millions of petty-souled women longing to be bad, afraid of convention."

"I do not believe what you say is true. Frailty is humanity and not always evil."

"Which is the better woman," he asked hotly—"the one who plays with a man's heart to gratify her vanity and stays good, or the one who throws herself into the whirlpool of love, knowing that she will be dashed to pieces?"

"The first is a bad woman. The second has my pity. For a few moments, she throws away years."

"She may be willing to pay the price. What is greater than love?"

"Purity is, I think—life in the sunshine. And there can be good love, love that dwells in high places."

"I wish I had met you sooner," he sighed. "Tell me, who is the other woman?"

"Your mother."

He laughed bitterly. "My mother threw the years away," he said very tense and low. "She died for him—my father; she died in a ditch—for love."

Then, of her own accord, she laid her hand on his. After a silence she spoke. "A real love that comes and goes leaves death."

"Another woman told me that—one you would have called a bad woman."

"Yes, sometimes the soul dies and sometimes the body." She was musing aloud. "One must keep it always. We can look upon the face of love only once. Some of us find a cruel imitation of it; some of us call many faces the face of love. Some of us seek it and never find it. Some of us find it too late."

"And those who find it too late—" he asked.

She met his glance with bewildered eyes.

After a time he faltered. "I am beginning to find out the laws of life. I didn't know of her—of my mother's story—until just before I sailed."

"It's God's will, I think, that we stumble against those laws in the dark."

"In the dark," he repeated, "and all alone."

"Alone," she sighed.

They lay there very quietly for a long time, studying the tapestry of life. Has anyone ever made out the meaning of the picture? She was afraid to speak—to ask him anything. His story was his own.

From the steerage a boy's treble reached them, a fresh young peasant voice, like a lark lost in a dewy morning. Then it died away in the wind.

In the stillness he said: "The wail of the sea—could I tell you what I hear in

it? Doesn't it make a man sorry for some things, and make him long for others?"

Her face was in the shadow.

"It's a great chorus to me," she whispered. "All the brave who died nobly speak in it—all the ones who played desperate parts."

"Your eyes hurt me when you speak like that. I am your friend—your knight, if you will. My fight is a desperate one, and I can take on yours."

They were close together like two reeds in the wind. The horizon was darkening. There was a hiss in the flying waters.

"I've a craven heart," she said; "I fear."

"Something over there?" he said, pointing to the west.

"Yes, something done that can never be undone."

The sea was whispering in its noon-day sleep. Out of its great fretful heart, that was always calling to the winds to tell it things it longed to know, came the breath of a spirit country where most men and women enter once. No angels from Heaven walk there, nor fiends out of Hell. It is as lonely as the forgotten lands beyond the grave. There true love gazes for an instant into true love's eyes and lips cling to lips, but no one speaks or dares stay long. God's boundaries do not mark the place, and the shackles of the mismated, the barriers of poverty and all the ills that canker love must give way in that dream country. And some who creep through its misty gates go back into the world with a cross on their shoulders, but the wise go forth with roses in their hands. Those who pluck the roses have not lived in vain. Though their highest human mission can never be fulfilled, their faces show that they have looked upon the face of Love.

And now the woman gazed at him long and searchingly. Her eyes held all the hidden voices of her heart. The child's song spoke for her.

"You are leading me somewhere," he said huskily. "You are making me different. I never felt as I feel now,

this moment. I seem to crave nothing in life but that you should think well of me. Something in me is crying out to something in you and wants to be comforted. I am leaping out of the walls of self—Ah, you know, you understand! I want to be a boy and close, close to you, and I want to be a man, with you in my arms and a fiery sword. Less than a week ago my father, Sir Robert Mortimer, died in Craven Street. The world thinks me his heir—Sir Philip. Oh, God, Sir Philip! The will said that he never married my mother. In despair I wrested a year from my stepmother. 'Let me have a year of my name!' I said. One year to cheat people—and myself. Yes, that's what it means. I am no better than a common adventurer—only, I started adventuring in a gayer mood. I'm a cheat. I am coming to your country with a title that must die in a year. I was mad to get back at life—the spirit of my mother cried out in me. The woman I thought I loved had deserted me. I told her all my wretched story, but it did not hurt as it does now. You know why I tell you; you understand. Dreary years have been between us, and many, many miles. That other woman's soul was nearly dead—yes, dead, poor girl—but yours has been alive and waiting. Oh, Eve, you have been dreaming as I have been dreaming. You have been waiting—waiting—all these years, these long, long years—"

She shivered; her breast rose and fell. With her hands she seemed to clutch at the sob in her voice. All the while her eyes scanned his fresh young face, as a drowning woman looks on a spar the waves are washing away.

He longed to take her in his arms and smooth fate's sword wounds from her eyes. All the tenderness that had been born for his mother and Lottie on that fatal day was hers threefold. And with it was the old flame in his blood that made his cheeks grow scarlet and his eyes burn. The flame had become a tempest of white fire.

The cry was growing wild now. "Kiss me—kiss me once," he pleaded.

Her face blanched and her eyes closed. Then they opened again on the leagues of darkening sea spread before her.

She stumbled to her feet. Philip felt as though he had been struck. As he lay there, facing the coming storm, he wondered if she would ever speak to him again.

X

THE Curtseys were dressing for dinner in their connecting staterooms, assisted by Julie, her French maid, and Duggins, his English valet. They had at last decided that they would please themselves and the ship by dining in the public dining room. The Curtseys, like many other foolish persons, regarded their servants with rigorous suspicion for six days in the week, and on the seventh either forgot them completely or fondly believed them capable of washing the family skeletons.

"Dora," said Mr. Curtsey, "Mortimer's place, Hudney Hall, is in Yorkshire. I looked him up today. You know Dot seems so awfully keen on him. The baronetcy is the third oldest in England."

"Really!" said Mrs. Curtsey. She was not feeling at all interested—her maid had accidentally daubed some cold cream in her eye instead of on her eyebrow.

"Dora, I wish you would pay a little attention to me when I address you. I am beginning to notice that you have that vulgar habit of most American women, lack of concentration."

"Oh, bother your concentration, Willie! Can't you see that Julie is trying to make this blue satin meet over my back? You insisted that I should wear the wretched thing. Mrs. Brookford never dresses—"

"Eve Brookford sometimes forgets conventions, I believe. Look at Mortimer and the way she lets him run after her!"

"I told you I tried to get him away from Eve. I couldn't very well go up to him and *pull* him away. After all, he's only a baronet, and—"

"And what?"

"I don't want to think of Dorothea marrying at all." Tears came to Mrs. Curtsey's pale eyes.

"Leave the room!" roared Mr. Curtsey to the servants. They hurried away like startled hares, the maid whispering by the door.

"Now, listen to me," he said, his face growing scarlet from excitement. "The girl must marry this year. I cannot keep up the house in Brook Street another season; it costs too much. I spent fifty thousand pounds last year. The night we entertained the King of Saxe-Sergum cost ten thousand by itself."

"I dare say Lady Gageit got most of that for inviting him."

"Silence, woman! Do not carry your ill timed remarks into the boudoir. Keep them to ruin our social position."

"Social position!" wailed Mrs. Curtsey. "I wish we hadn't any. I'm almost glad we haven't as much money as we used to have, and I wish we had less; then my lamb wouldn't have to be bartered for more of it."

"So like you!" sneered her better half. "Well, Shearaman will soon have all our railroad stock if he keeps on."

"We could be happy in Beacon Street."

"A living death! Come, Dora, don't lose your temper; just be reasonable. How many of the persons we have entertained this year ever heard of the place?"

"I don't care; I never was any good at arguing with you. I just love Boston—and my old friends and the simple parties. I should like to go back there and have a real dinner at the Touraine—a dinner with fried chicken and every fattening thing one could think of. Everybody's fat in Boston, and it would make no difference if I *were* fat there. I grow tired of our life sometimes, Willie." The most envied woman who ever left the Hub mopped her eyes. "All I care about is my child, anyway. I don't want her bartered for a title. These international marriages are such wretched affairs."

"Nonsense, woman! Because one

duke's sister confided to you that he threw dishes at the head of his American wife, you need not think they are all like that."

"Her family paid him twenty thousand pounds a year to do it," flared Mrs. Curtsey. She left her dressing table, pushing back the medley of crested golden combs, brushes and cosmetic boxes. As she crossed to the center of the cabin, her lord thought he had never seen her so strangely excited. For stretches of weeks and months she never even murmured against his will.

"I cannot make a twenty-thousand-pound-a-year settlement," he roared. "Dot cannot be a duchess! It's five thousand a year and a baronet. Sir Philip seems a fine chap. Can't you see that we should make hay while the sun shines? Dot's half in love with him already. Did you observe how she studied his face? It could all be so easily arranged. No long expensive series of entertainments to hasten it on. No expense at all."

"How do you know he'd fall in with your charming plan?"

"What's he coming to the States for? Do they ever come for anything beside money?"

"No, you've hit it there—money—money! I wonder if a foreigner ever came to New York just to see the place?"

"Don't call the English foreigners!"

"You called Lady Stalkland a foreigner when she did four daubs on a piece of ivory and said that it was my miniature. You recollect the bill she sent—one thousand dollars?" Mrs. Curtsey raised her eyebrows. "Then there were other foreigners—the Ardolthnot man we met in New York, who promised to get us seats for the Coronation. Afterward you suspected that he was a footman at Buckingham Palace."

"Oh, well, my dear, we all learn. Some of us love England so much that we are apt to welcome the English rotter just because we are driven to it. Many of the chaps one meets in the best New York clubs are not as gentlemanly as some English footmen are—nor as well informed."

"Well, to go back to Dorothea; I shall not let her make a mistake."

"No, you'd make it for her."

"Eve's got him!" said Mrs. Curtsey softly. It was her trump card.

"She's only playing with him. Eve's a good sort, with a dash of the Puritan in her, or she'd have kicked over the traces long ago. Why, even the comic papers have told of the bulldogs Brookford's mistresses name after him."

"I'm glad Eve's a good sort. You're not always so sure of women."

"Eve's got brains; she'll never throw her position away."

"That means she has no heart."

"You seem to be developing a decided gift of repartee, my dear. I hope you'll use it on *our* behalf—on *my* behalf, when I bring the boy up tonight."

"I shall not use it," said the woman sullenly. She began pulling at the wired bands of rose-colored silk in her hair. "I shall not go below at all. This costume you made me put on is ridiculous, anyhow. I shall go back to my berth and the rest cure you planned for me. As for Dotty, marry her to a brute who will spend her money and break her heart. Women have had their money spent and their hearts broken before now."

The fat, red-faced man hesitated for a moment, then bolted from the room, slamming the door furiously.

It was almost nine o'clock when he reached his private table in the ship's dining room. His daughter accompanied him, and they ate their meal in silence.

Dorothea Curtsey was submissive to her father's moods. She had learned the wonderful power of silence in the Rue de Grenelle, where she had been sent for what the Americans call her "finishing."

After dinner he asked her to go to her mother. "I want to do a bit of thinking in the smoking room. I have matters of grave importance on my mind."

The girl did not show surprise, for her subconscious mind knew his habit of emphasizing the small affairs of every day. She had watched him haggle for hours over shades of ribbon when he

took her for her spring outfit in the Rue de la Paix.

"You do not mind, Dot?" he asked, his manner almost gallant. She was the most precious of all his human chat-tels; he never questioned her silences. He never caught the look of wonder that sometimes escaped from her averted eyes.

"Of course not; there is no one you would care for me to talk to. Mamma said you wished me to avoid the red-haired woman who tried to speak to me."

"Yes, dear, always avoid English-women with red hair, and never speak to anyone who tries to speak to you. I don't encourage climbers."

Then they parted, she to read and he to look for Philip.

That young gentleman was in the smoking room, writing to Prince Arthur. At least, he would have told you that he was writing, although his pen scarcely ever touched the paper. These were his confused thoughts.

"What you hoped for, Dunk, has come true. I'm in love with a good woman. She's married, curse him! Every time I let myself think, I'd like to strangle him. She looks like Lottie. But Lottie was only one woman; Eve is a hundred women, each more enchanting than the last. Isn't 'Eve' a wonderful name, Dunk? I whisper it when I get into my berth, as other chaps say their prayers. I love her—I adore her. The madness of my parents is breaking out in me. Oh, God, God, if things were only different—"

"Have you had your liqueur?" asked Mr. Curtsey, interrupting Philip's thoughts. He spoke in what he considered his most effective voice. The crowd about the smoking room tables looked at him with varying degrees of curiosity. They knew his name as well as they knew the alphabet. As he stood there, supremely self-conscious, his expression would have been grotesquely insolent but for the pleasure he was taking in the drama of the moment.

"Yes, almost an hour ago," said Philip. He was wishing the man would

go away and not make him so conspicuous.

"Well, come out and have a turn on deck. Remarkably smooth crossing, this. The sea begins to look angry tonight, though."

Philip raised his eyes and looked in the circle of staring faces. Then he bolted, the Anglo-American millionaire after him.

The deck was crowded, but Philip felt that she would not be there. He knew that he had raised up a barrier between them and cursed himself. The moon was the same old liquid moon of April, and it was waiting for her. The wild valleys of the sea seemed hushed and expectant, and the foam trees sighed ever so gently.

"You must regret leaving Hudney Hall at this time of the year." Mr. Curtsey was trying to keep in with his companion's step, so he did not notice the startled look his question drew forth. A pain like that from a knife shot through Philip's heart. Hudney Hall, the home of his race. For the past five years he had not seen it, after his stepmother's jealousy made visiting there almost unbearable, and even as far back as his last term at Charterhouse he knew the second Lady Mortimer's money bags were tightening about his father's throat. Hudney and its acres of rolling Yorkshire pastures—Hudney that should have been his! He could have killed his questioner at that moment. His clenched fingers tore into the lining of his pockets. "I'm a miserable sort of adventurer," he said to himself, as the spasm died.

"The Yorkshire one sees going to Harrogate reminds me of the environs of Hoboken, but I dare say the part where you live is not so thickly dotted with factories and furnaces."

As the youth did not speak, the American feared that his fluency had gone too far. "I should like to see the place," he said graciously. "Any house built in the reign of Charles II has always an irresistible charm."

"You must come to us there some time," said Philip. His eyes left the

sea and focused on the man at his side. They were flashing like steel.

"Awfully good of you, old chap, I'm sure. We will look you up on our way to Strathnoodle Castle in the autumn."

"Will you?" laughed Philip to himself.

"You must stay with us as soon as we arrive. We will star you a bit."

"What's that?"

"Oh, put you through your paces and marry you off."

"All right. But suppose I don't go off?"

"You will; I promise you that. Why, I know someone who fancies you now."

"Really!" said Philip. He wondered if the man could be serious. The flaccid face staring into his had the strained look of a shopman eager to make a successful sale. William Curtsey, for all his veneer, was innately vulgar.

"Say, old chap, you're not a marriage broker, are you?" he asked casually.

The other's face went redder. He felt that he was bungling what he had looked upon as a diplomatic mission. The knowledge had not the power of silencing his tongue.

"You must be coming over to marry," he said, hitting at random. "Why, what else have we to offer?"

Philip turned to get a better look at him—this well known American, who thought himself an Englishman, and whom half the world put down as a cad.

The sneer on Philip's face was partly at himself. He wished he were back in England by a roadside breaking stones. "I can never go on with this masquerade if I meet this sort of thing," he said inwardly.

"No offense, old chap, but if you come to us for the same reason the Duke of Hillichurch did, or Lord Wenton or the Earl of Scullen, take a tip from me and don't waste your time around the skirts of married women. You'll never get off if you do."

"Curse your impudence," said Philip under his breath. Then he turned on his heel.

XI

WHILE the head of the Curtsey family made plans for another sensational Anglo-American alliance, Eve Brookford lay in her berth staring out at the stormy sea. She was afraid to go on deck, afraid to meet Philip face to face after his astounding request. But what she feared more than anything else was the ever deepening consciousness that those beautifully curved full lips of his held close to hers once would make her into a new woman. The old miracle which eludes analysis had happened. Eve loved!

Her breath came hot. Her mad revolt seemed to be pushing the great ship on, on. She wanted to be up and away into the night—to think clearly, to escape something she could only dimly define. There were two more days of the journey—two days in which to elude, to fight, to pray! The simple dish she had asked her maid to bring her for dinner lay untasted on its silver tray. Her robe of white swan's down, her firelight robe she called it, was coiled in a heap on the floor. She wore her long empire chemise of white silk. It had no sleeves and was cut low at the neck, and yet it seemed to stifle her. With a cry she threw the bed covering upon the swan's down robe.

"Wright," she whispered in the darkness.

There was no answer.

Eve felt for the electric light button. "The girl must be dining," she said to herself. Then she remembered that she had dismissed her for the night. Creeping with almost animal-like caution to the end of the bed, with one white arm she reached for and grasped the silver mirror on the dressing table.

Placing it between her knees, she began studying her face with the most curious intensity. "Only three crow's feet under the eyes," she laughed as a woman laughs whose nerves are unstrung. "I don't look so very old. I don't look old enough to be his mother." His poor mother! Tears welled up in Eve's bright eyes at the remembrance of what he had told her. She

would make it up to him! She would wash away the canker and the bitterness! The protective instinct, which is one of the divine ingredients of love, was overwhelming her. The emptiness of her arms seemed to be filling from the overflow of her heart. Then she stared at her face again. The world called her beautiful. New York's greatest photographer was always imploring her to let him distribute her pictures to the hungry newspaper men. Wasn't it all a lie, a mere obeisance to her husband's wealth? There were hollows in her cheeks. She could feel them. With frantic haste she seized the hem of her nightdress and began torturing roses into the flaccid contours. Women have done it before and will do it again. It is generally the last petition to the throne of love, the wild revolt at the grim fingers of Age. Sometimes they put on a dab or two of rouge, but oftener the blood comes bounding up from a despairing heart.

The storm was growing wilder, and the wind against the portholes held the scream of sea birds and the echo of voices lost at sea. The ship shuddered into the swell. Suddenly the lights went out. Eve never forgot that last look of her anguished face in the mirror. The thing was too heavy for her hand, and it fell to the floor with a crash. The white arm relaxed and the hand wavered back to a silken bag on the bed. Ah, yes, the jewels! They were hurting her—those curiously pointed emeralds on the crown designed and worn by Marie Antoinette's sister, the Queen of Naples. She, Eve Brookford, of New York, wore the crown of a queen! What a mockery life was! And yet she remembered the name they called her in that stupendous city where her family owned acres and acres of ugliness with rent rolls more valuable than Park Lane's. She, too, was a queen and she ruled, perhaps, but wearily, oh, so wearily. They paid their homage nightly at the Opera, the court of a democracy. The middle classes stood about the gates of her gray stone house in Millionaires' Row, east of the Park when there was hope

of her taking the air. The shop women imitated her way of dressing her hair and the cut of her foreign frocks. Brookford—the very name sent a thrill through the spine of the Republic. "Brookford!" the people cried, as they might have cried "Cæsar!" Brookford was the new synonym for Mammon.

Philip was the first man who had asked to kiss this head of the reigning house. Men may have loved her, but they loved in secret. One does not hazard displeasing Pharaoh's wife.

Eve lay in her berth feeling her smooth, hard flesh, her arms, her neck, in the heated darkness. She was young enough to love, she moaned. She did love. "Philip, Philip!" she whispered. She wanted that kiss, that one kiss! She closed her eyes. The sea was dragging her nearer to him. There was a divine moment of waiting, then came the leap of the ship into the tempest.

She turned shudderingly. Another man's lips seemed to press close to hers. In imagination she could see a fat man with a face suggesting—what? She couldn't think. The ratlike eyes were upon her—those eyes that sensed the body, not the spirit. The kiss clutched at her cold lips. It was her husband's kiss . . .

The elements were calmer now. The ship no longer struggled with the unknown, but was slipping back into a course that Eve had traveled before. Her brain, her very body, was fast becoming a part of the soothing motion. Then, slowly and surely, the advancing night recalled her to a saner state of mental vision. The torture of that hated kiss was gone, but it left a trail of memories, hundred-armed like the cuttlefish.

She was a girl again with all a girl's wonder at the world. She saw back through the years to an old house in an older street of a leafy city. Of the seeds of eighteenth century England that linger in the States, Boston is the place that has retained the most. Supercilious Britons, from the days of Mrs. Trollope to the delightful Mr.

Whibley, have seldom found much fault with this city. Many of the honest citizens are a reflection of a day when life was gentler and sweeter. Indeed, some of the old county life that is fast disappearing from the larger communities of the Mother Country is found still in this fascinating American city. It abounds in quaint nooks and corners.

In that historic dwelling known to all Boston as the Spencer Mansion Eve passed her girlhood under the watchful eyes of her mother. Mrs. Spencer was a woman of the old school—a Lady Crewe, if you like; one of her family had refused a descendant of emperors, and the fact was always paramount in her mind. Eve was wax in her hands. She smiled when she was told to smile; she danced with the men whose names her mother wrote on her card; she accepted the friends that were made for her. When Fred Brookford, the famous young millionaire, pranced over from New York and fell in love with her statuesque, Dianalike beauty, she accepted his attentions as a matter of course. It was the logical outcome of her puppet girlhood—the climax of the third act Mrs. Spencer had longed for. She didn't quite know that she was a puppet in those days. "Eve Spencer is making the finest marriage of the decade!" the disturbed machinery of Boston motherdom cried out in a body. The grasping Mrs. Spencer had caught the shining fish. He had appeared at only one Assembly, and now Eve was to marry him. No one, however, knew what the secret heart of Eve cried out.

There was one moment of mute pleading, but Mrs. Spencer had said: "It's your duty to marry him, your duty to your family, to your mother, to yourself! You belong to the best people in Boston. In marrying this Fred Brookford you are doing only what a well bred woman of impoverished family should do. I've starved myself and the servants to dress you. I sold the Romney your father purchased at Lady Blessington's sale to give the dinner party the night he proposed. Believe me, dear child, you are the

most envied girl in all Boston today—in America, I should say.”

“You never could feel,” Eve wanted to say, but she was too afraid of her mother at that period. She did as she was expected to do, but she had never really lived. She had only existed, the same poor puppet, the puppet of a Spartan mother become the puppet of a sot and libertine.

They married her in the Spencer yellow drawing-room, with its Louis XVI furniture that the famous connoisseur, Sir Richard Wallace, is said to have envied. The newspapers recorded that Mrs. Spencer wore dove-colored brocade and the Spencer pearls, and her friends observed that she wept a tear or two into a Limerick handkerchief as her beautiful pale child was led through the room on the arm of Lawton Peel, her great-uncle. The family portraits were hung with garlands of lilies and green that looked like laurel. Malicious persons said that the painted faces almost grinned—especially that seldom mentioned ancestor who had conducted some sort of tobacco shop with John Thomas.

No one saw the bride after she parted from the bridegroom at the top of the grand staircase. No one saw her stagger and almost fall. No one heard her whisper to her maid to get her some brandy. No one knew how the proud-faced bride felt as she seized one moment of her own in this room just off the stairs.

She was well bred, as her mother said, and she played her part as a Spencer should. She had imagination and that saved her from becoming suffocated by the Brookford money. By the laws of the world only she was his. What followed? For a year he had loved his marble toy, and she had endured his love as women can endure. A son came to perpetuate the millions. Then he had deserted her.

She was coming back to him now—to the old harness after her annual flight abroad. His love for her had vanished. Newer, fresher toys filled his life. He never even kissed her except before his mother. She was free

of him except at certain maudlin moments, and had been free for many a long year; and yet, as she lay there in her berth resurrecting the scenes of her youth, all the old unreasoning fear of him was upon her.

Love had come now over high hills and strong ramparts. Philip—young, glorious, the very embodiment of everything woman demands in man—had he come too late? Was she too old—too old? “Kiss me—kiss me once!” he had pleaded. A great calamity, a sordid degradation had been hers in the name of love. What was coming now? Was it happiness? She lay there waiting, waiting. Then, for a second time that night other lips touched hers. No, not Philip’s lips, but the lips of Jack—her boy Jack. Eve wept.

XII

A LONG line of silver blue in the white mist. A hush in the air. A feeling of awed expectancy. The heart of the great ship grows weaker. The fires are dying, but the engines give forth last panting gasps of triumph. The journey is over. The rim of the world is reached. “Land! Land!” is the cry from prow to stern.

Philip and Dickery were on deck with the dawn. About them were a few excited females in mackintoshes and two or three grinning, barefooted sailors mopping up the decks. One of the women carried a prayer book, and another sang to herself in a tender but rusted voice of a “sweet land of liberty.” Perhaps it was her first tour abroad, for few Americans sing at the sight of the land they love. Most of the sophisticated are busily engaged preparing for the battle with the Custom House officials.

There was silence for a while. The ship seemed to cut the water like an Indian canoe. The woman who sang had grown tired. “We are thousands of miles from home, Dickery, and yet I feel that Hudney lies in our wake just behind those clouds. Curious, isn’t it?”

The servant did not answer. As he

turned toward distant England, toward the home of his master, his slouching figure seemed to stiffen and grow taller.

"Can you see the ash trees against the gaunt hills? Spring has come to Wensleydale. There are pale green lights on the fells and carpets of primroses under Hudney beeches. Hudney, dear old Hudney!"

Dickery remained silent.

"The daffodils must be up in the west garden. I wonder if Lady Mortimer keeps bowls of them under the portrait of our saintly ancestress, Anne Clifford? They were her favorite flower, and she willed Hudney to her cousin, Sir Weldon Mortimer, to remain his and his heirs as long as 'ye little spottes of sunlight brighten the faire lands.' Quaint old dame! I've always felt we should have been friends. I used to long to meet her shade in the gallery."

Philip was musing. Ariel-like, his fancy carried him back to a broad stone window seat, where many a Mortimer had stood and viewed that glorious portion of the world allotted to his race. Sweeping valleys, hillsides and leaping rivers. Roads and highways winding away to heaven! Larks high in the air calling to Love! Drums in the far distance calling to Life. Houses and cots, men and beasts, the toys of the gods! That window seat was the very throne of the radiant morning!

Into the chapel, still sweet with the odors of incense scattered by the hands of long dead priests, the joyous miracle would creep. Dusty flags beside the altar flutter softly—tatters from Ruremonde, Liège and many an earlier field. Marble effigies of proud Mortimers smile faintly. "Some time I must lie here with them, cold and still, while the spring clarions outside the window," were his thoughts in those early days. He had watched the spring from Hudney's Norman tower, as all his kinsmen before him had watched it, but he knew today that he would never lie there with them. "There they rest from spring to spring, until the tower rots away," he said, and Dickery mur-

mured, "Yes." He, too, was dreaming.

The boy's spirits were very low that morning. He had entered the ever open gates of that hell, self-pity. Less than one hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, and nothing more from the firm of Carstairs & Springle for a year. Folly seemed to join hands with his adventure. Eve was an unexpected sun on his pathway, but every sun casts its shadow. Why did he forget himself with her? She had punished him by letting him waste the last precious hours alone. He wondered if she were awake now and if she thought of him. Did she still hear his pleading cry? Then the old barriers fell into place. She was a wife and a mother. She was another man's!

"A penny for your thoughts!" rippled a voice at Philip's left. "Don't study the sea now, Sir Philip, when land's in sight." The voice belonged to Dorothea Curtsey.

"You!" cried Philip, amazed. "How did you—"

"How did I escape? Oh, the dragons are asleep, and Julie is a dear and never will tell. I wanted to see the good old earth again. I didn't think that I should find *you* up," she added shyly.

Philip remembered his last distasteful conversation with her father. He wondered vaguely if the fresh, ingenuous creature by his side knew of that conversation. As she talked he began to scorn his half-formed thought.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "the air and the freshness! I should like to run a race with you about the deck. I haven't felt as fresh as this since we followed the hunt at Crexton Hall. Don't look at me in well bred, conventional surprise. I am a 'rattle' this morning. Isn't that what they call silly, talkative young females in our grandmothers' novels? I cannot help it. I'm so tired of my room below and of having my face steamed. You don't know how delightful it is to have father asleep."

"I can imagine your delight," laughed Philip.

"Yes, but he is a dear when he doesn't fuss. Oh, to be coming home!" she sighed.

"Yes, but your people live in London."

"This is real home. Father has never renounced his citizenship, you know. Of course, we live abroad a great deal. It's all due to the London air. It agrees with him—don't laugh; it does. That is why Americans go there. Of course, there was one rich, misguided man who became a subject of the Crown and grew more noble than anyone in the nobility."

Their eyes met and she smiled mischievously.

"He will be fearfully strict in New York, I know. A marconigram came last night, saying that we can have my aunt's house in Fifth Avenue for a month. April is the last of the season there, mother says."

"Yes," said Philip. "The Duchess of Marta told me that they all began to leave town just when country bumpkins are preparing to go up to London."

"I liked the Duchess. She says such unexpected things and seems such a sport. At the King's second Court this year, she told mother that she broke the chain holding her diamond pendant, and as she could not leave her place before the royal entrance, she turned her back to the crowd, pulled a silken string out of her slipper, tied the jewel on it about her neck and was ready to make her bow as the royalties entered."

"Just like Minnie," laughed Philip.

"It must be fun to be a flyaway sort of duchess. I'd rather like to be one," said the girl. She was standing by the railing, her elbows next to Philip's. The demure creature, who moved mechanically under her parent's eyes, was suddenly metamorphosed. Her thoughtless attitude betokened frank comradeship. The wind gave her hat a rakish toss and undid strands of her bronzed hair. Her little feet, taught to walk the narrow chalk line of French convent life, were like merry, uncaged mice.

"Shall I go back and fetch you over a duke?" asked the boy.

"Never! I want to marry an American. Imagine *me* married to an old monkey like the Duc de Lune, who actually rouges! I know it, for a girl at the convent, who is an awful devil, is related to him. Whenever he kisses her she returns it by sticking out her tongue and leaving a blotch on his face."

"Shade of Madame de Campan!" mocked her listener. "To return to the dukedom, I must say our English dukes are a different sort. One was a pal of mine the year I was at the House in Oxford. I never met a more thorough gentleman. Went in for everything. Even Connie, the barmaid in Buol's, wept when he went to Germany."

"I'm fed up with foreign countries. Make note of my 'fed up'; it's one of your English expressions I always associate with monacles. Father adores it. Yes, I want a live, flesh and blood, talkative American."

"I know one—Bertie Dangan of 'Shecago.'"

"Do you? I do, too, but he's a man without a country. He called the States 'a vulgar hole,' and is always referring to his slim ankles as having descended to him from William the Conqueror. No, I want an old-fashioned sort of American—the kind that is dying out; the American gentleman who stays at home and cares for his country and her welfare; a man who knows all the great towns of the world, but loves his native one best of all; a man who cares for nature, horses and dogs, and knows that the world does not begin at Wall Street and end with Mrs. Brookford's yearly ball."

There was a break in the fresh young voice as the girl ended. She was evidently very much in earnest.

"You have thought deeply," said Philip, amazed.

"Yes, one does think if almost all the men one knows are of the Bertie Dangan type. That is, if one calls that gray line off there home."

"I should be proud if you were one of my countrywomen. The women of your Revolution must have been like you."

"You didn't imagine how wild I was underneath my 'How do you do' and, 'One lump of sugar, please.'"

"I suspected you weren't quite—quite like your people."

"I love England, too," she said softly. "She is my grandmother."

"That's true. It's strange both countries don't think more of the tie. I suppose your Boston 'schoolmarms,' who come over and try to chip bits off the monuments in the Abbey, rather break up a tender relationship."

"You silly thing!"

"I know of one who broke Major André's nose. You'll see he's minus that part of his physiognomy if you ever examine his tomb carefully."

"Tell me," she said irrelevantly, "are you coming to stay with us in New York? Mother said last night, when the wire arrived, that she intended asking you for our first week. The house is in the same block with Mrs. Brookford's," she added impishly.

Philip's face clouded.

"Forgive me, sir?" His questioner bent slightly on one knee. She was very young, and her spirits were bubbling as she stood there in the dawn wind. Philip felt his own rise in answer to hers. He could not be angry with her. She was like some naughty child playing truant. Every few moments she glanced back over her shoulder to see if she were still free of pursuit.

"Do come and stay with us and share my first American season. My aunt's house has a most wonderful ballroom, I believe. Of course, you dance the new half-time waltz? Look!" she cried excitedly. "Isn't that a tree off there? I am sure I smell grass!"

"Hurrah for Yankee land!" cried Philip, taking off his cap.

"Let's shake hands here in sight of it and say we'll be friends," she whispered breathlessly.

"You nursery elf, of course we shall be friends!"

"I'm not beautiful like Mrs. Brookford."

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" said Philip, with a lover's enthusiasm.

A hurt look came into the bright, questioning eyes and then fluttered away. "Is that Julie waving to me?" she said. "They must be awake. Watch me as I lower my veil and walk sedately to the doorway. I have been asking you for the time, or something."

"You should be on the stage."

"Remember, we are to make our bows together. You'll come?" She turned and gave him the last of her hoydenish smiles.

"Yes," he answered. He stood and watched her, lost in thought.

XIII

"AIN'T it awful, Sir Mortimer! Those two women are trying to get in a trunk full of Irish lace. I heard them tell that actress over there—see, she's crying at the sight of the Statue of Liberty—that they'd make her a new stage dress if she got it in free with her things. It seems she knows the men on the dock—sends them tickets, I suppose."

"It is rather disheartening to honest persons," laughed Philip.

Three hours had elapsed since his talk with Dorothea Curtsey on the deserted deck. As Dickery had packed up his sea things, Philip came to a sudden resolve. "I must marry her," he said to himself, "even if it is marrying her mother and father. I am here to sell myself, here for a last fling at life, and what does anything matter after this year? Perhaps I can burn the candle out in a year, and if I cannot, I shall find some way of dying discreetly. I suppose I must go up on deck and smooth down her father's ruffled feelings. So far, I have not been much of a success at adventuring.

"Say, Dickery," said Philip aloud, "have you heard anything of Mrs. Brookford?"

"She's up. I have it from her maid. But, sure, you were out with a new one this morning."

"At your old tricks again! When does your diary appear? I presume you are writing a diary, as notes for black-

mail wouldn't fetch much of a sum in my present financial condition."

"It might help to support us both, sir."

"You had better sell it to Mrs. De Hautpans. She's on board, you know, and from her facial expressions at meals, she's not perfectly satisfied with her American impressions."

Philip ran out of his room, banging the door. He fairly leaped over the boxes and trunks impeding his progress. "Evel!" was the cry of the whole April world, but there was no Eve on deck, and as he gazed about disconsolately Mrs. Gaddis seized him.

She was a very easy person to converse with when one was preoccupied, owing to her habit of answering her own questions. She was in her most voluble mood this morning, and her shrill voice rose high above the noisy chatter of the crowd.

The long line that had mummified for six days had broken up into startling bits of individualism. The narrow world of the ship was reeling off into space, and people remembered their own names and their incomes. Each man and woman who emerged from the dark unknown into the whirl of excitement did so with a self-conscious smirk. Some wore thin linens and silks to greet the spring, and others clung to very new and lengthy sealskins. Everybody looked a trifle flushed, a trifle guilty. As the Custom House declarations were passed about, the whole assemblage seemed to be haunted by dark secrets lurking in their luggage.

"Don't look at Sadie's too closely, Sir Mortimer," said Mrs. Gaddis, as her daughter's vermilion-plumed head greeted the throng. "She said she was going to wear two ball dresses under that tailormade suit. Ain't she sly, though! She would make a clever wife for one of those diplomats. And what do you think—our two servants are wearing her clothes! Oh, I did laugh when Sadie told me what she was up to. Sadiel! Come over here, I've been telling him"—pointing to Philip with an unctuous smile—"about your made up figure."

"You haven't, mother?" said Sadie hotly. "Ain't you ever going to learn anything?"

"'Twas just a little fun."

"Mother's very free," said Sadie apologetically. "You'll never get into society—the society where I want to get," added Sadie under her breath.

"I don't care," said her parent defiantly. "I may be getting into my grave before I get there!"

"Look!" cried Sadie. "Here comes Mrs. Brookford. I must say, her gown is awfully simple. You'd better go to her, Sir Philip. You've scarcely spoken to me since you've known her. Why, she's looking at you. Yes, go on; we'll excuse you. Mother's got to make out her list."

"I ain't going to make out any list. I ain't going to declare a thing. Let them hunt."

"Well, it will be all to the merry when they get into your big Saratoga," laughed Sadie. "You must have five hundred souvenirs tied up in paper."

As they talked Philip moved away. He had not heard any of their last remarks. She was there, the one woman in the world, his mate, the goddess he worshipped.

She saw him approaching and raised her veil.

"Have you forgiven me?" he asked.

"Of course, I forgive you. Don't let us speak of it."

They walked toward the stern, away from the crowd. There are some walks where one is conscious of each swift, embarrassed footstep. As Eve cast furtive glances at Philip's face she heard what her heart had whispered to his dream face. She wasn't afraid now. She was out of the kingdom of Neptune; the dream winds were dead. Before her lay the old sawdust ring with the walls of gaping eyes. She could hear the World mercilessly cracking his whip.

"One kiss," he said, "a kiss that never was. How many golden hours it has killed! You stayed away from me because of it?"

"For many reasons."

"You love me," he said boldly. "Oh, God, you know you do!"

"Don't," she sighed, lowering her veil. "Don't—you hurt me."

"I shall say it to you always."

"You must not. We are friends, only friends, good, true friends."

"Friends, a million times friends."

He looked at her longingly and she began speaking very low.

"Shall I tell you that you are different from all the other men I have met? You know my thoughts, Johnny Bull. You understand the things one does not say aloud. If the mind is the soul, I am sure yours and mine are alike. I shall never forget those lovely hours on deck—the sailing away from everything. I believe in you. I always picture you to myself as that knight with his helmet off that Watts did. I want you to be something splendid."

"It is too late."

"It is never too late. You know the words about our dead selves being the stepping stones to better things. There, I shall not preach. A man who has your eyes will not puzzle very long. I do not ask you to be different. Always remember I believe in you. One never knows what may happen in life; one never knows about tomorrow."

"I'm a rotter," he said under his breath.

She caught the word. He is thinking of his marriage, she told herself. She understood the sacrifices the poor children of the mighty were expected to make for family pride. "It may be better than you anticipate," she said. "You must tell her all. She may be sweet and young—and love you."

As she spoke Dorothea Curtsey emerged from the staring groups before them. She wore her most demure air. Only Philip caught the hidden laughter that flickered above her eyelashes. Behind her walked her mother. In her mauve costume she was a perfect copy of the exalted royal personage she resembled.

The dangerous conversation ended abruptly. A spasm of pain shot across Eve's face. "She's very charming, I think," she said.

"Yes," said Philip.

Philip did not have a chance to speak

alone with her again. There were a few hurried, formal words before the Curtseys. She hoped to see him soon. She could not ask him to stay with them, owing to the illness of her husband's mother. She thought that her stay in town would be of short duration, as they had taken a house in Tuxedo. Mr. Curtsey had broken up the conversation with his surprise that they could think of going to such a place.

"My dear, you won't know one-fifth of the people there," he said. "The houses are mostly 1870 horrors and stuck on top of one another. A dreadful place. Nothing to shoot but tame ducks."

"I shall see the leaves come out, and my boy can take his first riding lessons," Eve had answered. Her face was cold and almost disdainful. Strange bells were sounding on the ship. They were swinging into the river, with its army of ferryboats plowing to and fro from Jersey shores. On one side of them rose the heights above Hoboken; on the other were those gigantic staircases between earth and cloudland that are among the wonders of the world. Eve shuddered as their colossal shadows flickered over them.

The Curtseys were overjoyed at Philip's decision to spend his first week in America with them. Mr. Curtsey continually pawed him affectionately, and Mrs. Curtsey made flippant comments on the manners and costumes of her fellow passengers for his especial benefit. Some of her remarks were quite audible, and her victims glared at her in sullen silence. The Curtseys were satisfied with his title and appearance. Having lived in England for such a long period, they were aware that a very ancient baronetcy and a name that had been gentle for nearly a thousand years were as much of an asset in the eyes of British society as a new dukedom. Of course, the middle classes and the tradespeople might not think so, but, after all, their opinions have only tintured a small portion of Mayfair.

When the reporters came on board

William Curtsey strode into their midst with his most genial smile. They knew him and his Havana cigars, and they sharpened their pencils and took out their cameras as he appeared.

Philip walked off with Dorothea. She smiled impishly at her father as soon as his back was turned. "I hate being snapped," she said. "Come, let's run away. You hide me. Besides, I really think father wants to give them my photographs in Court dress. He was discussing the question with mamma when I went below this morning. He never teased me at all for being up on deck. Do you know, I suspect that he thinks I saw you. He likes you, and I'm so glad. All the nice men I meet are generally scared off. You won't go, will you, if he suddenly turns and tries to bite you?"

"No," answered Philip. He laughed, but he was not happy.

Creaking and groaning, the *Adriatic* was made fast to her dock. People rushed past the pair madly. Flags and handkerchiefs were waving. Whistles shrieked like fiends. Slowly the congested mass of humanity began to uncoil like a serpent. Dorothea Curtsey took her mother's arm. She, too, was silent. Off beyond the flutter of harbor waves rose the voice of the wonder city of the New World, a voice stridently unreal, a soulless voice like a ceaseless fanfare of trumpets.

Eve was one of that departing stream. He could not see her. She had left him with a few stupid commonplaces. They had looked upon Love's face together for one little moment. He knew that she would never forget—but that could not stifle the old cry in him. "You are mine!" he said to himself. "A thousand chains could not keep me from you." The flame of his mother's life glowed in him.

"You had better spend the night at the St. Regis and come to us tomorrow," were Mr. Curtsey's final injunctions to his future guest. "Heaven only knows in what state my sister-in-law has left her house. I know her chef is abroad with her. Some fire worshiping palmist has persuaded the wretched woman

to live on eggs, and her Philippe, I believe she calls him, knows ninety-seven recipes for cooking them."

At the letter G section of the pier Philip paused to say good-bye to Mrs. Gaddis. She had given him much amusement, and there was something about the woman that made him call her a "jolly old girl." She stood guarding her trunks as a hen guards her chicks. Her face was choleric with indignation.

"Forty dollars," she stuttered, "for those silk undergarments! I must say, man, I'm sorry I'm an American. I never heard such a thing in all my born days. They only cost sixteen in Fluerette's. You ain't a gentleman to go fishing for such things in a lady's trunk, anyway. What do you say? I'm Mrs. Joshua Gaddis, I'd have you know. I won't pay that price—no I won't, Sadie. I'll take them to Congress in my own hands before I pay it. Shameful goings on in this country! Some people getting in trunks of Irish lace free, and others asked to cough up their very blood. Don't talk to me, sir! I'd have you know my husband—"

"Stop, oh, do stop, mother! Here comes Sir Philip. He's going to say good-bye to us," Sadie broke in.

"May I be of assistance, Mrs. Gaddis? You seem to be in great distress," he said.

"Dear me! How good of you, Sir Mortimer, dear Sir Mortimer—Sir Philip, I mean." The "sirs" were fairly flung at the head of the examiner, who was still on his knees. Mrs. Gaddis emerged from a wilderness of Regent Street spoils. "I bought them all at out of season prices, and he's making me pay double. If it weren't for Joshua, I'd leave the country—yes, I would. I'm sorry I declared even a plum cake. I'll get even with the Government yet. That fellow that made this tariff law, I hope he chokes, wherever he is."

"Do come and see us," urged Sadie.

"Yes, come and spend a month and bring your valet," echoed her mother, with one eye still on the examiner.

"I suppose you are going to Mrs. Brookford's now?"

"No," said Philip. "I go to a hotel tonight, and tomorrow to the Curtseys."

"I was sure *she'd* ask you."

Philip did not answer. The girl was not intentionally rude.

Off in another part of the din Eve stood quite alone. Her servants opened her many pieces of luggage for an inspector, who served her with the pleasing consciousness that he stood near a Brookford. Philip stole a last look at her. How very pale she was! Her lips were almost white.

"Look! She's alone," said Sadie. "I wonder why her husband didn't meet her?"

The steely glint flashed into Philip's eyes. He heard a voice clear and sweet rise above the discord. "Something done that can never be undone."

"Good-bye," said Philip. His words were for Sadie, but something went out to the woman in the sunlit distance.

Eve turned and her eyes met his; the morning light in them was hidden by hot tears.

XIV

Eve never looked back. After her declaration of dutiable foreign purchases had been accepted, she walked swiftly to the street, followed by her maid carrying the Brookford jewels. At the gateway stood her own brougham, a neat, unostentatious carriage of a style favored by the bigwigs of St. James's when off duty. The sunlight seemed made up of rivers of dust, and she could scarcely see. A curious sense of depression was numbing her mind and body. Her one thought was her carriage door. In a span of days, a span of hours, a new Eve had come to life and died. She told herself the new Eve was dead. For a moment she had stood on tiptoe and looked over the dull walls of her world, and now she was slipping again into the old treadmill. That tireless harp that Hope plays somewhere off in the rare ether seemed to be hushed.

Suddenly she raised her eyes and

saw her little son by the carriage window. "Oh, Buddy!" she cried, flying to him. "Dear little Buddy, how you have grown in three months! What a man—mother's big man!" Her arms caught him from the ground and strained him close to her. Then, heedless of her veil and hat, she laid her head upon his breast, as though he were the stronger of the two and offered her protection.

After a minute of amazement and part suffocation he struggled away. "Mumsey, you'll kill me," he said. "Did you bring me the white robin and the big drum?" His sharp, black eyes scrutinized her face.

"Suppose I have brought you just myself?" she smiled wistfully.

"But, mumsey, I want a white robin and a big, big, big drum! I'm going to be a soldier man."

"Didn't Miss Baylies come with you this morning?" asked Eve, smoothing back the hair from his eager brow.

"No; she said you would rather have just me meet you, and that Jimmie was to look after me."

The blushing footman came forward and helped the child in. Eve took the jewel bag from her maid and told her to follow her in a cab.

Alone with her boy, hot tears crept to her eyes. His little hands had seemed to stretch out to her during those last two days and nights of anguish. The thought of him had battled with other thoughts and conquered them for the moment. She bent over him and kissed him again. "Where's your daddy?" she asked with a choke in her voice.

"I don't know, mumsey. I haven't seen him for ever and ever so long. Not since he took us to Tuxedo."

They were being whirled through those old streets by the docks that no one knows nor cares anything about. Squalor and misery infest them for the most part, but sometimes one catches a glimpse of a linkpost or doorway that seems to recreate the vanished city old Father Knickerbocker knew. Eve lay back, and the child, freed, leaped gladly from her arms. She studied his

face as he gazed from the window. He did not seem to need her. She was his mother, but she wasn't very much to him. He had never been a child who liked caresses. He suffered them because they usually meant some tangible favor from the donor.

This sturdy independence, this aloofness, had hurt her in the past, but she was always hoping that it would give way. In a moment of childish grief he would come to her, and she would be all and all to him. The boy mastered his griefs. He never needed her; he never came. The mother heart waited in vain. As she touched a lock of his hair a voice in her wanted to cry out: "Oh, Buddy, be tender to me! Really want me, Buddy! Help me not to look back! Help me to be good!"

The scent of lilacs came from a city churchyard. A hurdy-gurdy man was playing "The Waltz Dream." The child began to dance on the seat. "Daddy's going to buy me a hunky-dunky box that I can turn. He promised it to me when he came from Tuxedo."

"Was that long ago?" asked Eve. She had taken it for granted that he was farther from town than Tuxedo, as he always happened to be when she returned from abroad.

"Oh, yes; a week ago."

Eve turned her head so that the child should not see her flush. Another link had snapped in her slender matrimonial chain. Frederick Brookford had always been careful of appearances before. In fact, she used to laugh often secretly at his assiduous attentions to Mrs. Grundy.

The horses bolted from quiet Twenty-fourth Street into the feverish motor-fraught perils that infest Broadway as it flows into the heart of Fifth Avenue. There one feels the pulse of the gilded New York that acknowledged Eve as its undisputed queen. There the queen gazed wearily upon the dashing crowd of champagne-flushed men and women who seem to be forever turning Martin's gay corner. Along this American Piccadilly the carriages of the unrecognized rich flowed in a ceaseless stream. Nobody knows who they are, nor where

they obtained their money. They fill the wonderful hosteleries, flood the theaters and are always eating the most expensive food in the most famous eating places. Eve recognized various persons who were in the habit of leaving cards at her door, but she sank back when inquisitive eyes peered into the carriage.

"Tell Jimmie to go to grandma's first," she said to the child, who was leaning out of the window, fascinated by the scene.

Mrs. Jepson Brookford, who had borne the banners of the Brookford family for nearly threescore years, was slowly furling her colors. Disease and old age were weakening her feeble grasp on life, but still she tried to cling to the position that was gradually being thrust upon her daughter-in-law. Latter day New Yorkers, the new and most sensational element of Mammon's aristocracy, that makes light of traditions and fetiches, openly flouted her. She was very New Englandish, and belonged to a period when everybody knew where Miss Lucy Jones got her false teeth, and whether Lydia and Amelia washed in silver basins or "under the pump." She was very proud of belonging to an old family, and she had never forgiven Eve for belonging to another. Most of the self-ennobled families in America have this very primitive jealousy. Mrs. Brookford boasted of Lady Jane Gray's sister as an ancestress, and no one ever bothered to open a history and learn if that illustrious personage ever had a sister.

The carriage stopped before a beautiful oak door that had once guarded the hall of a North Country castle. As it swung open every nerve in Eve's body suddenly became alive. She felt as a prisoner feels coming back to torture chambers after a look at God's lovely world. The racks were awaiting her now. The blood-colored Venetian curtains swung apart, and she saw the watchful eyes of the powdered lackeys. At the top of the staircase a nurse came forward and put her fingers to her lips. "Hush, Buddy, dear," said Eve. She stood still to listen to the woman.

"Mrs. Brookford is very bad this morning."

"What is it?" asked Eve. "I didn't know—"

"Her nerves. They're quite unstrung. Dr. Jameson has ordered complete quiet. She has his permission for you to see her, though. She's expecting you."

In another moment she was in the familiar room.

"So you're back, are you?" The woman in the bed drew out one jeweled hand from under the pale pink satin coverlet and raised her head feebly.

"I've been ill," said the old lady. Her eyes scarcely moved when she spoke. The great yellow wig, the rouged and powdered wrinkles, the folds of lustrous silk, all made her look like some horrible waxen effigy.

The nurse and the maid by the door crept slowly from the room.

"I'm so sorry," said Eve. "If you had written—if he—"

"You neglect me, but you are not the only one. The world neglects me; not a card left at the door for a week."

"Everybody has been away."

There was a pause for a little while. Then the weak voice began again. "Oh, Eve," it whispered, "why did you leave Fred to himself so long? I hear things; I hear things." The reddened eyes lighted up with a fire for a moment, then grew dim. "There's another woman—a blonde woman."

"Is Mlle. Galatina, the dancer, gone?"

"How hard your voice is! You're so cold! Why couldn't you have loved him?"

"I tried to be his helpmate. I have been all a wife should be."

"What if people begin talking about him soon?"

"They won't," said Eve. The words came slowly. She must protect that feeble thing there on the great bed. In her heart she knew her husband's character was a jest of the clubs and the pleasure loving Tenderloin.

"You don't care about the others." With a fretful movement of the bed-clothes, the woman tried to rise. "If

he were his father I should have choked him. You should reproach him, make scenes!"

"All my girlhood I was taught to avoid them."

"You don't care for what he gave you; he could have married anyone!"

"I wanted something else, perhaps." The words escaped unconsciously.

"What else?"

"Love, I think." Into her eyes crept the light that Philip had seen that first night on the ship. She leaned forward nearer the bed.

"He gave you love."

"Yes, the love he gives so freely."

"I wish he had not married you," said the other fiercely. "I never approved. From the day I first saw you I said it was a mistake. It was all your mother's doing. She was a clever schemer. My poor, poor Fred! Why do you always look as if you thought yourself better than both of us? You're forever doing things you shouldn't do. You go on as if you were a reckless girl. I hear you had an actress to dinner when you were in London. In my day a virtuous woman wouldn't have thought of such a thing. You're not fond of entertaining the people you ought to. You've never kept up my Mondays. I shall keep them up myself this year—with or without Jameson's advice. I am the head of the family. Yes, no one shall take my power from me—no one!" The voice broke and ended in a wail.

There was no answer from Eve. The years had taught her to take her racks in silence.

Suddenly there was a new moan from the bed. "He does love you, Eve! He does love you! Don't stand there so still, or I shall shriek. Oh, my nerves, my nerves! What is that noise? Listen!"

Eve crossed to the door and opened it.

A look of almost beautiful joy illumined that terrible old mask staring out of its sea of garish pink. Each feature seemed to count the approaching footsteps of her son.

The wife steadied herself by the

door. She, too, was counting those footsteps.

Eve saw him then. His eyes were watery and bloodshot. His breath was heavy with the fumes of liquor. His outspread arms were a hideous invitation.

She never hesitated for a moment, but swept proudly forward. Once in his maudlin embrace, she shuddered, but the face that the grim specter stood watching smiled. The eyes were too wearied to discover anything save that the one she bore was there in his wife's arms.

XV

THE Curtseys were giving a dinner, and lights began gleaming from the windows of Mirthful Brown's Fifth Avenue mansion early in the afternoon. A famous sporting millionaire's money originated the pile, and his heirs had sold the freehold to the eccentric personage whose chief claim to notoriety in America was his colossal wealth and his romantic espousal of Mrs. Curtsey's beautiful sister.

The Curtseys thought the house rather charming, but deplored the freshness of its antiquity. Mrs. Curtsey was secretly pleased with the new gilt on the Louis XVI chairs that an interior decorator was supposed to have secured from a stranded member of the Orleans family. Old things showing the marks of time depressed her, but glimpses of historic English and French homes ended all rebellious comment on her better half's collecting mania.

Sir Philip had been with the Curtseys on many of their excursions over the enormous mansion. Although he was familiar with the Tartan room in Bal-moral, the black velvet reception room of a Shiptonesque peeress and a Burne-Jones dining room in Bruton Street, famed for its effect upon the appetite, he had seen nothing more startling than portions of this dwelling. Beds with scented silken sheets and bathing rooms hung with perishable brocade were luxuries not familiar to civilized Cockneys—even the dandies of the Guards.

Philip had become the fashion. William Curtsey's intense desire to have everyone connected with him superlative had worked marvelous results with the newspapers. Even the Duchess of Marta, who had bestowed upon the youth her knowledge of American publicity methods, would have been astonished. Even Mrs. De Hautpans, with her genius for advertising herself, was envious. Every morning and evening portraits of aspiring chorus men or good-looking departed murderers appeared over lines something like these: "Sir Philip Mortimer, Richest and Handsomest Baronet, Arrives with Member of the Four Hundred," or, "Sir Philip Mortimer, Closest Friend of the King, Says American Girls Are Peaches."

It was all very strange and exhilarating. The first three days in New York were like three long drawn out sips of champagne. The bluest sky in the world. Air that made one want to fly. Because he was there as the bearer of a famous name, because he was probably the handsomest man who had appeared in New York for years and because he was "theirs first," they looked upon him as a costly new toy. Sometimes their homage made him feel a sort of king.

At night his mood would change.

"Dickery," he said once to that pleasant-faced old servant, "do you know, at night, I always have a feeling that I'd like to take to the backwater."

"Leave here?"

"Yes, chuck it all."

"Why, sir, we are most nicely settled. The people below stairs are most agreeable, sir, and I have my own bath, sir."

Philip pulled away the lace curtain and looked out into the starlit Park. Dickery crept nearer. The master turned slightly and put one hand on the tough old Irish arm. "You're a good fellow!" was all he said.

"What would he say if I told him what I am—what a mad hoax the whole thing is?" said the youth to himself. No, he couldn't. Perhaps some day, when he might be forced to borrow those carefully hoarded savings. The

day might come, as evil days have a habit of doing. He was always remembering what he had confided to Eve. He felt sometimes, many times, that he should have parted with the Curtseys at the landing. At the moment there seemed no sane way of doing the thing. When you once begin to deceive, you must go on and on or step aside and give your head to the block. He had to remain Sir Philip Mortimer to see Eve. Then, there was the fear that Lady Mortimer would talk and someone find him out. Even if exposure did not come from that quarter, there were Dorothea's smiling eyes. No, she wasn't a title stalker—only a good sort. Somehow he felt that he would never play false to Dorothea. If the father and mother dragged him into wedding arrangements he could bolt.

His dance with Fate was not proving quite as he expected. There were calm, sane moments of regret. Eve's face haunted him—a face memoried in a transcendent glow of spring moon, a face that brought the anguish of joy, like love's arms might if they could suddenly hold us close after years of longing. He had written her two boyish letters of passionate love. They were written after Dickery had left the room and the key in the door was turned for the night. One kept him at his desk until dawn, but in the morning he tore it up. The other shared the same fate. The woman he adored with his whole being was too fine, too great, too good. He couldn't profane her, but he longed—he was only human.

She was coming tonight, and then—Dorothea had told the great news. It was an impromptu affair in his honor, and Willie Curtsey, with the help of his valet and two footmen, had managed to make arrangements for it over the telephone. Only very intimate friends were asked. Philip and Dorothea had been graciously allowed to go unchaperoned to the fernery in search of spring violets for the table. All day that great house had been in a state of turmoil over the approaching entertainment. Distracted servants ran from

door to door. The forenoon was given to reporters, who brought cameras to photograph the dining room. A family fracas had occurred because Mrs. Curtsey, wishing to outshine her husband in the eyes of the press, had shown a group of beardless but sophisticated youths a letter from the King of Spain, thanking her for a diamond-studded rattle sent to his heir. Willie declared that the action was in very bad taste. "You are so American," he said. "One always expects you to go just a little beyond anybody else. You've probably ended any possibility of our being asked to the Miramar Palace." At tea the pair did not address any conversation to each other, and their daughter laughed a great deal to cover their silences. Philip had discovered that she was demure with her family only in public. At last she said: "You really will have to speak, you two dears. The making out of the dinner cards cannot be left to me, you know."

"Do you ever wonder about your own father and mother—why they seem so much younger often than their own children?" said Dorothea when they were alone again.

Philip's eyes stared. His lips became drawn.

"Oh, I'm sorry," whispered the girl. "I forgot yours are dead. Mine seem so young sometimes. A pair of bickering doves. I give them Benson to read and try to impart my little philosophy. Those quiet nuns teach us some things."

"A life away from the world must have many compensations, but most nuns carry the world into their convents with them. In a Yorkshire convent I knew, they kept the *Almanach de Gotha* next to the Bible."

"My people are very worldly. I wish they weren't so strong about the things one would like to have them weak on. I wonder what sort of wretched man they will make me marry? Someone I detest, I suppose. My marriage is their one thought now. The house is full of a marrying air."

"You want to marry one of your countrymen," said the boy.

"A real man," said Dorothea. She rose with a sweet challenge.

Philip's strong teeth bit his lips. His hands slipped into his pockets. The girl swept proudly to the opened piano. "You haven't taken your dinner card, Sir Philip. You've never asked whom you are to take in. You are not the usual curious male thing."

He slipped the card from the envelope and read the name—Mrs. Brookford.

Dorothea's eyes followed him, hurt but triumphant, pleading and yet full of mockery.

Once in his room, he said to himself: "I cannot do it. Perhaps tomorrow." He flung his clothes about savagely as he disrobed. Then shyly, but with criminal haste, he raised the dinner card to his lips. But Dickery wasn't looking.

XVI

THEY entered the Curtsey drawing-room with languid strides and frankly supercilious faces. It seems that it is not quite good form to be pleased with where you are going in New York. You pay your hostess a tremendous compliment at appearing, and your social position might not be thought secure unless you appeared a trifle regretful. The Curtseys had a house in London and were famous for entertaining royalty. Of course, their guests were impressed, but envy took the form of patronage. Their murmured nothings were few, their stares many. The women held their chins in the air just as haughty ladies did in old-fashioned novels, and the men were sulkily curious. In that glittering group of very fashionable persons every face was marked with hunger lines. No, not for food, but the hunger for something or somewhere just beyond—the hunger for more money, more power, more living—the hunger only Hell can satisfy.

Mrs. Curtsey stood near the entrance. She was beautifully dressed and looked as much like England's Queen as Bond Street could make her. To her right, alone on a gilt table, was a large framed photograph of that lovely lady in coro-

nation robes, which William had signed in her royal name. Many smart persons have this habit of signing purchased photographs. The head of the Curtsey household was in high spirits tonight. He was wearing new clothes, and his trousers had two stripes of braid on them, while the other men's had only one. His wife smiled at him once or twice while they waited for the first guest to appear. He was very much her lord just then. The dinner table had been glowered at through the new monocle. The footmen were told to hold up their heads.

Only a few moments before Philip had met Dorothea making for the staircase. "How charming, by Jove!" he exclaimed.

"The most charming woman you know?" she asked teasingly.

"The most charming there is any knowledge of!"

"You are clever at word play, sir, but your eyes—they tell secrets."

"What secrets?" He turned, blushing like a schoolboy.

"Ah, Sir Philip!"

She looked back at him archly. "In the hall you will find the answer."

He gazed below for a moment and the girl laughed impishly.

"Not yet," she said. "You will know when she comes, and so shall I. Englishmen—at least, young ones—always blush!"

"I don't," he said stoutly, his eyes blazing, "even if you make it a national custom."

"Now I suppose you wish you were a nice, simple American—just Mr. Mortimer."

"You're ragging me."

"Oh, not at all. I know you'd rather be an American—for my sweet sake. I am a real, live American girl, and I am so tired of fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, cousins and what-not all lost in admiration of your country. I have Anglophobia, I think."

"You would rather have me just nothing at all—a nobody?"

"Yes," she said softly, "and away from all this. I thought I wanted a party, but I'm not sure that I do to-

night. I wish, Sir Philip, we were riding in the Park, and it was one wide stretch of prairie."

"Little Dorothea," he said—it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name—"it may come true."

"The ride in the Park?" she sighed wistfully.

"No. That I am nothing at all."

"I should not care. You ride as Alexander rode."

"After robbing me of a baronetcy you compare me to a monarch."

"Don't you know that women like to deprive just to give something better?"

"You are not a woman; you are a sort of elf."

"Do you remember that this is the great occasion we talked over on the ship—our bow, our coming out? You are my twin tonight—my 'Heavenly Twin.'"

"Then we must stand together."

"And grin at all the old cats."

"I shall play with the kittens."

A smile trembled in her eyes, that were softer than usual.

"Of course, you'd want to play—that's the masculine instinct. You men love flirting. You always begin the game."

"And you women never end it!"

"We do sometimes!" said Dorothea meaningly. "We do when we grow tired, very tired." She made her lips into a rosebud, and her bright curls brushed nearer his face.

Philip turned for a moment and drew in his breath. The shadow of a woman's spirit flickered between them like the light of a naked sword.

They sat silent, side by side, each in a separate river of thought, each mind a mateless ship, as minds must ever be until the keeper of the harbor opens the port we see in dreams.

On his way through the hall William had found them. "Hurry and make ready for the first arrivals!" he cried, clapping his hands. "They really make a charming pair," he thought. The affair looked as if it were going so nicely. Dorothea seemed to like him.

William never really feared her non-sensical assertion that she would marry no one but an American. As the wife of a baronet, she would strengthen the family's position in London. He realized more than anyone that the position needed some real backbone, for his investments were not making very good returns just then. Another season of paying my lord's tailors, and putting my lady's boys through Eton did not make its usual appeal. American social triumphs in London are generally expensive luxuries. Great titles will walk smilingly to American houses for a bit of supper, but conversations with the hostess are always arranged for—so many words, so many guineas.

Bertie Dangan was the first arrival, and as he shook hands with Mrs. Curtsey he took out a quizzing glass and stared at the guests following him. It was a studied action copied from some "serene highness."

"I am always on time, don't you know," he said. "In England we are always on time, aren't we? I shall never forget a Leadderter dinner dance at Del's here, where I waited two hours for a bite."

Mrs. Curtsey smiled and turned to the gorgeous Mrs. Whole. Many persons thought that lady the next leader of metropolitan society.

Bertie seized his passing host with a scream of delight. "Oh, Willie," he said, "how fat you're getting!"

"No such thing, Dangan," replied the perturbed gentleman. "I lost sixteen pounds crossing. You are much fatter yourself! I must speak to Laura Drake. Excuse me, will you?"

"Of course. I see Mortimer and your girl over there. Take your handkerchief out of your sleeve, Willie. A tip from me—the Guards are giving it up."

The room was almost full. There was a riot of dazzling color and sweet scents. Voices that had begun with condescending murmurs grew louder and more insistent. When a new guest came up to Dorothea, Philip always looked in the direction of the hall.

Of course, he thought that she wasn't

observing him, but who can ever baffle a woman's intuition? The girl did not want to follow his eyes. Something electrical seemed to make her. Once she said to herself that she hoped Eve would wear a very bad frock. Even if she was beautiful, she was so much older. Why, pondered the youthful Dorothea, do boys like older women? It was very annoying to have him visibly moping. She felt as though she would like to shake that wonderful personage, Mrs. Brookford. "She's married," was the most consoling thought of all. "She cannot really take him from me."

Philip, making anxious attempts to reach the door, was seized upon by Mrs. Curtsey, who presented the famous Mrs. Whole.

"Yes, do come over and talk to me," she said. "You look young enough to have some of your original ideas left."

Mrs. Whole had the squablike figure that comes to the ease loving American woman after forty. Her eyes were the eyes of the social pawnbroker, always searching for more than she cared to give. Her manner was the graciously abrupt manner of a Wall Street potentate. She was distinguished for having been the first American woman in the "Four Hundred" to secure the services of a press agent, and it was rumored that her own modest fortune from her school teaching father had long ago been paid out to the clipping bureaus.

Philip smiled into her hard eyes. "I have a few ideas," he said. "I know you think our nation hasn't many. I have one now—that you are a remarkable woman!"

"Ah!" She clapped her hands. "But I suppose you have been reading of me."

"Forgive me, but I've never read of you," he said. "I never heard the name until tonight!"

"Oh, you honest boy! I must hurry up with my American Burke. The Curtseys will have it in all their bedrooms, as I shall make them a very good family. They really are almost good, you know. When you read it you will see just who I am."

"Please tell me something about society in New York. I know there's a 'Four Hundred,' but I'm quite at sea about it. We always thought at home that you had to have four hundred thousand pounds to become a member of it."

"That was the idea in the beginning—before my time," said Mrs. Whole, "but the families who started it are not even in it now. Shall I tell you a secret, Sir Philip? There is no 'Four Hundred.' It's all an ancient newspaper myth, enlarged on each season by the reporters. Of course, there are people one meets everywhere, and when a new fortune comes into New York it naturally tries to know these people. The newspapers talk about the horseshoe of boxes at the Opera being the gate into this same 'Four Hundred.' Do you know that the ten-cent store man and the brewer sit beside us every evening? As a nation we rear up myths and worship them."

"Have all the people who belong to—well, you might say the nobility—the same viewpoint?"

"No, my dear; they are much too dull. Look at them; do you see any intelligence in their faces?"

"Too much intelligence."

"That is because they are not your sheep. They follow my bell, you know. By the way, our hostess does appear anxious. Extraordinary woman, even if she will talk through Boston nostrils."

She hit her flabby face with her sparkling fan.

"What is the matter with the woman? They're all gazing at the hall now. Oh, Eve Brookford is late, I suppose. She doesn't care what she does. Why, you look quite cross with me! Have you known the lady long? She's my rival, you know."

"I was on the *Adriatic* with Mrs. Brookford," said the youth coldly.

"And lost your heart, I see. Foolish boy! She will bury it in her garden—not carry it into the house. Take a word of advice from me; young foreigners should not attach themselves

to married women if they want to marry in America. Our girls are so particular about that sort of thing."

William was having a dreadful time with his cousin Malvina and her daughter. They clung to him like two leeches, and it was not for his witty conversation, for Malvina talked incessantly. She thought that New York was changing very much, and she wondered if anyone else in the room had a parent who was born in State Street. She eyed Mrs. Whole with a supercilious grin and said audibly: "Is that the person who is posing under the shadow of family?" She had started a society called "Wives of Colonial Governors" in her early married life, and it had ended disastrously. No one knew quite what it meant or what sort of papers to make up to obtain entrance to it. Some women secured admission under false pretenses, it was said, and the organization had a fatal ending when some malicious person discovered that several of the Colonial governors had neglected the formality of a marriage license.

Mrs. Curtsey looked at the bothersome Millingtons and then crossed to Mrs. Whole, followed by a little group. "Eve Brookford is so late!" she said.

"Aren't we ever going to eat?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I'd better wait, don't you think?" This was only partially addressed to Mrs. Whole, who turned away with a supercilious air.

"Yes," said a young spinster called Lucy Drake. "Eve's not an old offender. I suppose it is the complexion. It must take a lot of doing to go with that hair."

"Look at Sir Philip's face," said the other. "He thinks us quite absurd."

"Don't, please don't, Sir Philip! You know that you began by admiring us both. American men seldom admire with their eyes in the English mode, and we women love it so. Our men are either graduates from Porter or the paper doll sort, who fill our ball-rooms when their legs are oiled, but are happiest sitting quietly at home."

They all laughed.

"Yes, it's quite true, and *we* even have to pursue *them*—the first class in the Tenderloin, and the second either taking tea in Meadew's or strolling on the Avenue about five o'clock."

Philip smiled in a sort of dreamy tolerance. In a less anxious mood the conversation would have interested him. Both the women belonged to an exotic type of New York femininity, a type that rouges its lips scarlet and pretends to many things. Most men overlook them and their little idiosyncrasies as they generally cover wrinkles, and the ultimate end of the creatures is either a rest cure or an elopement with a footman.

The spirit of Eve was calling to him then. The world was a miserable toy shop. Those men and women pruning themselves in Mrs. Curtsey's drawing-room were but shopworn little manikins. What did anything matter but Eve—Eve—Eve? Had she stayed away because of him? Was she strong enough to go on alone forever? He loved her as he had never loved anything before. She was the breath of his life—the one woman in all the world. Now into the garish room, into the strained laughter and the lights that multiplied and multiplied, came the haunting essence of her. Tomorrow he would write. He must see her; there was no staying him now. That haunting something was coming closer and closer—its pleading eyes, its dumb lips, its trembling hands. As pure as the face of dawn, as a mother's kiss, was this wistful thing so fresh from the hands of God. Ah, sweet Love, they have made you a jade in this old world of ours. Men and women pursue all the day and night. You are their sport. You dance for them in the highways, the lanes and the halls of shame. Oh, they seek the honied cling of you, the soft drifting away from care, the sensuous oblivion, the glittering, mad moments that reel in lustful wonder and die in curses! You are very human, dear Love, but in your heart there is a song that few have heard. It means more than lip to lip. It transcends the physical. It shows

the road to the fields of asphodel, to the mystery that lies beyond us all, to the place where there is no wanting—where spirit wings are grown—where the beasts never enter.

Philip, listening to the song of love, looked up to find Dorothea by his side. Her young eyes caught the light in his eyes inspired by the other woman. Perhaps she understood now more than she had at the beginning of the evening. Her gay voice had a little break in it when she spoke. "She is not coming," she said.

"No," said Philip absently.

"Disgusting!" said William to his wife. "I cannot understand why she should act in this way. She surely does not imagine that she can snub us. Why, I know everything about her family. Her mother actually pawned things to catch Brookford."

"Mrs. Whole says that old Mrs. Brookford is very ill," said the fluttering Dora. "It may be that, dear. She says that Brookford is drinking very hard, too. Oh, Willie, what shall we do? People are just crazy for supper. Bertie Dangan says that he hasn't had anything since breakfast!"

"He'd better bant," said Willie. "He is growing quite puffy. He needs squash or golf or something. Silly ass, that Dangan! I shall never ask him again. I am quite like Dorothea; I detest effeminate men."

"But about dinner, dear? Oh, do pay attention! Can't you see I'm distracted?"

"You do look rather red. Now go powder your face, Dora. Don't talk so loud; I can hear you very well. I shall not let Philip take Mrs. Whole in. No, I shall not. We had better wait for Eve. That Whole woman gives herself entirely too many airs. I hate these pushing nobodies. She is too anxious for notoriety."

"She is very hungry just now."

"Let her be hungry. Don't annoy me, Dora. I gave Eve's name to the papers. We must wait. I shall not help on the Whole woman."

Sir Philip and Dorothea had been looking on at the parental comedy.

"Isn't it funny!" she said. "While we stand here thinking of such big things—our own big things, because they belong to us—they argue over little ones. I suppose ours are very little ones to God."

Philip gave a start. He looked at the girl long and searchingly.

"Did I surprise you?" she laughed bitterly.

"Yes; I don't like hearing a girl say a thing like that."

"But you understand it, though, don't you? It does seem a miserably run world—to some. It's all very well to say that God's in his Heaven and all is right with the world, but there are times when one thinks—I suppose I mustn't say more. I'm too blasphemous."

He touched her hand. They seemed to be alone in that crowded room.

She laughed a second, a wistful laugh like a sigh. "How absurd I am! I wish we were all staying at your Hudney—mother and father—and you and I. Oh, I hate this—this party—and these people! I can see Hudney off in it somewhere, just as you always describe it to me. The room is hot, isn't it? My head is quite dazed."

"You're tired," said Philip tenderly. She was so like a child trying to be brave.

"I wish we hadn't *all* met on that steamer," she cried in a change of mood. Her foot beat time to her impish voice.

Philip's eyes tried to meet hers, but, somehow, both their faces turned to the watching faces beyond them.

"Look! Your father is signaling for me to take you in," he said thickly.

"How funny!" she laughed. "I'm to have her place." Then, with trembling hands, she seized his arm.

XVII

AND she, whose name was written on Philip's dinner card, had dressed rather early for the affair. She was standing before a large mirror in her own little boudoir at the back of her husband's mansion. With many an exclamation of delight her maid had assured her that

her Hardy frock was a triumph. It was a simple affair of white gauze over silver cloth. The neck was cut in a quaint, square shape, front and back, and edged with flesh-colored gauze. On this edging the maid had sewn two strings of diamonds.

"Will you carry the white gauze fan from Paris, ma'am?"

"No, I think not."

"A rose in the hair?"

"I am too old, I fear. Thanks for making me look as well as I do, but don't spoil me. Roses don't bloom in autumn, you know."

"Ah, but they do, ma'am, begging your pardon; and birds used to sing in the Devon cornfields about my home until nigh Christmas. But this is spring, ma'am. Begging your pardon, you do look like spring tonight—not more than twenty, at most."

"Oh, you artful creature! Which of my hats will you ask for tomorrow? Now run away, for I want a half-hour to rest. I cannot understand how those Eastminster women consented to part with you. I find you a treasure. I really do look rather nice tonight—for me."

"That you do, ma'am," said the beaming woman in the doorway.

Eve sank back into the depths of her chair, curling her silver train about her slim ankles. Into the loneliness of her nature had come a new and quickened sense of life. In every hour there was one minute in which she seemed to take flight from the world she knew. Flushes came to her face, sighs to her throat and sudden warnings to her heart. Over her cup of tea in the morning, listening to the secretary reading her numerous letters, whirling through the streets in her carriage, or at the Opera, a feeling that she had wings would put to flight the dull moments. The morning of her second day in town she had stopped her carriage in Fifth Avenue to buy daffodils from an Italian youth. What impassioned dreams they brought, what whispers, what pleadings!

That morning Mr. Curtsey had telephoned, inviting her to the impromptu dinner party for Sir Philip Mortimer,

and she had accepted. It would not be wrong to see him across a table. He did not care so much now. Ah, yes, she was safer now. He had not written. She must see him and feel the wonder glow that came to her when he was near, but she would chain up her awakened emotions, she told herself.

Nestling back in the *chaise longue*, she had tried to keep her secret joy in leash. Her lips took an upward curve. Sometimes she smiled as her white hands crept back to the hair her maid had brushed with a mixture of almond oil and cologne. She was conscious of her beauty as a foil for Philip, wondrous godlike, a very hero out of Walter Pater. His face was haunting her—the mobile, domelike forehead, the thin Greek nose, the hair a mass of pale sunshine, the sensuous chin and lips.

Eve drew in her breath, then dashed from her seat. Catching up her shimmering train, she ran down the passage that separated her boudoir from her son's nursery.

There was a little fire burning blithely on the hearth, and the bedtime lamp was lighted. Miss Baylies was feeding the future heir of a goodly portion of New York and Boston from a large wicker tea tray.

"Little Boy Blue," said his mother, bending over him and smiling at Miss Baylies, whose attitude was one of shy admiration, "where are your sheep?"

"The sheeps," he wailed wistfully, "the poor sheeps was going to be killed, but Miss Baylies stopped the man from killing them. I cried so, mumsey. Couldn't I have a little sheep, mumsey, a very teeny weeny one, with soft white woolly wool?"

"Yes, dear, you shall have one when we go to Tuxedo. Grandmamma will be better soon. Buddy must be a good lad and then, heigho! he will be off to the sweet green country, where the blue birdies are building their nesties now and the squirrels are out frisking."

Eve bent over and touched his dark lashes. "The sand man's coming, sonny boy."

Eve heard the little voice following her in the darkness as she went out.

The passage was cold after the warm nursery. She shivered as she ran. Below, in the entrance hall, the clock chimed. There was another half-hour to sit with her own thoughts before the carriage would arrive.

Once in her room again, she had no desire to sit still. She walked about, touching familiar objects like a blind woman. Was she doing right to go—to see him? Could she never deaden the feeling? Only those who have loved as she loved can understand the poignant, hopeless anguish. All the bars of the world were up and in place, and yet the silent forces we know so little of came to her like wind to idle sails.

She took up from a cabinet a picture of herself as a bride. Her mute lips grew whiter as she gazed at it. The ghosts of dead hours came trooping round her as she looked into an open grave. Then she began to speak, and her words came in incoherent, hysterical whispers. "You were with me, mother, when I had it taken. Can you see me tonight, wherever you are? Pray for me now, and try to make right what was so cruelly wrong. I am not sure of myself. I am not sure of anything. Oh, Father in Heaven, help me, help me!"

Some vague sensation arrested her attention. The house was curiously still. Was that a footstep in the passage? She called the maid. There was no answer. She crept toward the door. There was the noise of someone stumbling in the passage. The figure straightened. In the flood of light she saw her husband's face.

"You!" she said.

"Yes," was his sullen answer. His eyes wandered from her head to her feet with curious intensity.

"I thought you were off shooting, or something. I told the Curtseys you were when they asked us both to dinner. I hope your mother is no worse. I hope—" She was keeping as much distance between them as possible.

"Eve, kiss me," he hiccupped.

"Sit down where you are," she said. Her voice had a note of terror in it.

"I will get you my salts and open the window."

"No, woman, I don't want salts; I want you to kiss me!"

"Don't talk so loud. I have no intention of kissing you. Sit where you are or I shall ring for Watkins."

"You kissed me when you got home," he said with a Bacchanalian leer.

"I kissed you because your mother was there, because she is very old and I wanted to spare her the knowledge of our empty life. She knows so much now—knows things that a mother forgives easier than a wife. I could not let her see that I loathe you."

The man seated himself stupidly and then relaxed among the soft cushions of the couch. Laughter clicked in his throat, an insane, mirthless sort of laughter. He had evidently been to a florist after his parting with the Plaza bar, for he wore an unsullied gardenia. His black and white striped suit and patent leather boots gave him the look of a villain in a melodrama.

"You don't *loathe* me, Eve," he said; "you know you don't. Kiss me, like a good little girl. You've got to, you know! Why, you're mine—mine!" A glint came to his dull eyes.

Eve stared at him terrorized. The room seemed to be swaying, and she was swaying with it. The fumes of his breath came to her with the ravishing odor of the fresh flower in his button-hole. A numbness was creeping up from her knees. Before her brain became a blank she must speak. "Leave me in peace," she said. "Go back to your—to—"

"You're my wife," he said.

"Your wife—yes, in the eyes of the world. But the law would set me free. Don't rise! Don't come nearer. I'd rather die than endure your embraces now!"

"After you found out about Marjory Gallet—you didn't chuck me; she was the first. You even did things for her."

"My mother, before she died, begged me not to divorce you. She believed marriage vows were for life."

"She was a wise old woman." He leaned back and laughed again.

Eve went over to a window. The brougham was below. She could see the silhouette of the footman on the pavement. Then the clock in the hall struck eight. It was time to go. She turned furtively, to find the figure on the couch curiously alert. His eyes seemed to pounce upon her and then turn to the doorway. He was guarding the door! He did not mean to let her go! With sickening consciousness she turned again softly, lest the sweep of her train betray her. She had seen that look in his eyes before.

Through the swaying swiss curtains, off over those solid roofs, down the sweep of the lordly street, where the city lights gleamed above the dark trees like the torches of a distant army, went the heart of the woman. One poor heart awoke at last, beating wildly after years of atrophy, a fragile thing that had crept from its prison to listen to mad wonder music.

"It is time for me to go," she said thickly. She did not turn; she was afraid to challenge his eyes again.

"Oh, no, Eve."

"It's the Curtseys. They expect me. The girl, Dorothea, is grown up now." Why did the name of Dorothea hurt more than ever before?

"Fat old Willie. The fellows at the Union Club used to say that he made his wife's dresses. Hear he's boozing a lot. Let him wait, Eve. Let them all wait. Who are they? Eve, come here; come here and kiss me."

He tried to stumble to his feet.

Her eyes, that were a startled hare's, grew strangely feline.

"You will!" he cried, rising.

"I could divorce you!" she said. "I could be free of you and your shameful life! I suppose, because I didn't want to know of them, your creatures, the knowledge of them has come to me. I could be free—free!"

She was standing still. She bent forward like a trained runner awaiting the signal. The feline eyes held the furious anguish of a tigress who has scented the jungle for a moment and then feels the whip of the trainer.

Thousands, nay, millions of the mis-

mated since the fig-leaf period, have felt poor Eve's caught in the trap feeling. The whip of the trainer is endured for months and years, then lo! a star falls—another world is born! The ship of Life nears the siren music. Prepare yourself, like Ulysses, and have your oarsmen bind you to the mast. Your oarsmen are the laws of God, and the laws of man, and they are as deaf as he made his, and will not hear your pleadings when the melody increases. Of course, you may be like the other mythological gentleman and answer back with a music of your own. In other words, the unhappily married can attain to a peace of mind where the calls of illicit love cannot enter. Such a state of mind is very rare among the unhappily married in New York's "Four Hundred." In the endless treadmill of the same old thing at the same old hour a real love, vibrant and compelling, always breaks down the poppy laden peace that comes from drink or drugs.

The fallen star had come to Eve. Since her first meeting with Philip the iron mask had begun slipping from her face. Her mother put in the screws in the very beginning of her youth, and no great emotion had ever loosened them. Who says that we are not creatures of environment? What fool has promulgated the theory that we make ourselves? The children of Irish immigrants make themselves, perhaps, but the children of the rich are not given the same privilege. Eve rebelled at first, and then had sunk into a state of dreaming. Her inner life was so much made up of a cloth of lovely things that the habits of every day were unquestioned. Now, God in his Heaven seemed to be jeering as she looked into her husband's face.

"Try this new game of yours—this divorce! My money would make them laugh—laugh, do you hear? My money could make you out a liar!"

"Justice is blind," she wailed. "No wonder they paint her with a bandage over her eyes. Oh, I hate your money, those millions no one seems able to resist! But I could divorce you. There

are enough real men to listen to me. There is some judge who would believe."

"I'd take care you never found him! I'd spend a million to keep you because you want to go—five millions—ten millions!"

"Oh, God, don't let him speak! Yes, I want to leave you," she said hoarsely.

He was his full height now. His voice had a new strength in it. The drunkard's whine had gone. He walked toward her and she retreated.

"I'd rather die than have you kiss me! I'd kill myself if— I am no longer your doll," she said. "I am different. I have looked upon the face of Love!"

With a frenzied lurch he seized her. His breath bit into her face. Her white flesh in its silver sheath, that the heart seemed to have oozed out of, was in his cruel arms. "Philip!" she moaned, struggling an instant; then she fainted.

Across the hall a child awoke and called out in terror.

XVIII

How often lovers plan their meetings and partings in imagination, only to have the gods step in and laugh at them! From the moment Philip entered the Curtsey house he began to dream of his meeting with Eve. When he entered the Brookford morning room, the morning after the Curtsey party, Eve gave him one startled glance, and then she let the barren length of the room lie between them.

"Johnny Bull!" she whispered, and her breath came in a little sob.

"I couldn't keep away," he said. "I know you meant that I should not come." For the moment he looked very shy and young.

She turned slightly on the quaint English stool before the piano, one white hand lingering on the keyboard. "I have been playing," she said, "some music a friend has just sent me. I am in a sentimental mood this morning," she laughed. Then her manner changed. "Tell me, how did you get into my morning room?"

"I was very polite at the door.

First I pretended that I was a poor relation—you know how clever I am at pretending—and when the man wouldn't admit me I said boldly: 'Mrs. Brookford expects me.' You did expect me—you know you did!"

"I don't know," she smiled again, and looked off somewhere.

"You do not say it as if you meant it."

"No; I think I wanted to see you. I hoped, and yet it would have been better if you had stayed away."

"Must I go, after deceiving your footman?"

"Not just yet; he might think I did not like my family."

"Oh, Eve," he said fiercely, "it has been awful—awful! And you never came last night!"

"No—I—never—came—last—night," she repeated. She was like a woman thrown suddenly into a rushing tide.

"I have written a dozen letters and torn them up. I wish that I had not told you what I did on the ship. Why did you stay away?" The words burst from him.

She was silent. Then she rose and walked to the fireplace. "All the hyacinths in the window boxes are dead," she said. "Winter always makes a fight to get back to us over here."

"Do you remember the sea hyacinths?"

"Ah, don't," she pleaded. "Don't let us talk of ourselves. Oh, can't you see that we must not talk of ourselves in that way?"

"Why did you stay away?" he ventured a second time.

There was no escape for her. "My husband was ill," she said, lowering her head. "I sent the Curtseys a letter of apology. I was so sorry. It all came about in a moment." She began talking breathlessly. "He returned here quite done up. He had been shooting. Did Dorothea look pretty? I think she is such a nice girl. I wish you could marry her and be happy."

"Eve!" he cried. "I think that I shall never be happy again."

"Foolish boy! Come, let us build a little fire. The room is chilly. You shall help me."

She almost ran to the fireplace. A terrible joy was leaping up in her. She dragged the white bearskin nearer the hearth. In an instant he was beside her on his knees. Their heads were close together. He lighted the match and she put it to the paper. The thing flamed and died. An ember caught and she began fanning it. The scent of the smoking pine mingled with the flower scent in the room. Once a gust of the smoke choked her and she leaned back. Her shoulder touched his. Her hair brushed his face. His blood gave a leap, but his arms remained clasping his knees.

"It is so awfully different," he said. "Sometimes I think I am going mad just for the warmth of your hand. I am afraid now; I am silent. I have felt love before, but never like this. Oh, I love you so, but my heart seems to stand still. I am groping toward something I do not know."

Her hands crept to his. Their heads were rigid, their eyes fastened on the feeble flame.

"I am in chains," she whispered brokenly—"chained!"

"We will break them, Eve. The spring is outside the window. There is another world, Eve—the world of our love. Can't you see it, dear? On its gate is the word 'Together!'"

The clasp had grown tighter. Their lips were scarlet flames.

"I am weak, Philip—I am weak! Don't talk to me like this; I cannot stand it. I have been battling with myself ever since the first night we stood by that ship's rail. I have no God—at least, he has never meant what he should to me—and my mother was never a real mother. I have never loved anything as I should have loved; nothing has ever loved me. The great, deep well of love was in me all the time; you have found it, boy." With a cry she broke away from him. Her voice began to falter as she went on.

"I always thought my life an empty one, but it has never seemed so empty as it has these past three days. Love was in the world—mine, and yet not mine. I saw myself transfigured, a

new woman, and I know in my heart of hearts that I must kill that woman. Oh, Philip, the fools envy me—a woman who is a husk, a woman meant for joy, a woman who cannot even hide away with this new love in her breast! You see, dear, your pitiful story has made no difference."

"Oh, Eve, because of you the world is changed. All my life I have dreamed of you—you, with the morning light in your eyes! I wish that I had waited for you. I wish that I had kept myself pure. I wish I had not come to New York in this mad way."

The voice of the fire filled the room. Outside the rain began to hiss against the windows.

"Oh, last night," he said—"I shall never forget it. The waiting there in the room, the hope against hope, the long night of just thinking! Arthur said that the gentleman sort of adventuring wouldn't pay. I wish that I had stayed home, stayed and faced things. I thought last night that you did not love me, that you felt you could not come because of what I had told you. I cursed my mother last night; I went to sleep with a curse on my lips."

"You must tell William the truth."

"Tell him the truth, and be kicked out of his house! No, I suppose he is not man enough to make it public; he would fear a scandal! Can you hear New York ringing with the tale—all the papers that have written such reams of rot about me? Can you hear those men and women of last night when they seize upon the choice tidbit? Their voices will reach to London and echo on to Paris and Cannes—even to Monte Carlo and Cairo."

"You poor boy!"

"A poor fool!"

"An unconscious adventurer."

"I shall hate to have Dorothea know—she's such a good sort. Even old Dickery doesn't suspect. When I am downcast he imagines that I am just hard up. And I thought myself one of Rebecca Sharp's family."

"You are much too Irish—too madly Irish. You are a hero in some funny swashbuckling romance—only, you are

not funny. All life is a jest, a sorry jest, and we take it so seriously. We spend our time quarreling about material things and pigeonholing our emotions. Ah, Philip, as if I cared what you are! I love you—I love you!”

“Eve, whisper to me, dear, whisper it very low: did you stay away because—because I am a rotter?”

“No; because of him—my husband. I was ready to go, but he came back. He wouldn’t let me escape from my room. He drinks, and sometimes when he drinks he remembers that I am his.” Her words were not as startling as their anguished delivery. Her thoughts seemed to be strangling her.

“William Curtsey told me something; I didn’t know that it was as bad as this. Oh, my God, how I hate him—yes, hate him!”

Her face was deadly white. “I am his forever and ever. There is no escape. I promised my mother—almost on her deathbed—that I would not divorce him. She thought our name should be kept like some proud banner. My happiness was nothing—nothing. She sold me to Mammon, and she bound me to him with thongs—her dying words. I promised because I had never known. You, dear, were only a dream; your face was a dream face. Now I know—I am awake! Now I know how she cheated me!”

He drew her to her feet. His head was held high. His steady eyes held their most knightly light. She swayed closer to him, as though seeking life from his breath.

“You shall be freed of this carrion. I know other things of him. Curtsey told me. The law shall set you free.”

“He would never let me go,” she moaned.

“I am brave, dear; I am strong. First I must set myself right. When I tell Curtsey I shall have all my manhood back again. Last night I realized how degraded I am. Because life cheated me I thought I could cheat it in turn. I might have gone on with the miserable game if I had not met you. I am beginning to feel that a wise Providence rules the world. Because I have lost

much, I have been given what few men are given.”

“I am afraid,” she whispered, “afraid we cannot keep it.”

“I shall come for you tonight,” he said. “We shall plan it all—our life, dear, our life!”

“Oh, boy, you are so young, so gloriously young!”

“I love you, Eve. Your life is my life!”

She ran away from him. Tears were starting to her eyes.

“Oh, don’t love me—don’t love me! Tell me that you will try not to. I cannot battle with myself any longer.”

He went toward her again.

“I hear footsteps above,” she said. “He is up. Hush! What is that, James?” A footman was passing the door.

“For the master, madam.” The man’s face was impassive as the two viewed the bottle and the glass of cracked ice on the tray.

“Absinthe,” she said. “He ended with it last night. He will send for me soon, but I shall not go. I will hide until you come back. I want your voice in my ears; it hushes all the discord of the world.”

“My love!” he murmured.

They crept to each other’s arms like startled children. His lips met hers.

XIX

It was just eleven o’clock when William threw his nightcap on the floor. He wore a nightcap so that his remaining hair might soak in oil, and because he once had the honor of seeing a cousin of the Kaiser’s similarly arrayed.

“Damn New York and its manners!” he said. “If Malvina Millington hasn’t the impertinence to send a special message that she wants me to bring Sir Philip to lunch today! Of course, she thinks she will have a try at him for her girl.

“Tell the boy there is no reply for Mrs. Millington,” he said to the servant. “That will bring the old cata-

mount here in about half an hour. I am glad that she gave us her George IV Davenport service when we married, for her manners are so bad nowadays I shall be forced to insult her. She is as common as a pork packer."

"Where's Sir Philip?" asked William of his wife when they met at breakfast.

"He's probably in the Park with Dorothea. They are keen on a morning ride."

"The dinner cost seven hundred dollars," announced William sullenly and irrelevantly.

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it! We are growing poorer every day. Steel went down five points this morning. We shall be in the gutter soon—or back in Boston!"

"Beacon Street is sweet in the spring."

"Be serious. You know that you would die there without an income. Think of the crowd of harpies who used to pursue us for food and clothing! You cannot even be respectable unless you attend church twice on Sunday, and you know we gave that up long ago."

"Oh, Willie, you are so worldly! I am glad Dorothea will not be ruled by you. She has a mind of her own. Sir Philip's title means nothing to her."

"But Sir Philip does, my dear. I've seen it in her eyes. He will be with us three days more. Much can happen in three days. It would be nice to see Dot Lady Mortimer."

Presently Dorothea came in. The girl's eyes were unusually bright, but her hair was smoothly arranged, and there was no mud nor stains of the road on her black riding habit.

"Sweetheart," said Mrs. Curtsey, "did you have a nice ride with Sir Philip?"

"I have not been riding," came the answer, trembling and half-ashamed. "He didn't meet me in the hall at ten o'clock, and I sent Duggins to his room to find out if he'd overslept. He wasn't there. It is not hard to imagine where he has gone."

"Eve Brookford!" said her father, jumping up and stamping his slippered feet.

"You need not marry him, dear, unless you want to," said Mrs. Curtsey hotly. "*He* cannot make you," pointing to the queer figure dashing about the room. "Your old mother will take care of you. Come here, darling."

Dorothea gave a hard, mirthless laugh. Then she ran from the room, pushing back her father, who spread out his hands to detain her.

The woman stared at her husband. Underneath the wax and tinsel that the years had heaped upon their characters, something human had been touched.

XX

PHILIP's kiss burned on Eve's lips long after he had gone. She no longer doubted him nor herself. "He will know what to do," her lips said. "He will know what to do."

She put out imploring hands to the dying embers. He was coming back for her, coming with a sword to break her chains. She was slipping from the weary years of middle life to the glorious years of youth, from one world to another; and with stray thoughts of the future, thoughts that bewildered and left her groping blindly, there was always the memory of his hot, vibrant kiss.

"Philip, you are a real man!" she said aloud. "You will tell William Curtsey the whole truth." What did the stigma of birth mean to a real man? Nothing! And poverty less than nothing. She could say that, for she knew all that riches had to give. Philip could fight his way in life, fight as other men had fought!

She pictured herself by his side. Their way had become the way of toil in some far country, a country of turquoise sky and vast, unsullied reaches of smiling earth. She was close, very close, to minister to him, to smooth the fair hair from his weary head, to prepare his food and drink, to tend his wounds perhaps! It was a fair country, that lay somewhere off over leagues and leagues of wistful silence.

Very slowly Eve caught up the loose

folds of her morning gown and began mounting the hall staircase. Once in her own gray room, she remembered that it was an Opera night. The tickets for the Brookford box lay on her desk with the tableted engagements for the afternoon. There were two slips written by the maid. The first was for four o'clock, a reception for the daughter of a woman of money and fought-for position, who had leased a house near Stuyvesant Square because her husband's name was of Dutch origin. Then she took up the second slip, which said: "Five o'clock. Opening of the Tulip Show at the St. Regis."

She tore them into bits and threw them on the floor. After a cursory glance at her mail, she went over to the long wardrobe, that contained at least fifty dresses, and pushed back its six panel doors. She gazed with a look of disdain at costumes that some of the feminine rulers of Europe had envied. In another moment she was at her jewel case, trying the lock with impatient fingers. Her haste was exhausting. Her eyes had the glitter of the jewels as they flashed from their chamois bags.

"I can give you up," she said, "without a regret. You never meant very much to me, you and all you represent."

The maid knocked at the door. "Some letters, madam," she whispered.

Eve opened them languidly. Most of them contained the usual paste-board of invitation, but there was one of a strange, delicious fragrance, stamped with a special delivery stamp. The writing was angular and affected. Eve did not recognize it. She sat up expectantly as she opened it. She was half regretful at the interruption of her thoughts.

She broke the seal and read:

"Dear Freddie,"

"What is this?" she said—then her voice broke off suddenly.

Don't forget our date at Porter's tonight. I know you won't, but I had to remind you of it, for I am wearing the snake earrings you sent me. They are all to the good, and I am crazy to wear them to the Salome ball. With seven veils I'd make a hit. Do take me there, and I won't let

the crowd cut up any more than you like. Am eating ice cream in bed. It is flavored with rum, so I suppose I can drink the juice to you.

Your adoring

LILAH.

Eve put the letter back in its envelope, and, running to her desk, hurriedly lit a match and made a new purple seal. She pressed her finger to it, and the thought flashed through her brain that the finger mark gave the letter an additional sentimental value. The maid had evidently mistaken the "Mr." for "Mrs." As she rang for the girl and told her to deliver the letter to Mr. Brookford's man, her face was stinging. For a moment her own love was caught in the toils of this sordid thing. Although the room was warm, she began shivering. She sat for almost an hour like one dazed. She was waiting for someone—waiting. Before she read the woman's letter the doors of Paradise seemed very wide. They were closing now, and she knew that she would have to steal in to her happiness. Last night, in that very room, she had been forced to suffer a woman's greatest degradation. "Tonight he is off to another," she told herself. Philip was different from her husband. He would have been true to love. "He is different!" her mind kept pleading to the surges of awful loneliness that swept over her. She was only a frail and very human creature.

XXI

DOROTHEA CURTSEY, holding back the tears in her eyes as she rushed from her parents' presence, met Sir Philip Mortimer dashing madly through the hall.

For a moment she struggled with herself, not catching his glance. She felt ashamed to be found in her riding habit, for she had donned it to ride with him. Then, as courage was one of her chief characteristics, she raised her eyes to his and started. "Philip—oh, Sir Philip!" she whispered, immediately forgetful of self. "What has she done to you?" was the unuttered cry

of her heart. She put out her hands dumbly.

"Your father—where is he?" burst from him.

"I left him with mamma. What is it?"

"Dorothea, it is nothing that matters very much. After I have seen him I will tell you. I'm a mad fool, that's all, and I must take my medicine. Do not talk to me now; I must see your father." His spirit fought to be as brave as he knew hers to be.

"I cannot hear him," said the girl quietly. "I think he has gone on to his own room."

Philip almost ran from her.

The door to his own apartment was open, and he staggered in like a blind man. Dickery was on the floor folding his master's fresh linen. He glanced toward the door and beheld his master. A shirt fell from his hand. The boy looked as he had looked that morning in Curzon Street. "Oh, sir!" cried the old servant. "A little brandy, sir?"

"It's nothing," said Philip. "Ask Mr. Curtsey if I may see him. He has just gone to his room."

"Oh, sir, what is it—that look? You are not afraid of anything, sir?"

"No, I am not afraid."

"The Mortimers were without fear, sir. All your family, sir. Your father could ride a horse down a cliff. I remember an Irish mare he had—"

"My father!" cried Philip, interrupting him. "Don't ever mention his name to me again! I kept it from you, Dickery, but I will tell you now—he never married my mother."

The weatherbeaten face stared at him wonderingly.

"I came over here half for a rag. I thought I could deceive them all. I believed that it would work out in some way. Arthur didn't want me to; he was always against it. It would have gone all right but for one thing. Oh, I was mad! Now I must tell Curtsey and leave this house."

"Her son the heir? That puny Gorden-Smith brat? He to stand in your boots, sir? My brain is all muddled. It is so sudden-like, sir."

"It hurts, old Dick, doesn't it? I

was so ashamed that I didn't much care what I did. I couldn't stay on in London with two hundred a year and no prospects. I didn't want to join that band who feed at the rich men's tables. I wanted desperate adventure. God, I have it now!"

He rose and threw off his topcoat. A great sob shook his frame. Then his muscles grew rigid, and after a few moments he smiled. "Eve," came his breath—"Eve—Eve—Eve!"

The servant did not move.

"Go to him now, Dickery," said Philip.

"Why do you tell on yourself, sir? Sure it's time enough when you are found out."

"I felt that way before I boarded the ship, before— Oh, go, Dickery!"

"When it's done, sir, it's done. I'd never let anyone in this country know that I wasn't what I seem. Don't give up your name, sir. There's more in a name than you think, sir. What's a Reilly without the 'O,' sir? What's the likes of you without your name? You're hard up, sir, and them that's hard up must have a name to live on. I know everything about you, sir, and—begging your pardon, sir—there's not a drop of a wrong 'un in you. There's no need of doing it, sir. Can't I stop you, sir?"

"No; something has set me on the other track."

"What, sir?"

"Love, Dickery—a woman's eyes, a woman's voice, a woman different from all other women. Go now, for I want a moment to think. When you come back you may begin putting my things together. Have everything ready to leave tonight."

The man backed sorrowfully away.

Philip went over to one of his bags and unlocked it. There, among his treasures, souvenirs of a happy boyhood, he found his mother's miniature. "Dear mother," he whispered, touching it to his lips, "say a little prayer for us, wherever you are. Say a prayer for her. You gave up so much for love. I love her so. I love her as you loved him—curse him!"

He had just replaced it in its worn silken bag when Dickery reentered the room. "He will see you, sir," he said. "By the look of him, I think he smelt a rat and didn't half like it."

Philip made no reply. "Your hand," he said at last by the door. "Shake hands for the last time with Sir Philip Mortimer!"

Curtsey was waiting for him by his dressing table. He was rubbing his nails with a new nail polisher. His dressing gown still dangled from one arm. He was curiously excited. Philip's servant had acted so strangely that William surmised that something was going to happen.

"He is coming to ask me for Dorothea," he said to himself. That was it. He hoped that he would not haggle over the settlements. Stocks were very low; every new thing he took hold of seemed to go down. "Dot will be glad," he thought. He began wondering if a marriage in old St. Paul's on Broadway would not create a sensation. It was an original idea. Perhaps someone by the name of Curtsey was buried in the churchyard. He mentally noted that he would have the records examined and claim that possible Curtsey as his own. In his mind's eye he saw the busy world of Broadway congested about the doors of the historic edifice as his carriage drew up to the curb.

Philip's strained face dashed away the thrilling mental picture. "Curtsey," he said, "I am leaving you."

William jumped from his chair, upsetting a box of pink nail powder over his hands. "What!" he muttered; then he stared at his guest.

"I have done wrong," said the boy. "I want to go. I have been here under false pretenses."

"What do you mean, sir?" said William, bristling. For the moment he was grotesquely fierce.

"The name I have used is not mine. I haven't the title. I came over to bamboozle America. Something's changed me. I can leave you now with no harm done. I apologize. I wasn't myself. I was desperate."

"You thief! You liar! Wasn't the Duchess of Marta's letter genuine?" screamed William, losing all self-control in one staggering second.

The blood came bounding into Philip's face. "Count your words!" he said. "I am trying to make myself a gentleman again; do not forget that you are one. After clearing myself to you, I am at liberty to thrash you—even if you are an older man."

"My poor girl!" groaned Curtsey. "So you came here to cheat us—cheat us! She might have married you. I don't understand." In his excitement his mouth opened and shut, but no words came. He began fanning his face with the sleeve of the dressing gown.

"I did not ask her to marry me," said Philip. "I respect your daughter, Mr. Curtsey. Wouldn't it be better to leave her name out of this discussion? It is my own funeral, as they say in America," he said bitterly.

"This is the most astounding—" More words of abuse came to Curtsey's lips, but the look in the face of the man whose eyes were locked with his chilled his tongue again. "I wanted you to marry her," he said. "I planned it all. Oh, this is terrible!" He turned, and his words ended in a whine. A girl stood in the doorway, her eyes fastened upon the face of Philip.

"Dorothea!" said her father, his hands fumbling at the drawer of the dressing table.

"I heard almost everything," she said. Her face above the black cloth dress looked very white. Her eyes sought Philip's hopefully, almost with a prayer.

"It was this way," he said. "In one day my whole world changed. I was thrust out of my order. My father did not marry my mother. She was married to him in the eyes of God, perhaps, but she was outside the law. He brought me up as his heir, but just before he died he made a new will. He had married a second time—or a first, if you like. She brought him money. He was always wanting money. He grew very weak as he grew older.

He gambled and drank. His manhood seemed to ooze away from him. She paid his bills. Then came a day when she wouldn't pay them any longer. I think it must have been that way; he always said that he cared for me; he must have destroyed me for money.

"It hurts to tell you all this. When I left London on the impulse of the moment, Lady Mortimer and her solicitors gave me the title for a year. They promised to keep my birth secret for that time. Now you know the whole wretched business. I tried to make a comedy out of a tragedy."

When he finished, his two spectators were absolutely still for a minute.

During his dramatic speech a change had been taking place in his appearance. He held his head higher, as if he were breathing a purer air.

"You will leave this house tonight," said William. "How you have deceived us! I wish that I might give you over to the police—the police, do you hear?"

"Stop, father!" said Dorothea. "He is our guest."

"Our guest!" he mocked.

"Yes, our guest," she repeated, her sweet voice breaking. "At least, his title was; you make it seem that was all you cared about. I cared for the *man*."

The boy came nearer to her. The blush she was fond of making sport of had come to his cheeks.

"Forgive him," she said. "Forgive him as I forgive you. Oh, Philip, I know, I understand what prompted you at first. I wish, for your sake, that you could have carried it out."

The master of the house pulled the bellrope angrily. "Get out of my sight!" he cried. "When I see the Duchess of Marta I shall tell her what I think of her!"

"I have done you a wrong," said Philip. He walked slowly toward the door. There he paused.

A sob came to the girl's lips, and he turned.

"You," he whispered, "you are a good sort. I am glad that I met you. I couldn't have deceived *you* very long.

You're a good pal, you are." His voice grew a little husky.

"Your name—it does not matter to me. I do not care for that. Remember, won't you? Remember if you ever want a friend." She went to him and put her hand impulsively in his.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "I've been like a stormy petrel in this house."

"A hawk in a barnyard," she smiled.

Philip's hand gripped hers.

"Good-bye," he said again.

XXII

ON the seventeenth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria there is a little room with one window. By this window, which peers over the great, belching tide of New York life, many a man has stood and wondered if his hopes and plans would float in the maelstrom below.

Philip Mortimer sat by that window writing. Two hours had gone since he left the Curtsey house in the upper East Side. Some of his luggage was scattered about the floor, and the faithful Dickery was below attending to the dispersal of the remainder of it. Outside the window clouds of mist were sweeping down on the murky streets, but his eyes saw over them when he raised them from his paper. Off in one of the meadows of the night a pale star was shining.

To Prince Arthur of Gradicia, at Kennington House, Kensington, London, he wrote:

Friend of my youth, adventuring is over. In one short week Sir Philip is "deaded," as we used to say about the chaps who tried for blues and never made them. Oh, Dunk, I never knew that a man could love as I am loving now. It seems as if I had never lived before. She, too, has been waiting for me all her life.

I must try and write sanely, but my brain is on fire. She has changed me. From the very first, I did not want to go on with my mad whim. What did a title matter? What did money matter? Adventuring seemed a poor game when her love was waiting for me. I played my part with the Curtseys until today, when she confessed that she loved me. As a young girl, her people married her to one of the richest men

over here. Her name means as much in New York as yours does in Europe. She never loved him. He is a beast and neglects her. Why should she stay on with him? Why should she stay and waste the years that could be ours? Her high place in the world means nothing to her—just as my name means nothing to me tonight.

You are the one chap who will understand. I am taking her from her prison in an hour. I have planned it all. She is going away with me. Oh, I am so happy! I could dance on the clouds outside this window! If these words seem wild, don't call me a romantic fool. My next letter may come to you from some wilderness, but *she* will be there. I know I have your best wishes, dear old Dunk.

When Philip threw down his pen it was seven o'clock.

"Dickery," he said suddenly, "you will be left alone in this hotel tonight. I am leaving New York for—Porto Rico."

"Do you go by yourself, sir?" asked Dickery, almost shyly.

"No," cried Philip; "with my—with the woman I love." He flung himself out of his chair.

"I don't mind the life we are leading, sir, but I won't be left behind," said Dickery. There was a choking sound in his throat.

"It is hard, old Dick," said Philip. "I shall send for you, though, as soon as I get placed. You must remain here with the boxes for a week. I'm bound on a desperate adventure tonight. Will you lay out my things? I'm going out to walk for an hour or so. This room can hold me no longer. I want to fly."

"Yes, sir," said Dickery, bowing as the door closed. Almost guiltily the old servant drew a little chamois bag from a secret pocket and poured a stream of bright golden sovereigns over the blotting pad. "I'll keep ten," he said, fingering them all. "Sure, I can always work if he don't send for me. He will need them all, poor lad. Think of such bad fortune coming to the likes of him—a Mortimer of Hudney! May the lady love him, say I; may the lady love him!"

Philip, on Fifth Avenue, was looking at a city clock. "What time is it in London?" his heart was asking. Englishmen, stranded in all corners of the

world, echo that longing just as each day dies.

He hesitated for a moment at the street corner; then he turned toward Broadway. He did not dare to trust himself in a path that led straight to her home. He knew that he must wait until she had dined. Her husband might be dining with her. He wrestled with the hateful thought, his steps growing quicker and quicker as he made for Broadway, that glowing thoroughfare that shines from six o'clock until midnight like the jewels in some great courtesan's diadem.

Now Broadway lay before him. Broadway with its million eyes. Night eyes that flash desire, lust and longing. Eyes that are a little wearied, but still hopeful, crafty or defiant. Eyes that look and look in vain hoping for some lost street corner and some face that they will never see again. Hurt and wounded eyes that seem to plead with shame to leave them. Mummied eyes that peer out of living corpses—the corpses of every greed fattened beyond satisfaction. Eyes are the mirrors of men's souls. In the night tide of a great city they become earthly stars. The wanderer who gazes into them can find the path to all things.

Philip, sensitive to every touch of life, looked and heard dim voices of his past at his ears. A woman's face in the ceaseless crowd had brought back the flowerlike quality of Lottie's. An old wound opened for a moment. He must walk somewhere—anywhere, his brain said—walk until the gates of his hour opened.

At last he was before the entrance of her house. He wore traveling clothes, and his bag had been carefully packed and left at the parcels office of the Waldorf. As he stood there he was conscious of Dickery's heavy wallet of sovereigns in his pocket. There had been no time to change them at the hotel. They weighed him down somewhat, but they gave a most tremendous glow to his heart. A mist had come over his eyes when he came upon them in their sealed envelope twenty minutes before. Such generosity as Dickery's

was almost beyond human understanding.

The door opened and Philip was before the fount, with its fragrant burden of hyacinths. The stillness of the place gave him a sudden pang of loneliness. If, by any chance, she decided not to go with him and would not see him, he felt that he would be doomed to madness. Hungrily his eyes sought the staircase. There was a slight noise. He saw her gazing at him. Her face, surrounded by the dark fur of her cloak and the drooping veil, was paler than he had ever seen it, but her eyes were filled with the morning light he had once surprised in them.

"If anyone telephones to me, Wright has instructions. I shall not return until twelve o'clock. See if the cab you ordered is still waiting. No, you need not accompany us to the street.

"Oh, Philip!" she said, when the door closed after them.

"I love you, dear," he whispered in her ear as she gave him her muff.

She smiled nervously. "Take care of the thing. My jewels are in the little leather bag inside of it."

He blushed in the darkness.

"I know, dear—I know; you will care for me always—but we may need them."

"Eve," he faltered, "in the hall I felt that if you did not come I should lose my reason."

"Don't talk that way. Oh, my boy, my love, I am not sure that I can go now; I am not sure of myself. Tell the man to drive to Porter's. I want to—I am going to see him with her. I've never seen him with one of his creatures. They are to be at the restaurant. I read a letter of hers by mistake this afternoon. I think the sight will sicken me. I want something in me to be stung into more life. I want to feel outraged. I must hate him—hate him! Ah, do you understand? Then we can be off and away. Take me anywhere—anywhere! Yours, boy, your own and forever! Now I am afraid. I do not fear the world, but my love for you and your love for me cannot still some strange voices in me.

Oh, my dear, I don't know what they are. I do not fear, and yet—yet—I must hate, hate! Then I can go. I must hate the woman, too!"

His arm crept into her loosened cloak and he drew her nearer to him. A fresh wind was blowing away the mist that hung over the Park. "Don't tremble, dear," he said very softly, as she relaxed a little.

"I am afraid—afraid," she murmured. "But he would never follow us; he is not brave enough."

"Come closer, dear. Your pulse is wild. There is nothing to fear. Nothing can separate us now."

"No! No!"

The anguished words broke from her in gasps.

"Be brave, Eve."

"It will kill his mother." Her voice was strained. "She is almost dying. She was never very kind to me; she never understood. What is a happiness for me will seem a terrible thing to her. The others—it does not matter about them. She cares for him more than anything in this whole world; she cares for him just as I care for Buddy—only, Buddy does not need me. Oh, I must not think of him!"

"God knows, I love you as man never loved before!" he said wildly. Then his voice grew lower. "I am only Philip Mortimer now, Eve—just a humdrum chap with a way to make for us both. There is a ship sailing for Porto Rico tomorrow morning. I have a classmate who is there growing coffee. He will take us in until we decide on our life."

"I am a wicked woman!" she wailed, as one sobs in sleep. "I'm lost in a torrent, Philip; a river is sweeping us both away. I can look back a little now, but soon the water will be rushing too fast!"

"Love lies in the river, dear—the most beautiful of shelters—an island where we can forget and build up a new life."

"I wonder if I can? I wonder if it is not too late—if I am not wrecking your young life?"

"You are saving it. I told the Curt-

seys what I am because of you. My life has been all wreckage, but you will redeem it—you will, dear, you will! Oh, heart of mine, you are my woman and I am your mate! You are my answer and I am yours. There is much marrying and giving in marriage in this upset world, but few souls find completeness. Eve, Eve, a man can only feel this way once about a woman. It is the love that passes beyond comprehension of ourselves, of human understanding."

She lay close to him for some minutes. The surge of the roaring streets was nothing to them. Motor warnings, rattling cabs, clanking street cars and the medley of night voices were like the whispers of things unseen and unknown.

Suddenly she sat up and smoothed her hair. "He'd never let me divorce him. Even if I broke my word to my mother, it would be hopeless. I know him well enough for that. Although he has always led a wicked life, I must be the one to sink in the mire."

"Love isn't a mire, dear. Two can make a heaven—even if the doors of all the world are shut to them."

She sank back in the rocking cab. He watched her furtively as she closed her eyes. "I can hear them shutting one by one," she said, her voice a whisper—"doors of acquaintances, doors of false friends, then the old friends. I suppose there will always be a few persons who will think it rather smart to know me," she laughed. "I have been a sort of queen, a putty queen, until I met you, dear."

"Shall you regret the closed doors?" he asked hoarsely.

"Never!" Her voice rose again. "I have had everything—everything but love. I must have you forever, boy. Kiss me, kiss me again!"

Now he smoothed her face and she felt the fringe of his eyelashes. Now his fair hair smothered her tears. Now she looked at him and smiled gladly through wet lids at the exchange she was about to make. A kingdom lost for him. All the fire of her vanished youth leaped up to meet the glow of

him. Then they drew apart, for their hearts seemed to have grown still from wonder.

XXIII

PORTER'S was the fashion for the moment, much to the regret of more conservative New York supper places. Its queer jade-colored tables and shaded fairy lights, its fanciful columns and floors of glass, its strange nooks that bewildered and allured, were the talk of the mob that stagnates through the daylight hours. A mob like a dreamy tigress waiting for its prey—a few riotous, champagne-flecked moments.

At a violet-strewn table in the center of the large room, a beautiful, fair-haired woman in a tight fitting purple velvet gown was sitting with a group of laughing young men.

"Is Brookford never coming?" she asked suddenly, putting down her glass. "I'll run off with you, Lenton Miles. We'll all go down to Billy's and play roulette. Of course, Harry Rames is too proud to come. You don't want to lose money to a falsetto scream tonight, do you, Harry?"

"Oh, Lilah, don't be so nervous," said one. "Your millionaire is coming all right. He will like those diamond and emerald snakes in your ears—even if I don't."

The men banged their glasses on the table in riotous enjoyment. Corks were popping like skyrocket. Everybody in the wide mirrored stretches of the room seemed to be gazing at the hilarious group through the feverish mists of smoke. Lilah rose from her chair suddenly and bent toward the door. "Fred is here!" she said hotly. She did not notice the man and woman behind him, neither did he. Philip and Eve were watching the scene like two creatures come to a strange planet. Eve's veil hid her face, and, clinging to Philip's arm like a bird stranded on the deck of an ocean liner and about to be blown into the dark water, she let him lead her to a nearby table, partially screened by two huge flowering trees.

"They cannot see us," he said, taking the chair facing her.

"I could have touched him with my hand," she whispered in an awed voice.

"Don't think of him."

"I am here to think of him and the wrongs he has done me."

"Look at me, Eve!"

"I cannot. That awful woman over there—are they all like that? Do they all sell themselves for money—money? Oh, what a life! See him"—pointing to her husband; "isn't his face like a rat's? He will come creeping past my door at dawn, but I shall have flown—" Her voice broke and was lost in the din.

The two at the little table did not speak. She sat with her face in her hands. He had taken out a cigarette and was lighting it.

When their champagne had been poured out he raised his glass and she raised hers.

"To the new day, my love!" he said.

Her face was turned a little to the side and he could see the blood creeping into the radiant profile. It was her answer.

Then the music rose above all those wine-tossed voices. The violins wandered into a potpourri of airs. There was the tinkle of "Traviata" and a seductive melody that a reigning favorite gurgled nightly on Broadway. Now for a moment it caught the fierce zest of something barbaric, love dancing in blood-stained snow in a far Russian night. Ah, it was all of love, love like a dove in a nest or a serpent in a burning desert, love crying out to a vacant world. The strings sobbed now. It was "Samson and Delilah." "Ah come to me—come to me!" it sang.

Eve's eyes became soft. Philip laid down his cigarette. Every sound was hushed as the music throbbed. Eve Brookford was wandering in some dream-strewn land with the man she loved. God and the laws of the world, her husband and her child were forgotten.

"We must leave, darling," said Philip hoarsely. "The music has ceased."

"Where?" she asked breathlessly. Her eyes sought the direction of the center table. The group was still there.

"The Waldorf tonight. The ship sails at nine tomorrow."

She turned away to hide her face.

He waited. "Philip," she cried irrelevantly, to stifle the momentary embarrassment, "the woman behind you looks just like me—only, she looks as I might look if I drank a good deal."

The youth shuddered.

"Do you hate him—over there—hate him enough—"

"I do," she said, drawing in her breath.

Then he turned.

A girl leaned over from an adjoining table and called to him.

Philip gave a startled exclamation and clutched at his chair. "You!" he faltered. "Lottie!"

"Yes," she said; "a little battered, perhaps." She rose, her hands trembling, her feet unsteady. "I couldn't marry him, Philip—I couldn't, for all his pounds. I left him for Jean Corday; he's fair like you, Philip. I ran away with Jean. Oh, Philip, you startled me so—I'm almost dizzy." She bent nearer, her wine glass almost slipping from her hand. "I'd like to kiss you, Philip. Aren't you glad to see me?"

His eyes sought Eve. She had lowered her veil, but made no move.

"Why should I be glad to see you like this—you, of all women?" He tried to push past her. Still Eve did not change her position of startled watchfulness.

"I didn't want the money after all!" There was a pitiful, maudlin wail in Lottie's voice. "I missed you, Philip—but Jean cares for me. Forgive me, honey; say you forgive me."

"Keep still, for God's sake!" He beat her back from him almost brutally.

The woman listening stifled a moan. With shaking hands she raised her veil, and the other woman saw her face and the strange resemblance to herself.

Philip's face grew whiter. Eve was about to speak.

"Who are you?" cried the other. "You're like me when my face was thin—when I was younger." Lottie seized her half-filled glass and drained it. There were tears in her eyes and hysterical laughter on her lips.

"Eve, don't listen!" implored Philip.

The violins were swinging into Mendelssohn's old "Spring Song." In that garish room there was the sob of a pain the world can never lessen—the sob of lost illusions.

"Philip, I must leave you—I must, dear." She was speaking, and yet it seemed as if her lips were dumb with sudden anguish.

"My darling!" he implored, trying to clutch at her.

"Suppose I should go on—suppose I should grow tired of you after tonight—a month—or a year? I may be as weak as she is; I do not know."

She gave him one shuddering, longing look, and then her eyes sought the table where her husband was seated in drunken revelry. Lilah and her crowd of satellites were singing "Fair Harvard."

Lottie Vane laughed ironically as the man who had been her lover lurched forward after his companion.

"Go back—go back!" commanded Eve. "Don't follow me!"

Then she fled.

XXIV

THE following morning, an hour before noon, Dickery crept to his master's door and seized a telegram from the hall boy. He was trembling over his errand, not knowing what dire calamity was awaiting him next. Philip had returned at dawn, white-faced and staggering from weariness. "He looked more fagged than he did when he heard of poor Sir Robert's death," he thought at the moment. "Kithmorie used to say that women was devils," he muttered, "and this one is worse than the last!"

The boy did not speak until he fell exhausted upon the bed. "Wake me if anything comes," he whispered in a strained voice. "Don't forget!"

The servant had waited restively in a corner of that little room while the dawn grew strident and bold outside the windows. Once or twice he went over to the bed and covered the boy carefully as a woman might. From

where he sat on his couch he could hear a wild, irregular breathing. When he became too nervous to sit still, and began prowling about like a caged animal, great sighs would burst from the sleeper. Ah, something was coming—on its way, something the boy wanted.

"What is it?" asked Philip, sitting up in bed. Then he snatched the telegram from the other's shaking hand, tore it open eagerly and read:

Forgive me, but it was the only way. I am leaving for Tuxedo on the ten o'clock train. Follow me at one. There is something to say. I think I can say it as I should. I must see you again.

There was no signature.

Three hours later a footman led Philip through the disordered rooms of Eve's country house. Her arrival had been so unexpected that the housekeeper was unable to give the place even a semblance of order.

"Just through that passage, sir. That's the morning room where the sun is. You'll find Mrs. Brookford there, sir."

Philip's heart gave a leap as he hurried forward.

She was arranging some bits of old china on the chimneypiece when she heard his footsteps.

"Eve!" he said.

She went forward and gave him both her hands, then drew them away hurriedly.

For what seemed to him an eternity she did not speak. There was a gust of sunlight in the wide room. It gave her hair a strange radiance and made her look younger and more ethereal.

"Forgive me," she said finally, raising her wonderful eyes.

"What, Eve? There is nothing to forgive."

"For leaving—for not keeping my word."

She went over to a table and began opening a box of flowers. She tried not to look at him.

After a time she spoke.

"I suppose you think I am quite mad to fly here in this way. I couldn't stay in New York another moment. I

thought of this place. It was away from my life—something new—out of the turmoil. Perhaps you do not know that feeling. All last night, after—well, everything sordid and hateful in my life seemed to freeze and burn me by turns."

He, too, became shy, palsied, as it were, with apprehension. He watched her separating the different-colored tulips, studying her face.

"You sent for me," he said at last. "You needed me again; you love me—"

She caught her breath. There was a sob in it.

"You love me," he said again.

"I do," she said; "I do, boy. Because I love you so, I sent for you; I wanted to say good-bye as a brave woman might say it—not as a coward."

Into his eyes had come a brooding tenderness. "I walked all night after you left Porter's," he whispered. "I saw the last crowds leave the place and the scrubwomen entering by a side door at dawn. Toward morning rain came on— Once a policeman spoke to me—"

"I was following you all night. I heard the rain."

"I know it, dear. I felt I had lost you—and yet— This morning, when the telegram came, I knew you loved me again. I always know that, Eve; all night I was sure of *that*. I felt for a moment that you loved me in the old way."

"I do," she cried piteously.

"Ah, but it is different, somehow."

"That woman—what she said."

"She is very weak."

"Oh, you don't know how weak I am. I am so weak that I am afraid of myself."

He moved toward her. He stretched out his arms pleadingly, but she drew farther away, the sob breaking in her throat.

From the garden, where the daffodils were swaying in the warm breeze, came the voice of a child drooning a little jumble of a song to his nurse.

"If I had gone I should never have seen him again. I did not think of that

last night when I left you. I thought only of the tragedy of love—the love outside the law. That woman said—that it could go from—to—"

"From body to body," he said boldly. "Some men answer the lure, or seek it because they are searching for a kindred mind. Oh, damn it—damn everything— It's all so complex—Life is so hard for people who are beyond the brute people."

"Yes, that something in us—that something half divine makes us suffer. The mind that can give everything outside the things that keep humanity in order is seldom lovely."

"I cannot urge you—I cannot. I feel like a man whose blood is turning to sawdust." Off in a far night his mother's sad face was smiling at him. She had given her all to love outside the law and had died for it.

"You are trying to listen with me to some distant music—a music we cannot hear distinctly. It is very far off."

"You are making me pure, Eve—a pure man." He laughed bitterly.

For a moment she looked into his face as she would have looked into the face of the child in the garden. "Dear," she spoke softly, "I seem to be holding a pair of scales. In one scale there is a thrilling episode that could only prove a hurt to me. Yes, dear, I speak selfishly. In the other are the long, long years. I want to dream of you until I become an old, old woman. Somewhere there must be a place for a love like ours."

He was about to speak, but turned away. Before them, through the many windows, lay the painted forests, stretches of gold and pale green, flecked with the silver of birches and the changeful reds of wild hedges. It was a wonderful vista of waving glades and hill upon hill slowly mounting to cloudless, perfect sky. The two who gazed upon it, baffled and bewildered and helpless in the hands of fate, felt some of its terror. Young hearts have sung of its beauty since the world began, but only the young can gaze at it unafraid. The tired marchers on the little road to nothingness shiver at its

brilliant beauty. Spring woos spring, but mocks at autumn. How many never felt even one of her warm kisses! How many took her as a matter of course and woke up and found her gone!

"Can you go back to him?" he asked sternly.

"In the eyes of the world, yes."

Suddenly he threw himself on a couch and buried his head in his hands.

"Don't take it so, Philip—don't, dear! I can be brave. I shall go on in this Gotham circus some of us find so dull—ah, yes, most of us find it dull, I am afraid. As I grow older I may grow to like my part; most people think it is such a big part, you know. Perhaps I'll become devoted to bridge or picture puzzles or go in for reforming political New York. I might engage a theater and do a French play occasionally—only, I should be sorry for my audience; and I don't want to try Richardson dances, for I'm afraid of soiling my feet. Whatever I do, everybody else will do it, I dare say. I'll never, never have to pay any calls—that's the one blessing of the Brookford name. Perhaps I'll become fond of Mrs. Grundy one day. Perhaps I'll join Mrs. Whole in her crusade for a new and well-born 'Four Hundred.'"

She hoped to rouse him with her flippancy, but he never moved. Then, woman-like, she went nearer to him and began to smooth his hair tenderly. "My boy, my beautiful Philip," she murmured, "no woman will ever love you as I have loved you. First you conquered me—all me, do you understand, dear?—and then the little part that was beyond us both. You, too, will dream of me in the spring, dear; you will dream when I am dreaming. You may have many loves, many women you care for, but I shall be first. We were mated before birth, and we

must wait until death to know if"—her voice grew lower—"if things done can never be undone. Oh, my love, are there any sadder words?"

In memory they were together then by a ship's rail. Below them gleamed the dark waters, and off on the distant horizon the witch lights beckoned

"I have lost everything," he said, uncovering his eyes.

"You will go back," she faltered, "back to England?"

"Back to England!" he moaned in anguish. "If I only could! I shall go to Porto Rico first, and India afterward, perhaps. God pity chaps cursed as I am, and all younger sons and wrong ones! Never to go back home—never to go back—"

"You will be brave, wherever you are," she said. "You will be a man."

He walked over to the garden door. The twilight was beginning to bruise the tree tops in the grove.

Her eyes followed him. His face had never been so godlike, and he seemed to be searching for something beyond the tree tops.

As she watched him the passion of his wooing still lingered in her ears. His vows that she would never ask him to keep lay at the gates of her heart as dream children lie on the shrunken breasts of spinsters, as dead kisses burn on thirsting lips.

"Kiss me, and say 'I love you, Philip.'"

She kissed him—once on each cheek and on the forehead. Then her white lips met his lips; the kiss made the sign of the cross. Slowly he tore himself from her arms. Beyond the garden lay the darkening road. There were tears in her eyes as she followed him to the door, but behind them shone the light of renunciation, of self-conquest, the light that must illuminate the throne of the Almighty.



"THE way of the transgressor is hard." It ought to be, after all the travel that's passed over it.

LOVE CRY

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

LURED as the earth lures summer,
Wooing as sunlight the seed,
I am the mystical comer;
I am the Will and the Deed.

Over and over forever
The glad, sad story is told,
Fleeing, escaping me never;
I am your Shower of Gold.

Subtle as April creeping
Flower-shod out of the south,
I am the Dream in your sleeping;
Fever am I at your mouth.

Like a hush that falls before singing,
Awful as death and birth,
I am the May Fog clinging;
You are the Earth!

But, lo, in my garden of wonder
Under the wooing moon,
Bursts, as from silence the thunder,
The blood-dyed rose of June!

Oh, wild as a tiger in springing,
Oh, swift as a cloud-flung fire,
Like storm blades from sky rifts outflinging,
I am Desire!

For mine are the pangful kisses
That waken the dream in the dust;
Bringer of aching blisses,
Cruel I seem as Lust.

I come like a wind of disaster
Flinging the whips of the rain!
Oh, I am the pitiless Master;
I am glorified Pain!

THE SMART SET

This is the Story of Stories
 (The Rain and the Seed and the Sod)
 Awful with glooms and glories,
 These are the rites of the god!

But, oh, when the storm and its riot
 Sleep in the after hush,
 I am the dawn-filled Quiet;
 I am the Thrush.

I am the Sun to cherish;
 I am the Dew to feed
 You with your blooms that perish,
 Martyrs unto the Seed.

Ancient and ending never,
 This is the Law and the Plan:
 Oh, you are the Woman forever,
 And I am the Man!



RECIPROCITY

By OLIVE BALFOUR

SHE sewed a button on my coat,
 For I was far from mother.
 "'Tis such a thing," she said to me,
 "As I'd do for my brother."

She looked so pretty sitting there,
 I quickly stooped and kissed her.
 "'Tis such a thing," I said to her,
 "As I'd do to my sister!"



EASY

FRIEND—Could you explain the tariff to a man if you were allowed to canvass for votes?

MISS SUPFRAGETTE—Of course, I could. It's something that makes you wear silk gloves when you prefer kid.

THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF

By EDWIN MAIN POST

ONE day in the early part of the month of April, when one sees Paris at her best, a smart automobile dashed around the corner from the Champs Élysées into the Avenue de l'Alma and stopped in front of an apartment house there. A man jumped out and hurried past the *concierge* to the elevator, into which he sprang and set the button for the car to stop at the third floor, quite as one who had been there before and knew the way. He was tall and distinguished-looking, dressed in the height of fashion, and showed his high birth and breeding in every movement.

As the elevator slowly ascended he seemed to manifest great impatience, and when it finally reached the third floor and stopped, he opened the gate quickly and hurriedly rang the bell at the door of Du Plessis's apartment. This was at once opened by a serving man, who bowed respectfully as he recognized the visitor, the Comte Raoul de Prette-Marle, and said, without awaiting an inquiry: "Monsieur is in the study, Monsieur le Comte, and is anxiously awaiting you."

Handing his hat and cane to the servant, Raoul almost ran to the door of the study and hurriedly entered the room, to find his friend Du Plessis sitting at a writing desk with his pen in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth. It was evident that his ideas were not entirely clear, for the sheet of paper before him contained only the one word, "Monsieur." As Raoul burst into the room, Du Plessis looked up and said: "There you are at last, thank God!"

"But, my dear Armand," Raoul re-

plied, "you telephoned me only an hour ago, and then I was in my bath. I have hurried so that I fear my toilet is not as perfect as I could wish, but you told me you needed me urgently, and here I am. What is the matter?"

"The matter! You leave me here alone with that sheet of paper before me, and you see I have been able to write only the word 'Monsieur'! Does that not tell you that something serious troubles me?"

"Yes, my dear friend, that is most unusual and looks very serious. Tell me all about it."

"You and I have been the closest friends ever since the time when we were at St. Cyr together. You saved my life when we were in Algeria with the regiment, and I saved yours when you were about to drown in the North Sea. I spend your money when I need it, and you return me the compliment of spending mine when you have none of your own. Now I have a real service for you to do for me. Ah, stop! Not a word! I know perfectly well what you would say, but it is not at all necessary. I would consider myself unworthy of your friendship if I asked you first if you are willing to do me a favor. That is not what has caused me to send for you; indeed, had I been able to conclude this letter myself, I should not have sent for you until the matter was all settled."

"Then tell me what you wish to put in the letter, and perhaps I can help you."

"Do you know De Nancy, a major of the Twelfth Cavalry?"

"I have had the honor of meeting him, but do not know him sufficient-

ly well to number him among my friends."

"*Mon Dieu*, that is too bad! I wish you knew him better. But still, is there nothing you have observed about him which displeases you, eh? Nothing in his personal appearance which annoys you?"

"*Ma foi!* I do not see what you are driving at. As far as I can remember, his appearance is rather pleasing than otherwise."

"There you are, false friend, cutting the ground away from under my feet instead of helping me. I had thought of a dozen things about him that you might have taken exception to, but now I am entirely at sea as to what to put in your letter."

"My letter? And to De Nancy?"

"Why, yes, Raoul, your letter. It seems that this De Nancy has mortally insulted you in some manner which must not transpire, and as I alone know how he has insulted you—or, more properly, you through the person of your friend, my humble self—I have been seeking some pretext upon which you can fight with him."

"I am to fight De Nancy? When?"

"Tomorrow morning, if the matter can be arranged. So you see, you must think of something that happened to annoy you the last time you met him."

"*Eh, bien!* Let me see. It was at the Club Royal, the day before yesterday. He accepted my invitation to join our party at one of the tables and drank with us, but I cannot remember that anything out of the ordinary happened."

"Think, my dear Raoul, I pray you; something must have occurred. Did he by any chance spill a drop of wine on you? No? Perhaps he made a disagreeable noise when he drank? No? *Mon Dieu*, this is getting very serious! Can you think of nothing?"

"The only incident that I can recall to mind occurred as he took his leave. He dropped his handkerchief on the floor and I picked it up and handed it back to him."

"Good! That is splendid! A man

has no right to go about the world dropping things for others to pick up. It must have been deliberately planned to place you in a menial position. By the way, can you remember the color of the handkerchief? Nearly everyone may have a deep antipathy to some color, a feeling that is too common to arouse remark."

"I think it was of red and black silk."

"Red and black! Better and better! We get on famously. German colors, and most apt to arouse the fighting instincts of a Frenchman. We have found all that we needed. Sit down here at my desk and compose the letter. Say: 'Monsieur, people annoy me extremely who have the habit of dropping their handkerchiefs for other people to pick up, and as for red and black, they are colors I never could abide.' Now add something about being mortally insulted by this and other things, and say that your friend, Du Plessis, bears the letter and will arrange a meeting. Now, let me see it."

Raoul wrote as his friend prompted and handed the note to him to read. Du Plessis expressed himself as satisfied and returned the letter to Raoul, who placed it in an envelope and sealed and addressed it. Handing it to his friend, he calmly lit a cigarette and inquired:

"Am I sufficiently insulted to kill this gentleman, or will it do if I merely wound him?"

"My friend, I desire only that he be punished, not killed. Stop—an idea! It occurs to me that we had better make a mystery of the color of the handkerchief, for then people will think this is the real cause of the quarrel. Let us speak of the affair as that of the blue handkerchief, but we will privately start the report that it was not blue, at all, and then all Paris will scent some deep mystery. Now I will leave you here and take your motor to seek De Nancy. *Au revoir*, Raoul."

Left alone, Raoul picked up from the table a romance by Anatole France and soon was lost in the interesting

tale. In less than an hour Du Plessis returned, his face expressing the greatest satisfaction. In the exuberance of his delight he folded his friend in his arms and cried:

"Raoul, it is all settled, just as we would have it! That De Nancy is really a charming fellow. He was most accommodating, especially as to the color of the handkerchief. He even allowed that he himself had a predilection for blue. Really, when this affair is concluded, I think we ought to admit him among our best friends. You fight tomorrow morning in the Bois de Boulogne, and with swords, too!"

"That is well, Armand; and now let us go to the Fencing Club and practise, for I have not had a foil in my hands for a month."

The two friends went out together and spent an hour with the foils; then they dined together quietly and simply, Du Plessis taking Raoul to his apartment and seeing him safely disposed in bed. Promising to call for him early in the morning, and strictly enjoining upon him the need for a good night's rest, Du Plessis took an affectionate leave of his friend and went off to perfect the arrangements for the meeting.

The next morning at ten minutes before six o'clock Raoul, accompanied by Du Plessis, Captain Mornaye and a surgeon, drove up in his automobile to the appointed spot. They had scarcely time to descend, when De Nancy and two of his friends arrived. The formality of the mutual introductions having been gone through with, Raoul and De Nancy took off their coats and vests, received each a sword and took their stand opposite each other.

At Du Plessis's cry, "On guard, gentlemen!" they gravely saluted each other and crossed their swords.

In a few moments it was very evident that both were masters of the sword, and their admiring friends enjoyed the exhibition of skill unfolded to their eyes. They fought warily, and, to the uninitiated, it might have

seemed somewhat tamely, but each swordsman was intent upon running his adversary through without delivering a mortal wound.

Five minutes passed without a touch by either, and then Raoul felt that the wrist of his adversary was beginning to tire. He forced the attack more boldly, and after a brilliant exchange of thrusts and parries, was skillful enough to find his way through De Nancy's guard and touched him near the shoulder. The thrust was made with the rapidity of lightning, and the onlookers saw the blade pass right through the arm.

As Raoul jumped back, De Nancy dropped his sword and cried, "I am touched!"

Immediately the surgeon rushed forward to make an examination of the wound, while Raoul's seconds hurried up to congratulate their friend. In a few moments one of De Nancy's seconds approached them and reported that the surgeon found his principal in no condition to continue the combat. He then added that Monsieur de Nancy was entirely satisfied, and begged his adversary to do him the honor of shaking hands with him.

Raoul at once went over to the wounded man and said: "My dear Monsieur de Nancy, I pray you to give me your hand. I trust your hurt is not a serious one, and beg the privilege of being numbered among your friends."

De Nancy received these advances with the best grace in the world, and then Raoul and his party took their leave, after saluting everyone present. Soon afterward, having breakfasted in Du Plessis's apartment, the two friends were seated in the study, enjoying their cigarettes and a glass of cognac.

"And now, Armand, would it be an indiscretion to inquire why I fought De Nancy?" asked Raoul.

"Not in the least, my dear friend. You certainly deserve that much satisfaction, and I will gladly tell you. The other day the Comtesse de Crevecoeur gave a *fête* for her children in the Parc Monceau, at which a number of our mutual friends were present, including

De Nancy. At a moment when quite a number of people were gathered around the Comtesse and her young son, he took advantage of a pause in the general conversation to place his hand upon the head of the boy and say:

"What a rare shade of red locks, my little man! Quite the real Titian

color—and your father has such black hair!"

A somewhat puzzled expression came over Raoul's face, and he said:

"But I do not yet see."

"You do not see? *Mon Dieu*, look at my hair! Am I called the Titian-haired beau of Paris for nothing?"



THE AMOROUS DROP OF GASOLINE

By HARRY CLARKE

ONCE a gasoline drop fell in love with a spark
That glowed in a motor beneath her;
She was ready to melt with the love that she felt,
And she wondered what fate would bequeath her.
And she said with a sigh: "I would willingly die,
For my poor heart with love now is laden."
And the spark, in his turn, all the brighter did burn,
To entice the combustible maiden.

Chug, chug, went the motor car. "Oh," gurgled she,
"It's the voice of my lover; he's calling to me!"
With a start toward the spark she began then to caper.
A puff—chug, chug—and the maiden was vapor.



NO SPACE GONE TO WASTE

DEWITT—Does your wife follow the fashions closely?

JEWETT—I should say so; she has one of these "standing room only" dresses.



IS the night before worth the morning after?

HIS SAVING GRACE

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

WITH the finding of white hairs, Johnny Leach found loneliness.

The windows of his room, in a downtown boarding house, faced other windows—back windows of rooms whose occupants attested to his loneliness by playing a part in his life. There was the ground floor room where the Writer lived. Being near-sighted, Johnny Leach could not make out the Writer's face, only that she had a mass of red-brown hair; and that she was young he knew by the way she sometimes threw her mail upon the floor and stamped on it and, again, caught it to her with wild careerings of joy. Then, on the second floor was the Artist's room.

When he came in at midnight, Johnny Leach—who was an actor, comically lined as to face, and as to fame for old men character parts, country-wide—would wave tired hands toward the glare of bluish light and the glow of the Writer's desk, sighing: "Tis a work-a-night world for us a l, friends." This was the part they played in his life.

One morning closed blinds stared. The Writer had moved. Johnny Leach set about making his coffee slowly; he felt old and saddened, as if some good friend had died. Never any more could he see her open her mail; and at night there would be only the Artist's glare—which was very trying upon the eyes. Because he was alone, Johnny Leach laid one hand over his heart and sighed deeply. As he did so, the door burst open, bringing in a rush of air, and Ross McKinder, the rollicking,

glad-eyed, here-today-and-gone-to-morrow nephew of Johnny Leach.

"Uncle Johnny," said Ross, "I'm stung!"

Johnny Leach answered: "If you please, Ross, close the door; I am in my pajamas, and there are several ladies on this landing."

Ross shut the door. "So stung," he affirmed, "that I ought to be howling for the end of the world."

"Might I infer"—Johnny Leach began his breakfast of rolls and coffee—"that you are again out of employment?"

Ross laughed and stretched his arms; he had a queer, ringing laugh, like silver falling upon marble. "Now, honestly, Uncle Johnny, do I look like a fellow who doesn't know where his next meal's coming from?" He thrust his hands into his coat pockets. "Do I?"

Johnny Leach gravely examined the trig, well cut clothes, the smooth hair and fresh-colored face, about whose blue eyes all sorts of happy lines crinkled. "Candidly," he admitted, "you don't. And, in some ways—men taking men for what they seem to be—it is a good thing. But—"

"Of all sad hours of tongue or pen, the saddest are"—when I butt in—eh, Uncle Johnny?" Ross smiled and then frowned. "I've lost my job—a job that was going to develop into a position, and then into an easy chair and, finally, into a throne, because yesterday six big bugs got together for a conference and three little bugs for some stunts with notebooks. I—being a little bug spotted by ill luck—fixed my eye upon the way one of the big bug's

ears wiggled when he disagreed, and, as he exploded every other minute, those ears got me going. Honestly, Uncle Johnny, they were the funniest things you ever saw!"

Johnny Leach compressed his lips severely.

"Knowing me," went on Ross, "you know what's coming. Right in the middle of the big bug's engrossment over some deal or other, a little bug roared out laughing. Of course, I tried to explain, and couldn't. So I grabbed my hat, and here, after a good night's rest, I am."

"But, my dear boy, go back again this morning and explain—"

"No use. Hundreds of little bugs, solemn as owls, on the same path."

Johnny Leach set down his cup. "You amaze me!" he said.

"And the very worst of it all is"—Ross began rolling up bits of a morning paper and throwing them across the room—"that my whole fool life seems like a side splitting farce. I can't get glum."

"A most extraordinary character! You are losing one life chance after another through, what seems to be, an unbecoming—levity. Have you no ambition?"

Ross threw more bits of paper. "Dead loads of it."

"Then I should say that you feel a desire to find your place. You are a ship without anchor—drifting."

"Straight on the head," confirmed Ross. "And I've never undertaken anything, from a college game to running a crosstown car, that some misadventure didn't overtake me."

The brass-bound traveler's clock striking nine, Johnny Leach began a hasty toilet. Fastening the last button of his glove, he said: "My rehearsal is called at half past ten; if you will excuse me, Ross, I must leave you to your own devices."

"But"—Ross threw out his hands—"I've got to pay my tailor's bill. Can't you lend me a berth somewhere?"

Johnny Leach answered with dignity: "I have secured you eight places

of employment. I now feel it incumbent to let you do the 'landing.'"

"Good Lord, Uncle Johnny—"

"The fact arises," Johnny Leach went on steadily, "that you have reached the age of twenty-four. A hopeful age. A fighting age. All sorts of roads are open; I fear the mistake has been mine, in trying to break the stones." He moved toward the door.

Ross jumped up. "Uncle Johnny, you aren't going to leave a fellow in the lurch? Give me one more chance. If it's doing a laughing song into a phonograph record, I won't balk."

With his hand on the doorknob, twice Johnny Leach opened his mouth to speak, and twice remained dumb. Finally, he took the boy's arm, saying: "Come."

"Jolly old uncle!" Ross patted his shoulder. On an uptown train he kept a cheerful fire of small talk blazing, to which Johnny Leach replied abstractedly.

At Ninety-sixth Street they left the train and entered an apartment house. The elevator let them off at Apartment Five, and a maid, in answer to their ring, informed them that Miss Birdsall was at home. Ross stared at Johnny Leach, who glanced at his watch; already he would be three minutes late for his rehearsal. The next second they were on their feet before a slender girl with a mass of red-brown hair.

She hesitated, looked from one man to the other and murmured: "Mr. Leach?"

Johnny Leach bowed. "I understand, Miss Birdsall," he began, "that you are making up the cast personally for the production of your play, 'The Web.'"

"Yes." Her face awoke.

"Hearing that your second lead is unfilled, I take the liberty of presenting an applicant for the part—Mr. Ross McKinder."

If Ross was astounded at the "berth" his uncle had landed for him, there was no evidence of it in the graceful bending of his body. With guilelessness calculated to win any woman under a hundred, and in unnaturally

deep tones, he met the situation with: "I am a rising young tragedian."

Johnny Leach started.

"Hearing of your predicament, and realizing how few actors are to be had—you know sometimes a manager can't produce a play because of the scarcity of players—I listened to Mr. Leach's plea. And now that I'm here"—Ross suddenly lapsed into his natural manner—"why, I'm surely glad I'm here!"

"But, Mr. McKinder," Miss Birdsall hesitated, her face softly flushed, "we won't be able to offer you any great financial inducement—at least until 'The Web' has settled down for a New York run."

Johnny Leach, watching her, asked himself: "Why does this girl write a play? She'd only have to look at her complexion to know she couldn't!"

"Oh, that'll be all right," Ross assured her. "'The play's the thing.'"

Miss Birdsall leaned toward him. "Every manager in New York has refused it a tryout. It was last winter I decided to make the effort myself; I've been saving ever since. And I'm going to succeed!" She drew a deep breath. "I'm going to make them crawl on their knees after the morning papers are out. The critics are just!"

In his long life, Johnny Leach had heard this form of words so many times! And not once, not once, had he witnessed the crawling managers after the morning papers were out; oftener the playwrights were upon their knees! For half a second he was tempted, even at the breaking of her high hopes, to tell her this. But he only sighed and admired the color of her hair.

"Isn't it strange," she said, regarding Ross meditatively, "that you can never tell an actor without his make-up! I should think you a born comedian."

"My beginnings are humorous," admitted Ross. "But my ends—Hamlet isn't in it!"

"Everybody stabbing everybody else, you mean? I haven't much of that in my play, though"—her face

lightened—"in the second act you do murder an old gentleman."

"I—what? Oh, say, let me down easy; don't make me out as bad a man as that!" Ross seemed to think that she was joking.

But Johnny Leach understood, and got to his feet, feeling the horror of breaking a butterfly's wings. Miss Birdsall gave Ross a card to her manager, saying that a rehearsal was now in progress at a downtown hall. Then the two men received a warm hand-clasp and good-bye.

In the street Ross broke out: "Taking her poor little savings! They're a set of grafters! What'll be the end? She's being fleeced and— Honestly, Uncle Johnny, I haven't the nerve!"

"You've just mislaid it, then," retorted Johnny Leach drily. When they reached the rehearsal hall he halted; Ross looked alarmed.

"If you've grit enough to get the part," said Johnny Leach, "good luck to you. If you haven't— At any rate, I invite you out to dinner this evening; you can let me know the outcome."

A wild gleam shone in Ross's eyes. "I've never tackled anything like this," he groaned. "Come on up, Uncle Johnny."

"Good morning, Ross." Johnny Leach turned and walked off. When he looked back, Ross was nowhere to be seen. Whether he had skirted around the corner, or dashed into the hall was a matter of conjecture.

In the evening, seated in his favorite café, with the waiter bearing down upon them with soup and bread sticks, Johnny Leach looked at Ross and said: "Begin."

Ross burst out: "It's the most awful mess! The manager—old cheat—who is seeing the thing through because she's paid him a lump sum, took me with nothing more than a wink."

"You amaze me!" said Johnny Leach.

"The leading man looks like he hasn't had an engagement since he played extra. The leading lady's name is Mamie Mudd, and a fat guy, who has

an important role, told me he was a professor. That impressed me some; I thought I'd misjudged him—especially his breath. 'A professor!' I repeated. 'What of?' Guess what he was a professor of, Uncle Johnny!"

Johnny Leach held his spoon in abatement.

"A professor of dog washing and flea exterminating. It's the queerest bunch for a Broadway first night that you ever had nightmare about."

"The only thing," Johnny Leach said, "is to grasp the possibilities of your part."

Ross snapped a piece of celery fiercely.

"Is it really so—"

"The play's on the bum; but the playwright—" Ross heaved an ecstatic sigh.

Johnny Leach remembered that, earlier in the evening, Ross had sung to himself. "A boy never sings," he reflected, "until he falls in love; before that he whistles. Ah!" When they had separated for the night, and Johnny Leach was fitting his latchkey, he mused: "The beginning of a romance!" And then, again, "The beginning of a romance!" Somehow, the words made his breath come short at the top of the stairs, and made the air that rushed out from his room seem lonely, shut in, the dry breath of dead days, and things that might have been but were not.

Thoughts calling for companionship made Johnny Leach go straight to his window. But, as far as "'tis a work-a-night world" his words trailed off. The Artist's light was there; but where the Writer's glow had shone like tender stars was only a blot of darkness. With hands that shook a little, Johnny Leach pulled down his shade; tears were in his eyes.

The evening of "The Web's" first night, Johnny Leach made a discovery. He was to take Miss Birdsall to the theater. When she came dancing into the room, in the lace gown and broad, plumed hat, she was to make her speech in, he cried:

"I know who you are. You're the Writer!"

Then, after he had asked and answered questions, he found that she was the Writer, and that all the time he had been saying "'tis a work-a-night world," she had been writing "The Web."

"Well, well!" beamed Johnny Leach. "What a tiny world! What a magical world!"

Miss Birdsall waved one of her long white gloves. "Oh, I'm prepared for anything tonight—a trip to the moon, a journey to the stars! I'd like to know the heights, the wonderful, dizzying, dizzy places!"

"People sometimes lose their balance," he warned.

"Do they? I shouldn't. When a person has tasted heartache, success isn't going to hurt him!" She laughed, with a little catching of her breath.

Johnny Leach took the sparkling face between his palms. "Whatever fickleness an ever fickle public shows, rest assured no fault can be found with your gown—nor you."

"My gown!" she repeated, and then, with something rising in her eyes, so that his hopes of her not caring overmuch were, in an instant, shattered: "What do you mean? Not that my play might—fail?"

Johnny Leach was not cruel. "Working so patiently," he fenced—"with your life before you to rectify mistakes! You are as hopeless as Ross. Come! It is late."

She followed to the taxicab he had procured for the occasion. When they stopped before the theater there was a kind of tremble in her face. From their box she watched the people being ushered down the aisles. "'The Web' has a problem in it," she said. "Do you think they look like people who would cry?"

Johnny Leach nodded, but his thoughts ran: "They look more like people who would laugh."

The girl was leaning forward now, her eyes upon the sea of faces, her voice hushed to a tender breath. "I'd like to go up and sit with you,

people in the gallery; I'd like to thank you for the tears you're going to shed and your strong interest. Then I'd like to find a seat with you, people in the balcony, with your husbands and families; I'd like to touch your hands. And you, people in the best seats, you won't cry, perhaps, but you'll listen, and maybe send me a message with your white-gloved hands. Oh, I'd like to be close, close to all of you—because you are my dream!"

"Look!" said Johnny Leach. "The curtain has gone up."

Then came a time when Johnny Leach wanted to clap his hands over his ears and run. Whatever value—and, at best, a small value—"The Web" possessed was overwhelmed by the leading lady, named Mamie Mudd, and the leading man, who glared hungrily at a stage property loaf of bread. What a company! They tore words into shreds and flung the shreds at the audience. By the time the curtain fell on the first act there was no room left for climaxes; all climaxes had been grappled with and overthrown. They were deadly, obviously in earnest, but—

It was the repetition of an old story. People looked at each other; some of them laughed; some of them left the house. When the lights went up Johnny Leach faced Miss Birdsall with outstretched, pitying hands. He received something of a shock.

"Isn't it—wonderful!" she breathed.

Johnny Leach blinked dazedly.

"So big! So engrossing! All strength and tears!" She turned toward the worse than indifferent audience. Her gaze blessed them. "If they are this way now, Mr. Leach, what will they be when Mr. McKinder comes on?"

What, indeed? Thinking of this, and waiting for Ross's appearance, which occurred in the second act, Johnny Leach found little chills going over him; and his throat tightened as it always did before his own entrances.

When, with his characteristic ease of manner, Ross walked on the stage and turned his face, irresistibly young, with something twinkling in the back

of his eyes, toward the audience, Johnny Leach smiled. Catching his poise, he glanced about guiltily. Where the footlights outlined other faces, his smile was reflected.

Ross spoke—lines fraught with tragic meaning. Someone in the gallery laughed. Ross spoke again. Something, intangible in itself, yet clearly felt, went over the house, a soft stirring.

Johnny Leach, starting, knew what it meant.

Ross began to play his part. Rippling forerunners of applause were audible. Every time Ross moved people laughed. And, as if unconsciously answering, Ross began to twist all lines to his own purposes, to work for that sound!

As the house awoke, unwilling at first and then gladly, emotion, too solemn for any mood of declaration, swelled Johnny Leach's heart. With practised eyes he watched; with practised emotions he understood. Ross was a comedian! He closed his eyes, trying to adjust the idea, that was strange to him. And yet, a good mission to create laughter, not by buffoonery, but by the lifting of an eyebrow, the confidential look across the footlights. A good mission—a saving grace!

He opened his eyes to scan the people. Here was a critic's nutcracker face chopped up by smiles; there was a white-waistcoated old gentleman with his head thrown back; and there—and there—and there! With fast rising glee Johnny Leach spotted them. "Good, Ross!" he chuckled. "Good!"

The play awoke; problems became satires, and human questions comical answers. When the curtain fell a flaming whirl enveloped Johnny Leach, of which Ross was the center. And the applause! The test! The curtain lifted again and again. Frankly hanging over the box rail, Johnny Leach counted. "Five times! God bless him! Again! Good, Ross, good! Now, boy—again!"

Suddenly a hand grasped his arm and a face, hot with choking fury and

tears that ran down whitened cheeks, bent close.

Johnny Leach turned cold. He had forgotten—her!

The tragedy of Miss Birdsall's face was only outdone by the tragedy of her wailing cry: "This Ross McKinder has ruined my play!"

The curtain rose for the seventh time. Ross was laughing now, the triumph of a king who had found an unguessed kingdom. Johnny Leach saw his look seeking their box, saw the eager, glad questioning of it. He

caught the girl's hands in his and brought them together.

She seemed to understand. For a second she hesitated; then, of her own accord, her hands moved toward each other in applause. But the cry on her lips repeated itself: "This Ross McKinder has ruined my play!"

Johnny Leach felt the eyes of his boy upon him. One hand outstretched in glad acknowledgment; the other went to her. "Girl, girl," he triumphed, "this Ross McKinder has made your fortune!"



THE CHOICE

By FRANCES E. DEEDS

MIST on the highlands and light on the meadows,
 Tears on the mountain but sun on the lea,
 Purple the pathway that climbs to the shadows,
 Golden the roadway that leads down to thee.
 Ah, love, shall I climb? Shall I hark to the voices?
 Shall I follow the mists, to the heights press alone
 Up, up the wild solitudes, leaving thee loveless,
 To the cold of the hilltops where Fame claims her own?

Gray, gray are the ways that lead lone to the highlands,
 Sweet, sweet are thy meadow paths, warm is the glow
 Of the great man heart that toils in thy rye lands,
 And it's back to the warmth would my woman heart go.
 Life of thy life shall stir there within me,
 Heart of thy heart beat softly with mine;
 What's praise of the world when thy joy is in me?
 What's heart of the world when I live in thine?

So it's down the steep path which my feet have climbed bleeding,
 Out of the purple and into the glow;
 Back to the empty man heart that is needing
 The warm tide of mine to meet its overflow.
 Ah, the drear highlands!
 Ah, the dear lowlands!
 What's fame on the mountains with love here below?

FATE'S JESTING

By FRANK H. SHAW

THE hard, breathless struggle had left Myers panting and weak, but he laughed grimly as he sank down on the projecting cliff ledge he had reached. His mad battling with the steep, following on that equally mad pacing up and down the tide-fretted beach, with the lash of a rising storm blowing the spindrift recklessly into his fiercely staring eyes, had suited his mood. The conflict and the striving had warred with the evil passion that constantly asserted itself, and now it was with something like a sense of peace that he rested from his toil.

It was quite dark. He had dined two hours before, and had drunk as much of his host's old wine as was good for him. No wonder; he had a deep and all-abiding shame to drown—he had to find justification for his actions of the afternoon just past.

"I'll go on after a while," he said to himself, turning his face to greet a licking feather of spindrift that was hurled upward in gay sportiveness from below. "Whew! That's been a teaser of a climb!" He looked upward, and something of an imprecation escaped him. The cliff, that had been difficult of ascent below, was now impassable. Search as he would, he could make out no possibility of ascent. An overhanging mass of limestone effectually closed the passage to the summit, and Marvelstone Hall, where he and his wife were at present staying, stood only a few score yards back from the edge of the cliff.

"No use worrying before it's time to worry," he said philosophically. "I'll have to go down the way I've come, that's all. Meanwhile—"

Aye, meanwhile there was much to occupy his attention. Like a flash his thoughts flew to his proudly beautiful wife, the high-spirited girl he had married five short—nay, they were as long as eternities—five years ago. Five years of—what? Not happiness—no, not that. For him they had been five years of alternate anger and remorse; for from the first the black temper that had always been the curse of his line had shown itself naked and unashamed, and times without number had Elsa Myers fled before his shameful wrath in deadly fear. He had found she possessed a very proper pride of her own; she refused to be looked upon as a mere household accessory, something to obey his lightest word, or to tremble at his command. Therefore he had set to work to break that pride, had set to work with a crafty determination that was almost fiendish. And the result had been—he was thinking over that result as he crouched on the rock ledge.

A vision of his wife, her beautiful face white and strained, her great eyes starting from their sockets, the shrinking quiver of her whole form—he stirred with an oath, and a pang of sudden remorse bit him like an actual pain.

"Well, she deserved it," he justified himself to himself. "She shouldn't have shown herself so damned superior. That cursed sneer of hers—Bah! I'd do it again if the occasion offered." And in the shadows there waved before him mockingly a pair of soft, white hands, the wrists of which were blackened and abraded. He set his teeth and ground out black curses; he was remembering more than that—remembering the hiss and thud of a falling dogwhip on bare

shoulders. He had flogged his wife like a very cur but that afternoon for some fancied slight, some imagined coldness. No wonder she was cold as death to him!

"She's got warmth somewhere," he ground out between his teeth. "I'll find it yet, damn her! She's my wife, and she's too proud to speak a word. I'll break her yet; I'll—"

He ceased suddenly, for above his head he had heard a sound of voices. Because he was a gentleman, despite that inherited evil taint, he would not listen willingly; he crouched down, crept to the edge and looked over, measuring his descent. It was heart stopping in its perilousness, and he crept back again, his wine-buoyed nerves a-shiver, now that the first strength of the wine was spent.

"Elsa—Elsa—do you think I haven't seen? My heart bleeds for you, and I—I'd give my soul to help you."

Myers no longer tried to shut his ears. There could be but one Elsa in the vicinity—his wife. The wind had lulled a little; a feeling of intense oppression filled the air. It was making ready for a thunderstorm; but the elements seemed to stand still to listen to that dialogue above. Myers strained his ears. He heard a low moan, that was stifled with a forced laugh, and the sound of that laugh made the listener's blood boil.

"There's nothing wrong," he heard his wife say. Yes, it was his wife; no doubt of that. Had he not grown to know every tone in her deep, vibrant voice, to understand every inflection?

"There is; I'm not blind. It's not the first time I've noticed you this way. If there's nothing wrong, why are you wearing a high-necked dress this evening? Why these lace ruffles round your wrists? Come, tell me!"

"A mere whim. I felt cold tonight, and so—"

"That's a brave lie, my girl, a brave lie. But it's hotter tonight than it has been for weeks, and so that excuse won't go down. Come, tell me. We aren't altogether strangers."

"No; there's nothing to tell. Ah, don't—no, leave me. You mustn't—

you mustn't—" There was the sound of a sobbing breath; then followed a low, hoarse cry.

"God bless that passing cloud—it made the darkness light! So, that's why Elsa Myers wears a high-necked dress! That's why she wears lace ruffles over her wrists! Ah, bruises—scratches! I suppose you'll go one better now and say that it's the cat! But I know better. Curse him, can't I recognize his handiwork? Elsa, how much longer is it going to continue? I can't bear it—I can't bear it!"

"I've borne it for five weary years; what can it matter to you?"

"To me? Everything, Elsa! I've fought it down and choked it, but it won't die. It's no use; seeing your white skin torn and bruised like that forces me to speak. Elsa, I love you; I've loved you ever since that first day—"

"Hush! I mustn't listen to this! Let me go—you hurt my wrists! Oh, shame on you! I'm not a light woman, as you seem to fancy; I'm a wife, and an honorable wife, please God, to the end of time!"

"Elsa, listen! You're not bound to that brute. I've heard of him; he's half a madman. They say that in those black passions of his he's fit for murder even. Your life isn't worth a minute's purchase if you stay with him. Leave him, Elsa; leave him. What's his honor that you need hesitate? He's no honor; he's a brute beast, that's all. Leave him, dear. I'll make you the happiest woman in all the world. I know a place where it's always summer, where the world doesn't intrude. Come with me to it; come, dear heart!"

"I plighted my troth to my husband," came back the reply in a low, tense voice. "One thing would be harder to bear than—than what I have borne, and that would be dishonor. What's your love worth, sir, when it moves you to entreat me to sacrifice myself to your whim? Shame!"

"It's no whim, girl; I'm in sober earnest. I'm so much in earnest that I dare to risk your anger by asking you again. Come with me. Why consider

Myers? He'll sue for a divorce, and I swear before God that the day which sees you free sees you my legal wife. I'm thinking of you, my queen, only of you. I love you, and every pain you have to bear gives me a thousand. Elsa—Elsa, say you love me, too!"

"And earn your loathing? No, no! I'll be loyal to the man who married me; aye, though he kill me I'll never cause him shame. There must be no more of this. Let us go back to the house. Gregory may have noticed our absence, and—and—he is a suspicious man."

"He's probably—drunk." The answer came in a voice full of suppressed fury. "Isn't he, generally? Elsa, what's the good of sticking at trifles? I love you and— Look at me; come, look me fairly in the eyes and say you don't love me!" There was silence for a little while, during which the listener heard the thumping of his heart loudly. He listened with every nerve keyed, and in his inner soul was a fierce desire to scale that barricade of cliff and stand before the guilty pair, stand there as their righteous accuser.

If he could only once lay his strong knotted hands on the throat of the man above, he would tear it from him with the ease of his mighty anger. Yes, he would have given five years of his life to see the man's tortured face, to hear the drip of his swiftly flowing blood, to watch the writhing soul fly its habitation. The black anger was back full-forced. He lifted himself and clawed softly at the cliff. There was no handhold; further progress was impossible.

A low laugh of complete triumph checked the commencing struggle, and Myers paused, stifling even his breathing to hear what passed.

"Ah, you can't look up! Elsa, sweet-heart, you've confessed it! Now, by that love, I command you to leave the hell you live in and fly with me to a seventh heaven of splendid love. Come!"

"I will not. If I—if I—do so far forget what is due to me as a wife and an honorable woman, I'll forget no further. No, no, my friend. Once this mad pas-

sion of yours had spent itself—you'd loathe me. You'd think how cheaply I came to you, and the sight of me would be worse than the thought of death. I've lived in honor so far, and I'll die an honorable woman. That is the end of it all."

"No, not the end; the beginning only. I'm mad tonight, I think. Who wouldn't be, seeing the sufferings of the woman he loved? But I won't—won't—you know. You can't stop my loving you; it's so much a part of me that death can't stop that. My pure, sweet girl, my peerless one—"

"Take me back. I must go. Listen, someone is coming! It may be Gregory, and—and I'm afraid."

"You might well be afraid of the cur. Stay with me; I feel tonight as if nothing mattered save you. Elsa, I'd give all the world to undo what I said a little while ago. Forgive me, dear. I was mad, I think. I did you wrong in suggesting—thinking—"

"That's how I'd have you—dear." The reply came haltingly. "We must keep our honor bright to the end. Afterward—who knows?"

"Aye, who knows? It may be that there'll be a solution; but the way seems dark as yet. Elsa, give me something to remember you by."

"I? What could I give? No, no, we mustn't remember. It's folly, fatal, suicidal folly, to remember. We must forget that we've been mad—even though it's a sweet madness. Sweet? No, it's bitter, bitter as gall and worm-wood. It's—" The voice trailed away into a soft sobbing, and Myers, torn by his passions, cursed voicelessly into the darkness.

He could picture the scene. As though actually before his eyes, he saw the queenly figure of his wife, bent and drooping, with her face pale and working, and the unknown lover—whoever he was—standing aloof, crushing down the impulse to take the weeping woman in his arms and dry away the tears with his kisses, crushing it down with every atom of his strength so that the unnatural effort left him spent and trembling.

"I—I—we mustn't stay longer," he heard his wife's voice say. "It is too great an ordeal. We mustn't even meet again; it wouldn't be honorable. This will have to be our good-bye, here in sight and sound of the sea."

"I can't go, Elsa. Don't send me away. Give me some little tag of hope to hang on to life by."

"I daren't. I'm bound, and my bonds will hold till death. 'Till death us do part'—that was the contract, and there's no escape. He might torture me, and he might lash me like any slave—does that hurt you, dear?—but I'm bound. 'Only the bound are free,' don't they say? I wonder where my freedom comes in? Not here—perhaps in another existence. I wonder—ah, I wonder very many things. I'm sending you away and—my heart's crying out for you. Dear, I must call on your strength, for my own's going fast. Help me—help me! Can't you see that I'm beginning to want to go with you? Keep me back from the edge; it's a deep and terrible gulf, and—ah, keep me back, dear!"

"Yes; I'll keep you back, Elsa. I'll set your feet on the straight track. It wouldn't do—that other thing that I mentioned. You'd hate me for dragging you down. Yes, I'll go away, and I won't come back until—"

"Until when? You'll never come back. You'll find some other girl, one who isn't shackled for life to a—I won't speak of him. I think I hate that unknown woman who'll capture your heart when I've faded from it."

"There won't be any other woman for me. I love you, you, most wonderful! That's all I have to say. Give me something to carry away, something of yours."

There was silence again, or the voices had sunk so low that Myers could not hear them. Who, he asked himself repeatedly, could the man be? He tried to force recollection, but memory would not serve him. The voice was unfamiliar. To be sure, there was a huge house party staying at the Hall, and he knew not one-half of the men; but who could it be who knew Elsa so well? He

ran through the names of men who had had the entrée to his home; not one of them fitted in with this unseen lover. The majority of his acquaintances would have been deterred by no sense of honor from taking his wife away to her destruction. This Galahad was a stranger; but—he shook his fist savagely into the teeth of the fuming wind—there'd be some sort of reckoning before long. He wasn't the fellow to have his honor flouted in that cool fashion. He'd wreak a just and terrible vengeance for it all.

"I'll treasure it forever, Elsa. It's like you to give it to me. I'll only need to look at it to see your dear face and the pure light of your eyes."

"It's—I don't know. I'm afraid I've done too much. It's telling you to hope, and there isn't any hope. Give it back to me."

"No; that's one thing I can't do. I can hold you back from the perilous brink, but I can't give back—this."

"No; I don't think I should like you to. We women are strange beings, and never in two moods. Keep it; it's one thing that's my own. He didn't give it me. It was my father who had it painted before—before, you know? And when father died I got it. I'd have given it to *him*, but I'd found out that—he wouldn't value it much. And so I've given it to you. I'm sure someone is coming. Let's say good-bye and part."

Myers strained his ears. They were moving away. If he hastened, he might even yet be able to descend the cliff, ascend by the sloping path half a mile away and meet them face to face with his accusation on his lips. He swung himself over the edge, his mighty muscles tightening to the strain; yard by yard he descended, where he had climbed painfully, counting every inch well won.

He would do it yet. Only a bare twenty feet to go—in his eagerness of blind anger he missed a hand grip and fell. It was not serious, but he had hurt himself somewhere; and each succeeding step caused him pain. Curses followed blind curses as he stumbled on. He had lost them. Well, never mind;

he would accuse his wife and wring from her the guilty secret of her love. He knew how to drag confession from her; and when the truth was told he'd seek out the cur who had stolen from him the love of his wife, and would—aye, he'd kill him where he stood.

II

"I SHALL not tell!" She faced him proudly, and the light flush on her cheek was not the flush of conscious shame. Before the righteous anger of her eyes he almost quailed, but Myers had never been a physical coward. Mad with rage as he was, he seized her by the arm and gripped it until the white flesh reddened slowly away from his hold. She made no outcry, but the contempt of her curled lip was fuel to the fire of his passion.

"I tell you, I heard it all. Who is the man? I'll flog you like a dog if you don't confess!"

"I shall not tell. If you heard all, as you say, you heard enough to show you that he was an honorable man."

"Honorable!" he sneered vilely. "Honorable! Honor is a funny thing, if it enables a man to tempt a married woman to desert her husband for the shelter of his arms. Who is he? Ah, and where is that miniature of yourself you wore at dinner?" She went as pale as death, and her hand rose instinctively to her throat. He marked the action and a cruel smile came to his lips.

"So that's the talisman he's going to treasure with his life! I'll drag it from his holding, and his life with it. Tell me his name!"

"I will not. Since you listened so honorably to what passed, you will know that it was he who kept me from making a fool of myself. Have you any conception of what a woman's hatred can be? Because if you have, you will know how you stand in my sight."

"I know what hatred is. Curse you! Curse your guilty paramour, too! Tell me his name!" His right hand was behind his back, and his shoulders twitched. She defied him royally; and

the sight of her beauty was shut out from his eyes in clouds of black anger. Possessed by his evil spirit, Myers was hardly sane. He snatched at her arm again roughly, and his right hand swung out from behind his back.

"Will you tell me—for the last time?" There was no answer, and the cruel lash fell biting across the woman's shoulders. She bit her lip to restrain the tears; he struck her again and again. Then he flung her away like a toy and cursed himself out of her room.

She moved about the apartment blindly, her eyes hard and dry. Then she flung up the window and leaned out. The storm had broken in all its violence, and its cool breath was necessary to her. She let the harsh wind fan her cheek and breast; its touch was kindlier far than that of the man she had married. Slowly the boisterous caress of the loosened elements thawed her frozen agony. Hot tears started to her eyes; she reached out yearning arms to the screaming void of the night.

"Desmond, Desmond!" she moaned. "Come back, come back! I can't bear it alone." But the storm gave her no answer; and she knew the man she loved was gone.

That night she lay awake tremblingly fearful of every sound in the corridor without. But until full morning came nothing disturbed her. Then a knock; the handle was rattled savagely.

"Who's there?"

"I, your husband. Let me in." She threw a dressing gown over her shoulders and opened to him. He strode in with a smile on his face; it was not a pleasant smile.

"I've got orders. Just come; they've been delayed. The regiment is ordered abroad, to the frontier, and I'll have to join at once. You'd better make ready to come; we haven't any time to spare. No, don't think I'm going to leave you here to your lover. You're coming to India with me, curse you, for I'll keep you under my eye as long as I'm able."

"You're ordered abroad? Gregory—will there be fighting?"

"Lots of it. Cheer up; you might be a widow inside a couple of months.

Then your Galahad can come along and claim his virtuous bride."

"Gregory, won't you soften a little? Isn't there anything in the past that can make you think tenderly of me? I'm a faithful wife to you; yes, in spite of your taunts and blows, I'm as loyal to you as ever wife was."

"I've the evidence of my own ears in direct contradiction to that lie. We leave here at once; see that you are ready."

"I'll be ready. Gregory, can't you soften? Can't you become more human?"

"Don't waste time. It would be a fine thing for the regiment if their Major were missing when the roster was called. Wouldn't the Buffs be overjoyed! They sha'n't have the chance."

"Are the Buffs ordered to the front, too?" She waited, her breath choking her, her heart slogging like a steam hammer in her breast. Her every sense seemed held in abeyance, waiting for his answer.

"Yes, ours and the Buffs are going to settle the matter between us."

He turned and left her, and she slowly sank across the bed. The very foundations of her being seemed wrenched away; wherever she looked she saw nothing but black misery and hopeless despair. Desmond Martyn was a captain in the Buffs; and she feared for him. Her husband was nothing to her, less than nothing; but the man she loved was going out to face the leaden death of the frontier.

III

MYERS was not a man to make friends readily, and his own mess knew him too well to give him many chances. But there was one man he would have given his hopes of promotion to have for a friend. He said as much, as the punitive expedition halted at the foot of a tier of rugged hills.

"I like you, Martyn; and I don't like many men, I must say. Why won't you unbend a little from your frosty reserve?"

Martyn knew too much about the questioner to meet him halfway; but men may not always speak the truth. The man who loved Elsa Myers did not know that his protestation of love had been overheard; the two regiments had gone out in different troopships; Mrs. Myers had never seen him again since that night. If Martyn had had his way he would have told Myers that a decent man could have nothing in common with a wife beater; but he feared to voice his disgust, lest in some manner Myers should stumble on the truth. Strangers are not supposed to know of wives whose wrists are bruised and lacerated; and Martyn had been barely a dozen hours at Marvelstone Hall.

"Can't tell; suppose it's my nature," he answered with a laugh that he hoped rang true. "I'm several different sorts of an unsociable brute, believe me. They call me 'Melancholy Martyn,' you know, over in our own mess."

"I see. Well, I'm not going to grovel. But if ever you feel in need of a friend, just come my way, and you'll find me ready to go half the distance. So long." Myers turned and walked away, leaving Martyn gazing after him in some bewilderment. This was surely the grimmest joke fate had played yet: the unconscious husband proffering friendship to the one man in the world who hated him as cordially as ever man hated fellow man; the wife's lover begged to accept the gift of the husband's friendship! It was ludicrous, and Martyn could not keep back the smile. But presently the smile became a black frown.

"Confound him!" he muttered. "Oh, dash it all! If life were not such a medley I could go to the brute and give him the trouncing he deserves. To think that he wanted me to take the hand that beat Elsa! No, no, my friend; I'm not sunk so low yet, thanks."

He was thinking now of Elsa, as he always thought of her. Unconsciously his hand strayed up to the breast of his tunic; he unbuttoned the upper buttons and drew out the little jeweled miniature that hung there, studying the pictured face with burning eyes.

"Elsa, Elsa, I'll be no hypocrite," he murmured. "I love you, dear, and I can't feign friendship for the man who stands between us. No; I'll be consistent, dear. I'm thinking of all those blows and those bruises. Oh, curse Myers! Yes, curse him and curse him again and again!"

The miniature was buttoned back, and Captain Martyn went to the lines of tents that had sprung up like magic.

"There'll be something doing tomorrow," chanted a joyful subaltern, waltzing gaily round his senior. "A spy's come in to say the enemy's massing in strength over the hills; and we're going forward on the run—on the run, Martyn, to clear them out root and branch! Good for the Buffs! We go, we see and we conquer."

Martyn went to his tent and seated himself. For the first time in his life he thought of the chances of death before an engagement. But his thoughts were not of himself; Elsa occupied them to the exclusion of all others.

"She'd feel it if I died," he mused. "I must try to keep alive, for her sake. Not that life is such a sweet thing, either. It's a deuced unpleasant tangle, look at it whichever way you will. I'd as soon die as live, if it weren't for Elsa. But she's enough pain to bear without my inflicting more. Well, if death comes it will be welcome, and if it remains aloof—I'll try to bear it. Who knows? Men die in action, and— No; that isn't what she'd have me think."

But as the camp stirred in the clammy dawn, Martyn found himself more than once counting on the fighting chance. Myers dead, all would be smooth. A decent period of mourning, to satisfy public opinion, and then— He reeled under the sudden rush of ecstatic happiness that the conjecture bred up in him. And men had died in less sanguine engagements than this coming one promised to be. Then he turned about, as the chill wind cut through his ill-nurtured body, and would have loathed himself for the murderous thought, but that a vision of Elsa appeared before him to fill him with an intense longing for the right to love her.

She was worth gaining, no matter what the price. He let his eyes travel over the moving camp, and saw Myers step forth jauntily to his Colonel's side. He waved his hand toward the line of the hills and seemed to be jesting. He was. He had bet his superior fifty pounds that the day should win him a Victoria Cross. For Myers, wife beater and tyrant generally, had in him something of the mad heroism of the born brave. He owed himself nothing on this account. In his black rages he saw nothing but the satisfying of his desire to inflict pain, and the same impulse that had prompted him to lay a cruel thong across his wife's white, shrinking shoulders sent him headlong into danger without counting the cost. And even now, as the regiments moved forward, Myers was working himself up into a frenzy of rage against the hitherto unseen enemy. He glared around on the men under him; and as his eyes lit on more than one white face, in which the lips quivered loosely, he sneered contemptuously. Himself, he had never known fear; it was a thing foreign to his nature, and he could not realize a thing he had never felt.

A lancer galloped up, his horse lathered and foaming. The enemy were in position, far up at the remote end of a gap between two towering hills. The General commanding the expedition made his depositions carefully; a thin line of Highlanders and Ghorkas crept forward, scaled the foothills and began to crown the steepes. The sharp rattle of distant rifle fire grew in volume, and the Buffs and Royals went forward at the double.

The valley became a living hell. A hail of lead met the advancing infantry, and the leading files thinned as smoke before a wind.

"Two companies of the Buffs will advance and clear out that *dongal*!" ordered the General commanding; and Captain Martyn was one of the men who stood forward first. They went ahead gallantly, in wide skirmishing order, crouching belly down to Mother Earth, firing shrewdly, rising and darting on, while the main body of the troops

watched them breathlessly. The Highlanders and Ghoorikas were busy in their own fashion, doing good work; they had no eyes for the growing *mêlée* in the valley beneath.

"Recall those companies!" cried the General, watching everything from a convenient eminence. "Forward the whole line! Good Lord! I hadn't counted on that!" A mad tide of shrieking men had torn out of a hitherto undiscovered defile, and were charging like the wind across the rear of the Buffs. Their advance was covered by scattered boulders of giant size; Martyn and his men had not seen them. But the bugles were pealing brazenly, and the long line of the main force crept forward swiftly.

One long volley and another; it had no more effect on the bhang-maddened fanatics than a dust shower. They charged on over their dead; the blood from the dying spurted upward into their distorted faces and added to their killing lust. Another volley crumbled them, but they closed up the gaps and swept around the shoulder of a hillock just as the Buffs turned. Then the battle grew hand to hand.

Martyn had his men well in hand. Shoulder to shoulder they pressed through the enemy, and the clash of reddened steel on steel was added to the coughing roar of riflery. The smoke hung thickly, but a cold wind swept it away and the scene revealed itself in detail. The Buffs were through; the enemy were falling back; the reserves were coming on. Aye, but slowly; and faster far than they the main body of the Afghans poured down the valley, intent on butchering the steady little knot of survivors.

Myers fumbled with the bridle of his horse, and the reddish mist before his eyes grew thicker. He wanted to be in the thick of the affair, wanted to feel the crunching shudder of hard driven steel in shrinking flesh. He drew his sword and made wild passes about him at thin air; then, as he saw, he drove in the spurs and went forward like a rocket.

"Here goes for that V. C.!" he yelled defiantly to his Colonel, and the horse

snorted as it gathered its hoofs under its body and went down the slope.

Myers had seen Martyn fall, right in the rear of his men. None had heeded him; he lay there on the rough earth, incapable of helping himself in the smallest degree. And the main rush of the Ghazis was growing perilously near. Long before the British line could advance sufficiently far the work must be done; and Myers knew of old the fashion of the Ghazis's treatment of the hostile wounded. But a good man on a good horse might reach the goal in time, just in time. He saw the only man he had ever formed an affection for lying there helpless, and for once the red mist cleared; he saw matters in their true perspective. He must get to the spot first; apart from all honor and glory to be gained, the man he sought for friend was in deadly peril—might even now be dead. No; his straining eyes made out a heave of the recumbent figure; Martyn was trying to rise. The Buffs had fallen back considerably; the enemy were perilously near.

Through packed masses of British troops Myers forced his way, heedless of warning cries, of loud yelled blasphemies. His eyes were set on that one figure; with the coolness that alternated with his blind rages, he marked the diminishing distance between the van of the advancing hordes and the single figure, clear cut against the earth.

"Go on, you brute!" he raved, and drove the bloody spurs still deeper. With a cry like a suffering human the horse responded, tucked its great thighs beneath its belly, and launched forward. Clear of the British troops, and still many a long rod to go! On, with the horse's tortured breath coming like the sob of a dying gale; on and on! The earth slid past like the speeding of a tide river; Myers cleared his sword point and prepared for what might come. Scattered bullets hissed about his head; he laughed at them with a grand defiance. And so he reached his goal.

"Up, man! Bear a hand!" He was down on the ground, his arms under the wounded man's shoulders, heaving with

all his strength. Martyn assisted him gallantly; the enemy came on with yells and the most bloodcurdling uproar. "Up, Martyn; we'll save you yet!"

He flung the helpless body across the saddle and thrust one foot into the stirrup as yelling forms rose up about him. In with the spurs, and the flash of his well used sword was like summer lightning. But few men stood between him and safety; he lashed about him with the keen-edged steel, and the few became fewer. Then the horse leaped squealingly; the rage-distorted faces fell away on either side; somewhere far in front a wild cheer sounded.

"We've done it, Martyn! We've done it!" he gasped, and lifted his burdened horse to a leap. In midair the animal checked, groaned, screamed and came to earth a huddled mass; but Myers had sprung clear, and now he bent hurriedly over the man he had saved.

Martyn still lived; the wound was in his thigh, that was all. Myers, a giant among men, stooped and attempted to lift his burden, and Martyn opened his eyes.

"Save yourself," he groaned. "I'm done, Myers. What's the use of two men dying where one might live?"

"I'm out for a V. C.," laughed Myers savagely. "I generally get what I want, too. Up and give us a hand. If you can manage to hobble a bit—you're as big as I am—" Martyn tried hard to struggle to his feet. Myers lent him the aid of a strong arm, and the pair hobbled a little way. The advancing front of the British force seemed very far away.

"I can't go any farther; I'm done." Martyn collapsed across Myers's guiding arm and groaned hollowly. Then he reeled bodily downward, his eyes closed; red blood pumped from his wound. The Ghazis were coming on, craftily now, for the long range rifle fire was touching them here and there.

"Come, Martyn; for God's sake bear a hand!" Martyn did not move, but as Myers plunged one hand into his tunic he felt that the heart still beat. He reached for his canteen, tore open the collar of the insensible man's uniform and poured brandy and water lavishly on brow and throat. Something slipped out of the opened tunic and glittered brightly in the sunlight.

Myers shook his salvage roughly; the trinket that glittered sparkled afresh. Curiously the elder man grasped it and turned it over in his hand. Then the red mist closed down before his eyes once more.

"So you're the hound who—whom I swore to kill!" he snarled, forgetting everything in his mad rage. "You're the cur who weaned my wife's love from me? You're the— By God!" He lifted his foot and stood motionless, ready to kick in the pale face as the eyes opened; then he checked himself.

"No; there's a better way than that," he snarled. He fumbled for his revolver; it had slipped behind him and required some finding; the enemy were yelling themselves hoarse in exultation as they saw their prize within their grasp. Myers drew back the hammer carefully, and marked the exact spot in Martyn's forehead where he would send the avenging bullet home; he saw nothing now save the unconscious face that had betrayed him to dishonor.

"You'd steal my wife!" His finger tightened on the trigger, and— A bullet splashed out of the thick of the oncoming enemy and smashed in the would-be murderer's forehead. He fell across the body of the man he had saved, and over the pair Briton and Afghan met in a death grapple.

When they found Myers his lip was curled in a ghastly smile; his hand held the miniature of a beautiful woman. Then they talked of his love for his wife.



A GIRL who aspires to being awfully simple succeeds generally in being simply awful.

CAR COMING!

By HENRY STUART DUDLEY

A RIBBON of open road
Beneath a summer sky;
Far whirls the sand like a phantom hand;
"Car coming!" is the cry.

From beyond the dim horizon,
Where green and azure meet,
Comes a muffled throb like a choking sob,
Or the hum of a busy street.

'Tis the song of the mighty motor
And the drone of the whistling air.
There's a hand of steel on the steering wheel,
At the rein of the Speed God's mare.

The strength of a hundred stallions
Is straining beneath the hood;
The crowd leaps back from the dusty track
As from one of Satan's brood.

On each side ride Death and Horror,
Straight ahead Success and Fame;
With a crash and sigh it flashes by;
'Tis surely a wondrous game!

It leaped up out of the distance,
And into the distance died;
And Time and Space in the straining race
Drop backward side by side.



UNDYING LOVE

YOUTH—Own up! You don't hate me, do you?
BEAUTY—To tell the truth, I hate you like sin!
YOUTH—Oh, my darling! How happy you make me!

NUGGLES

By AQUILA KEMPSTER

"COAT, Mickey."

"Yes, sor, right here, sor."

Railton slipped his arms into the sleeves as his man presented the garment, and drew it on with a jerk, and while Mickey was adjusting the collar and under coattails he began his usual search for cigar case and gloves. He paused thoughtfully at the breast pocket, with his fingers touching something unfamiliar. It wasn't the case; it felt like a letter. Frowning, he tried to recollect exactly what it was. A moment's failure, and he drew out a large square envelope, at which he stared in plain astonishment even before he read the address. Then his astonishment deepened into profanity, for it was written in a refined feminine hand and read briefly thus:

"Billy Boy."

"What the devil's this, Mickey?"

"Thot, sor? Sure, it looks to me loike a letther."

"Mickey, you're evidently a medium. Now please tell me, where the deuce did it come from?"

"From out of yer coat pocket, Mr. William, sor. Sure, didn't I see ye take it out?"

"Ah, indeed, yes; your deduction is perfect. Now, Mickey, I'm quite curious to know what's inside. It's too big for a letter or a dinner card or—no, my tailor'd never address me as 'Billy Boy.' What do you think, Mickey?"

"Sure, I should open it, sor, and find out."

"Oh, of course. That's the worst of you cold-blooded Solons; you have no sympathy with romance. Well, here goes!"

The envelope was unsealed, and turn-

ing back the flap, he drew out a cabinet photograph together with a sheet of notepaper. One swift glance, and he turned on Mickey fiercely.

"Get out of here, Mickey! What the blazes are you staring at? Go on, chase down and see if the car's ready."

"Yes, sor, very good, Mr. William, sor; but the car's been waitin' twenty minutes, sor. It was here when—"

"Go to the devil, will you?"

"Yes, sor, right away, sor."

When the man had gone, Railton dropped into a chair, and holding the photograph under the light at the table, stared at it long and hard. "By Jove," he whispered, "aren't you a pippin! But where in thunder, and who—"

Here he remembered the sheet of notepaper and picked it up hurriedly. Across it was written in the same pointed, feminine hand that had addressed the envelope:

How do you like me, Billy Boy?

With love from

NUGGLES.

"Nuggles!" he snorted. "Nuggles! Good Lord, what a name—for that! But what the deuce, and where and how—"

He felt in his coat pockets again, as if expecting further surprises or explanations, but found nothing. Then, after wandering around the room in frowning perplexity, he approached the table, and looking again at the picture, a boyish smile broke over his cloudy face. "Well," he said, "I don't know who you are, nor where you came from, but you're all right, Nuggles, and Billy Boy thinks you're a peach, a perfect stunner, and he hates to go out and leave you. It seems awfully rude, but a chap

must eat, you know. So I'll have to say *au revoir*."

He put the card with the envelope and letter away in a drawer of his desk and locked it, and then, with a foolish sense of jubilation, left his apartment and went sailing down in the elevator.

He met Roddy Martin at dinner, and after taking in a show they came back to Railton's rooms for a smoke, though Railton would have preferred his friend's absence to his company on that particular evening. He was preoccupied, and Martin noticed it finally.

"What's up, Billy? You're about as conversational as a shad. Feel the preliminary throes of an inspiration?"

For just an instant it was on the tip of Railton's tongue to tell him the curious little episode of the photograph, but he refrained. A sudden disinclination to discuss the matter stopped him. It was his own little private romance; and then, while Martin was a charming chap and his very good friend, he was such a flippant cuss. He could imagine his ribald witticisms and the unholy joy with which he would seize upon that pet name, Billy Boy, and coupling it with Nuggles, have him at a disadvantage forever.

"All right, you unappreciative old hunk," said Martin at last; "I'm not going to waste my talents on you any longer. You authors make me tired, anyway. I'm going home to bed."

"Take another cigar and go to—that place, will you?"

Then, when Martin had cheerfully departed, Billy unlocked the drawer, and taking out the photograph, propped it up on the table and sat and stared at it. And as he did so, there came over him a sense of familiarity. Somewhere, he felt sure, he had seen that face before. Some time, somewhere, those eyes had laughed and mocked at him as they were doing now.

Then on a sudden thought he jumped up, and going to the coat rack, carefully examined the coat in the pocket of which he had found the picture. Yes, it was undoubtedly his own. So back he went to the puzzle again, but the

more he strove with it the more hopeless its elucidation seemed. He didn't even know how long the card had lain in his pocket, let alone how it got there. Of course, he conceded reluctantly, there must be another Billy Boy somewhere to whom the photograph and—hateful thought—the girl, also, probably belonged. He ran over in his mind all the possible Billys of his acquaintance. They were few and didn't seem to answer at all. Then he reached suddenly for the photograph. Why hadn't he thought of the photographer's name before—dolt that he was? And in a little decorative panel he read:

RENOLDS, REGENT STREET, LONDON

Could anything be more aggravating? Just as if there weren't lots of good photographers in New York, where she could have it taken!

So he sat alternately admiring and puzzling over the picture till far into the small hours without getting anywhere. Somebody had undoubtedly put the thing in his pocket, as he was absolutely certain he hadn't done so himself. Then it was either put there by mistake or as a joke. The joke idea looked in quite too poor taste. No chap would play jokes like that with a lady's picture, and the face looking out at him from that photograph was that of a lady beyond all question. So it probably was a mistake, but with all his experience as a successful novelist, he quite failed to evolve any satisfactory reason for the picture being in his pocket, mistake or no mistake.

The next day and for some days after he frequented Fifth Avenue sedulously, watching the carriages, and the sidewalks as well, in a futile hope of catching just a glimpse of the cause of all this restlessness. He turned up at all kinds of parties, teas, at homes, recitals and the like, to the astonishment of many of his friends and the resentment of Roddy.

"Say, Billy, you silly chump, what's got into you, anyway?" Roddy growled. "I saw Sally Featherstone, and she said she'd met you at three teas and a reading this week. What is it? What's got

you? Or are you merely looking for copy?"

"That's it, Roddy; copy, my boy—must have copy."

Martin eyed him suspiciously. "Well, I hope that is it," he remarked ungraciously. "But I'd like to gamble there's a skirt in it somewhere."

"Skirt, your grandmother! You're simply daffy on 'skirts,' as you vulgarly call them. You've got 'em on the brain, got 'em bad, Roddy, and you suspect—"

"What's that frame stuck up there? Whew! And roses, too, at five dollars a dozen! Jove, Billy, you ought to be ashamed—a man of your age. Who is she, anyway? 'Pon my word!" he exclaimed, crossing the room and standing before the hearth. "A regular little shrine with roses and— Oh, get out, Billy, you old fraud! I knew there was a girl. Who is she?"

"You'll have to tell me first if you want to know."

"Well, what are the roses for, and the beautiful silver frame?"

"The roses are there for their color and odor, my son."

"And what's in the frame?"

"None of your business!"

"I knew it. But say, Billy, why do you keep it shut up?"

"Just to pique your curiosity."

"Bet four dollars it's one of those little Gaiety frocks!"

"My dear Roddy, I'm going to inform you of something which your material mind will doubtless find it difficult to grasp. Nevertheless—well, that frame which has so roused your vulgar curiosity is a shrine, sir, dedicated to an inspiration; and a little more respect on your part would—"

"Bet it's little Carter, of the Gaiety, in the shrine!"

"Look here, young man, you can't get a rise out of me. Neither can you see the contents of that frame. It's locked so ingeniously that it's safe from even my friends. One thing more: if you persist in connecting any of your wretched frocks or skirts with it, I'll murder you right here in cold blood. Now get out. I want to work."

For nearly a month Railton kept up his search for the unknown, and then gradually his hope of finding her dwindled away. It wasn't as if he had any clue, outside the photograph itself, which he could use. If she had only signed a real name— But a chap couldn't go around asking his women friends if they knew a girl called Nuggles; it was too absurd. Then gradually as the search grew more and more hopeless, he began to console himself with the idea that probably the real girl wouldn't be half as satisfactory as he had managed to make her picture.

Maybe he was just a bit more resigned to his conclusion because of the fact that, despite his valiant assertions that the lady was his property, he had a sneaking kind of dread that if he should indeed find her he would probably also be confronted by another Billy Boy.

So, with the imagination becoming his vocation, he accepted the definite shadow in place of the exceedingly problematical substance, and continued to sit with his pipe, night after night, staring into the open frame among the roses. And he would talk to the picture in a way that would have made Roddy Martin's hair stand on end, had that young man chanced to hear.

By and by, not satisfied with his off hours, the lady must needs intrude into his working ones as well, and slowly but surely the novel he was planning began to be tinged by her personality or what his imagination suggested it to be.

Later he insisted that his share in the writing of that book was of quite minor importance, as all he had done was to sit still and let the girl write herself big all over its pages. However, as he had the artistic temperament and was tremendously prejudiced about the lady, this statement should be accepted with caution. He had rather audaciously nicknamed the heroine "Nuggles." The name had gradually won on him. Well, whether the divine afflatus got mixed with the roses and the girl's picture, or it was just literary luck, the fact remains that the heroine and her homely name jumped into instant favor with

the public. Whereon he piled greater tribute of roses before the silver shrine and believed in the divinity of its occupant more firmly than ever.

Then it happened that one night in May his car was held up in a jam on Broadway near Thirtieth Street. His chauffeur had edged up close beside a brougham going in the opposite direction. The halt was of but a few seconds' duration, but in it the headlight of his car lighted up the other carriage window. And suddenly into the glow a woman leaned, her face radiant and beautiful, while her eyes seemed fairly dancing as they looked straight into his. And all he did was to grip the cushions of his car and stare in unbelieving amazement, for it was certainly Nuggles. And also, unless he was quite stark crazy, she had recognized him—not by any sign, indeed, but surely by that eager look that she had bent toward him in the light.

Then, before he could fairly get his breath, the brougham moved forward and she was gone. He shouted and swore at the chauffeur, trying to make him turn, rules or no rules, but the congestion was still great, and a policeman was at his side in short order threatening dire vengeance if he blocked the traffic further. So, perforce, he had to go on to the next corner, and from there they dashed around the block like a flying streak, then down Fifth Avenue to Madison Square, and wheeling round again into Broadway slowed up, waiting with the car headed downtown for the brougham to reach them.

He waited fifteen minutes, then in disgust turned and ran slowly up Broadway again, but not a single brougham appeared, and by and by Railton realized that he certainly wouldn't be able to recognize the one he wanted if it did. Still he declined to be baffled yet. There were several theaters open between Thirtieth Street and Madison Square, at any of which the carriage might have stopped. He bought his way into each in turn, in the vain hope of discovering his divinity, possibly in one of the boxes. At eleven o'clock he was in his car again waiting on the corner of Thirtieth Street

and Broadway for the possible appearance of the elusive carriage going back uptown. He counted twenty-seven broughams passing the corner during the next forty minutes, any of which might have contained the lady of his pursuit. But as none of them signaled the fact of her presence, he finally gave up and sulkily ordered the chauffeur to take him back home.

After the excitement of the chase was over and the reaction of disappointment had set in, he began to doubt if, after all, he might not have been deceived by a passing resemblance. The glimpse he had had was certainly very short, yet the memory of that surprised look of recognition in the lady's eyes persisted, despite his discouragement and doubts, and completed the measure of his bewilderment. When, finally, tired out and discouraged, he sat in his dressing gown, smoking and glooming over the tantalizing picture, it seemed that the eyes were just a bit more mocking than usual—on account of his tribulation, of course. Well, the eyes were about right, he agreed angrily, for if ever a man had made a fool of himself, he had. He had allowed the thought of her to obsess him to such an absurd degree that the chance glimpse of a face resembling hers had been able to shake him to the foundation of his being. It had been all very well as a fancy, a pretty imagination, but when the lady got on his nerves, as she had on this particular night, it was too much of a good thing and had got to stop.

With which final determination he rose, and shaking a very stern finger at the laughing face, shut down the cover with a click and went to bed.

For six weeks the picture remained undisturbed in its frame, despite the fact that it persisted a good deal in the man's consciousness. He still renewed the roses and paid the bills for them ungrudgingly, but he beguiled any more by the face he would not. He intended to recover his sanity, and until he did so the lady was to be taboo.

Up to the time of the Featherstones' week end party he held on to his resolve grimly. Not that it seemed to be doing

him much good, to be sure, but he was a stubborn beggar when once he got set, and it had come to the point that he would even turn his head away with astonishing self-control when he passed by the mantel where she reigned in silent state.

Then came the Featherstones' week end. He had been down with them on and off during several past seasons. He always had his own room and was allowed to come and go as he would or could. So, when he got out at the station there was a gig, indeed, to drive him to the house, but the groom informed him that most of the party were out on the yacht. At the house Featherstone's man showed him to his usual room, where he had a bath, got into some cool flannels and then, lighting a cigar, proceeded leisurely through the grounds to the boathouse.

Down at the float it looked temptingly cool, and gay, too, with awnings and flowers. There were hammocks and lounging chairs, and as he approached he was rather glad than otherwise that the crowd was away. He'd have a nice quiet rest and a smoke before he had to exert himself to be polite and do entertaining stunts. Then he suddenly stopped short and stared stupidly up at the boathouse steps. There had come a flutter of white from one of the hammocks, and now a girl was standing at the rail watching and evidently waiting for him.

With quite an effort he pulled himself together, and raising his hat, advanced slowly and rather doubtfully. But the girl laughed and his doubt vanished instantly.

It was!

"How do you do, Mr. Railton—you are Mr. Railton, of course? The folks are all out on the boat. I had a headache and didn't go, so you must let me welcome you for Sally. Of course, you don't know who I am, though?"

"Well, I ought to!" he blurted out, then flushed hotly.

"You ought to?" she questioned. "Did Roddy tell you I was going to be here?"

"Roddy—Roddy—d'you mean Martin?"

"Yes. But don't you really know who I am?"

"Certainly; you're Nuggles."

"Mr. Railton!"

"I beg your pardon, but—"

"I think Roddy's a perfect little beast. You wait; I'll pay him out for that!"

"But Miss—er—er, of course Roddy's a beast; I always told him so. But—forgive me if I seem to be wandering in my mind; the sun was very hot in the city—what's Martin got to do with—er—you and me?"

He looked so absolutely bewildered that she grew bewildered, too. Then suddenly: "What made you say I was—what was it—Guggles?"

"Nuggles," he said brazenly. "It's a word I use—kind of a conjuring word, you know. I say it for luck when I like anybody real well and want to be friends. I think it has a Greek root or derivation or something, Miss—er—Miss— Won't you help me out, please?"

She looked at him doubtfully. "Don't you really know who I am?"

"Cross my heart!"

"Really, Mr. Railton, I didn't know that authors were so frivolous. I am Margaret Martin."

"Wha—what! Not—"

"Yes, of course. Rodney's sister; why not? We are twins."

"Rodney's sister—twins!" he repeated blankly. "Well, of all the—and I've known him over five years. Never knew he had a sister, let alone a twin."

"Perhaps you didn't ask him; and, you see, we've been abroad a great deal."

"Well, but surely, if he'd a brain bigger than a pinhead, he'd understand I'd want to know about a sister—especially a twin. Oh, I'll pay him up all right!"

"Never mind Roddy," she laughed; "come in out of the sun and have some claret cup. There's quarts of it in that bowl, and it's awfully good."

By and by he said: "How did you recognize me, er—you know—as me?"

She colored ever so little, and he went on eagerly without waiting her reply:

"Jove, yes, and I saw you in a jam on Broadway one night about a couple of months ago."

"Ah, you did see me then! I wondered if you had."

"You wondered—then you must have known me! How—when—have we ever met before?"

"No, I think not. But it isn't so very strange for a girl to know an eminent author by sight, is it? Besides, I have your photograph, which I annexed from Roddy after I read your last book. I liked your heroine very much, Mr. Railton."

"So did I. To tell you the truth, Miss Martin, I consider her an inspiration; that's why I named her Nuggles."

"Oh, I see! I was quite curious about that name; it's so uncommon and er—funny."

"Yes, lots of those Greek words do sound queer at first. But I think Nuggles is all right."

Then there were joyous sounds from the water and the *Seamew* came steaming round the little wooded promontory into sight. Soon the boathouse was crowded with a noisy party, and Railton watched with disgust how quickly Miss Martin was swallowed up in it. Nuggles had indeed materialized, but back of her Railton was already watching jealously for the shadowy Billy Boy.

And to think of all this time that had been wasted, when, if he'd opened his eyes, or Martin had dropped a casual word, he might have met her long ago! He would naturally have taken his place as a friend, at liberty to take his chance with any other Billy Boy. And the clue had been so tantalizingly close, even to the curious familiarity which had appealed to him. Of course, he could see it all easily enough now, for Roddy was really very like her, not only in feature, but it seemed in manner and gesture, too. He often laughed teasingly at him in just the manner of the photograph. But, thunder! What an idiot the fellow was not to have known he'd want to meet his twin—when she was such a twin. Of course, he was still vastly puzzled about the photograph itself, and most uneasy about that other

man to whom it had been addressed. He watched the men of the party carefully. As far as he could see they were all beyond doubt in love with Martin's twin, and two of them had got William somewhere in evidence among their various names. He wondered irritably where the deuce Sally Featherstone managed to pick up such a lot of bounders.

Back in the city he lost no time in confronting Roddy with what he considered his perfidy.

"Say, young man," he commenced hotly, "what the devil did you mean by hiding the fact that you had a sister?"

"Hiding the fact! Hiding nothing! Didn't you know? Awfully sorry, old chap. Let's see; I've got an Aunt Sarah, too, and my grandmother on my mother's side— Ouch! Get out, Billy, you big pachyderm! How the deuce was I to know you didn't know? Where'd you see her—down at Gay Gables? Bright kid, isn't she? Takes after me—she's my twin."

"Lord, but you're a lucky beggar, Roddy!"

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing—just to be a twin, I mean."

Roddy grinned with sudden malice. "Bad as all that, old man?" he inquired solicitously. "I'll have to put the child wise."

The scowl he received in answer to this veiled threat was ominous. Then after a minute he said: "But say now, that reminds me; she sent me a photograph from London about a year ago. It was a rip-snorter, and I brought it around here to show you—it was such a swell picture. You had some fellows here, Dayton and Philips, I think, and we got fooling with the gloves. I thought I might get the picture broken, so I took it out of my dinner coat and slipped it into my overcoat pocket before I got into the muss with you fellows."

"Well?"

"Well, I guess I must have made a mistake in the pocket, for I hadn't it when I got home."

"Hadn't it! You're a nice kind of

twin to lose a thing like that! But if you had it up here— Sure you didn't lose it outside?"

"No, I distinctly remember taking it out of my dinner coat and putting it into what I thought was my overcoat. I've intended to ask you chaps a dozen times, but I never remembered till you just began about Margaret."

"But was there any way the fellows could identify it if they found it?"

"No-o. There was just a kind of silly nickname the kid used to call me on the envelope and—"

"What was the nickname?" asked Railton with sudden interest.

"None of your business, unless—"

"Unless what? No, neither of the chaps said a word to me about a photograph. But here—" He stopped and stared incredulously at his friend, then broke out: "Jove, what an ass I've been! Rodney W. Martin, parted in the middle with a 'William,' and it simply never occurred to me! Jove, what an ass!"

Roddy stuttered indignantly. "What the devil do you mean by that? What are you talking about? Billy Railton, you animal, I believe you got that photograph! You big, overgrown—"

Billy laughed out suddenly and loud as he avoided Martin's rush. Then, as he turned and crumpled his friend up among the pillows of the divan, he cried exultantly: "What I have I can hold, Billy Boy, I can hold!"

"Whatever is it, Mr. Railton? It looks just like a little pagan shrine."

The girl had paused before the mantel in the big study, and was looking curiously at the rose-massed frame. Through the portières beyond came the sound of conversation and much laughter. Railton's sister was there and one of his cousins, and they were serving tea to a lot of Billy's friends, both male and female. But Billy himself was showing Miss Martin over his workshop.

"That," he said in answer to her question, "is the shrine of Nuggles, my inspiration. And those roses are my daily thank offering for her existence."

"But I don't understand. Who or what is this 'Nuggles,' Mr. Railton?"

For a moment he looked at her steadily. Then, gathering his courage, he pressed the hidden spring and showed her.



THE AWAKENING

By KELSEY PERCIVAL KITCHEL

AH, something died between us, dear,
 In that black hour which brought so near
 The piteous fault in you.
 My faith went flying from my heart,
 Fear-smitten at the craven's part
 You let me see in you.
 Yet hand and lip you claim of me
 As though no doubt might ever be
 In this my love for you.
 Nor is there, sweet; I only lack
 Bread for my soul—oh, give me back
 My perished faith in you!

INVOCATIONS

By C. L. CRITTENTON

TALENT, let me rely on thee—for I have one talent and no napkin to hide it under.

HUMILITY, walk at my elbow—and keep my proud spirit from quailing.

GOODNESS, uphold me—though, goodness knows, my neighbor needs it more.

UNSELFISHNESS, force thyself upon me—for thou hast not been near for a long time, and thy face is almost unknown.

POLITENESS, come as near as possible, even to the bosom of my family, and dwell there—also enter the trolley car.

NERVE, uphold me. I see it in others; truly, thou art a help in these days.

OPULENCE, what a beautiful, wealthy word art thou! Who hath not craved thee? But stay thou afar off, lest thou lose thy glamour!

INDIFFERENCE, I need thee. I need thee when I see that which I should not see, the great failings of others, which I have not. To be indifferent and love the erring ones requires mighty indifference. I need thee. Come!



TO A YOUNG WOMAN ABOUT TO SAY YES

DON'T judge his income by his clothes—many men look most prosperous when nearest broke. Ask his tailor.

DON'T expect too much in the mornings—no man is civilized until he's been up two hours at least.

A DRESS REHEARSAL

By HARRY COWELL

WOMAN is by instinct a clothes wearing animal, wherein she shows her immeasurable superiority over the beasts that perish, namely, men. Men have no instinct for dress. Prompted neither by shame nor love of ornament, civilized man wears clothes for practical reasons; because, the devil driving him, he needs must, because the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust and the frost is no respecter of persons. Utilitarian born, the male featherless biped hides his nakedness from the fierce eye of Apollo.

That Eve sinned with the fig leaf in view is, logic or no logic, a fair inference from subsequent facts. What husband can doubt that the essentially feminine wail of "Not a thing to wear!" disturbed the peace of the Garden? Not caring a fig leaf whether he have a stitch to wear or no, and being, moreover, too much concerned with what he shall eat and what he shall drink, a true man taketh no thought for the morrow nor desperately asketh: "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

Would any man, bachelor or Benedick—if the latter may be so designated—have the full significance of evolution brought home to him, rightly appreciate the meaning of human progress? Let him with me meditate a moment upon this awful fact:

Laboriously, my brother, have we come, every painful step of the way, from a fig leaf to a creation by Worth! A creation by Worth contains—ah, my poor brother, what does it not contain? Behold in a creation by Worth all there is of beauty and wonder in the world, and learn by heart how far we have traveled toward perfection. 'Tis, my

word for it, a by no means inexpensive education.

The man who holds that there is nothing in dress, that dress doesn't amount to anything, must have either a very small imagination or a very large bank account, or both, or else be in that state of blissful ignorance possible only to single blessedness. That dress makes the man, want of it the savage, is untrue. But that Worth makes the woman, want of Worth the fright, is undeniable. And yet, that dress, with its concomitant art of concealing art, is the mother of much ugliness, goes without my saying it. Would that, with my saying it, the ugliness might go!

A true man is known by his unfaithfulness—to fashion. A true woman is known by the way she wears her clothes. She is not to be thought of as separable from them. Inevitably, a suspicion of masculinity detracts from the charm of the anomalous creature who wears her clothes obviously as not a part of her. Of the many illusions wherewith veritable woman veils herself from really, truly man, none is more characteristically feminine than this one, that she hath for dressmaker Dame Nature's own self. Resplendent though it must have been, the glory wherewith Solomon was arrayed was indubitably unnatural, "put on," whereas, the glory of the Queen of Sheba was, beyond a doubt, natural as that of the lily of the field. In brief, man's clothes are for use, woman's for beauty. Nay, more. Dress is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence. (Usual apologies omitted.) Man and woman, use and beauty—where would the world be without them?

Raiment first and foremost beautiful, when worn by a man, tends to give the impression of effeminacy. No man worthy the name but is easily distinguishable in imagination by his dress. Without mystery he puts on his duds o' mornings and unceremoniously takes them off o' nights. On the other hand, for all the talk of dressmakers and lady's maids, we men, when called upon to note changes in milady's looks, must needs think of woman as eternally moulting and growing her clothes bird-wise, save that her feathers are less conspicuous by their absence. The thought of some husband in the background as the *deus ex machina* of dress has, time and again, believe me, spoiled the spectacle of fair woman in the eyes of the masculine beholder. Enter the Dollar, with Disillusion at his heels, and forthwith the spectator makes his departure a wiser and sadder man.

Only tailors and the vulgar judge a man by the clothes he wears. The discerning judge him by the clothes his wife wears. A fool and his money are soon parted for clothes for himself; a wise man and his money sooner for clothes for his wife. A wise man's time being more than money, he knows better than to spend his time in vainly trying to save his money from the thousand and one deft hands that go to the making of the modern woman, whose glory is the work of others.

Rarely is a beautiful nude drawn from a model, but from many models. Juliet's love provoking cheek is leaned with never a hint of envy upon Matilda's virginal hand, and Marie's nymphlike figure terminates far from fatally in Jessica's shapely feet.

So much are we by clothes committed to the vulgar error of being ashamed to look Beauty anywhere but in the face, that nowadays not even Love himself can gain a headless victory. To hold that all Love's victories are headless is heartless, and bespeaks the cynic. By the way, while on this matter of undress, is it biblical truth that, as far as woman is concerned, the body is more than raiment? Biblical truth myself am as sure it is as that it was the con-

templation thereof which a while back caused me modestly to exclaim in despair: "Let others the female form divine; I can't." The body, then, being more than raiment, when Death shall have definitively undressed us, what beauty shall be ours, yours and mine, my sisters? Ah, sweet sisters mine, when we consider how short youth is, does it not comfort us to remember how long is art, and to what lengths it will, if need be, gallantly go? Far as is preaching from her eloquent mouth, no one does more impressively remind us of the awful brevity of our existence than Beauty's self. Given to dwelling upon which "awful brevity," a dear friend of mine, now dead, once wrote: "Some of us know vulgarity for worse than a vice, and would fain spend our second nobly, with dignity." Tell me, beloved shade, from your point of view, is that dignity whereof one needs must divest himself, or else go dirty? Why do I call up the dead to ask so impertinent a question? Why did Carlyle, or some other lover of the naked truth, cause a queen in her extremity to cry aloud: "God bless clothes, whereby we maintain our dignity and the war of nations!"

But—pardon me the digression—I was speaking, if not of natural beauty, then of Beauty natural, concerning which may be asked not impertinently this question: What is the use of Folly saying over and over again that the vulgar may not see Beauty unveiled, when Wisdom says once and for all that they cannot? Indeed, the best that the noblest of us, the most Grecian-eyed, can do is to behold either veiled Beauty with the naked eye or else naked Beauty with the veiled eye. What do I mean by writing thus obscurely? To the lover and the artist, for whom I write, my meaning is clear as are visions of loveliness at midnight—the face imagination weaves, the face of one's well beloved.

What woman, however, who may read of dress, cares to read of me, of mere man and his meaning? Clear or obscure, my meaning matters not. What does matter is this, that, despite

the protest of the small boy, and of this child of a larger growth, and of Benedicks in general, clothes have come to stay—that is pellucid, transparent as my natural style or the peek-a-boo waist. Ah me, alas, our eleemosynary human nature, the charity that begins at home and clothes the poor *à la* Goldsmith's hero, what does it do other than cover a multitude of sins? Grant a nation the desire of beauty and an equable climate, and deny not that nakedness and natural selection would work wonders in improving the female form, the now hidden divinity whereof is fast making us men agnostics, not to say out and out atheists. For every man who obtains love by lying is a woman who obtains matrimony under false pretenses.

Let us regard clothes a moment in the light of natural selection. Do the "fittest," so to speak, survive? Nay, fashions are prematurely born of mercenary brains, and scientifically incubated, only to die unnatural deaths! Particular clothes do not come to stay. Foul infanticide, against which I, a husband and father, raise in vain my feeble protest: 'Tis not the "fittest" but the fitter that survives! Scarce anyone who sees Beauty in "an eocene gown and a pliocene hat" but believes her to be an old fossil. And the world of fashion does move so unearthly fast that a gown of yesteryear is eocene, and pliocene a hat of half a twelvemonth ago. 'Twas a true poet who, a hand in either empty pocket, looked into his heart and wrote: "Beauty unadorned 's adorned the most." Wondrous kind, I write him as one that loves his fellow men.

Well I mind me how, one morning, a boy, a guest in a great house, got himself into the wrong box, or rather bedroom, and incidentally got a glimpse of fair shoulders and of flashing arms raised in holy horror. The girl shrieked and ran up the signal of girlish distress. White and speechless, the boy, the more abashed of the two, bowed himself out apologetically. That evening at dinner, the selfsame boy neglecting the high game on his plate to watch a nasty man-about-

town take in at his leisure the aforesaid flashing arms and fair shoulders, only more of them, the while the girl toyed with her food, nor raised horrified hand or voice, nor ran up the ghost of a red flag or showed other symptom of distress. "Is modesty, then," asked the bewildered boy, "not only a matter of longitude and latitude, as I have read, but likewise of daylight or nightlight, of seashore or suburb?"

"Shame on you!" cries the shocked parent to the naked child who, conscious of his freedom but all-unconscious of his body, disports himself in the nursery like an unharnessed colt in the pasture, like a freed bird in the air. God forgive you, beauty blind parent! Why shame on him? Wherefore not shame on *you*? Young lambs of April evenings, bounding on God's flowerful hillocks as to a tabor sound, or ever the nightingale sing or the sickly moon rise prophetic of harvest, are not more sweet to the eye of man than are young children playing at twilight in clothesless innocence, reminding him of a time when as yet there was no need for the Voice in the Garden to ask: "Who told you that you were naked?"

If the foregoing sound a trifle theatrical, melodramatic even, pardon me, gentle reader, and forget not that I took pains to forestall criticism by calling this unpretentious bit of the human comedy "A Dress Rehearsal." Works yclept grand opera which, when heard, prove to be but screaming farces, call loudly for Sing Sing for the worker. I am no worker. An empty singer of an idle day am I, a musical ragamuffin with the heart of a poet, the head of a scientist and the hand of an awkward age; a tatterdemalion, beneath whose motley is a fair athletic skin, which fits the facts of life as well as may be under his given circumstances; a miserable sinner, whose only salvation lies in his sense of humor, who, for all that, when his time comes to fall on sleep, will, as one to the manner born, let Death undress him, and treat the his-place-forgetting varlet for all the world as if he were Life's valet. Nathless, O Stage Manager, the slowest of curtains, please!

THE POET'S GARDEN

By OSCAR LOEB

“THERE is a garden in thy face,
Where roses and white lilies blow”;
Such rosy tints might Hafiz know;
Ah, “Lily Maid of Astolat,”
Lilies that in Bermuda are
I'll bring thee, or great nenuphar.
Thou “walkst in beauty like the night
Of southern climes and starry skies”;
Shall fair night cereus please thine eyes?
“If but a single bluebell gleams,”
I'll pluck it from grim Scotland's heath;
Ben Lomond's pride shall grace thy wreath,
“And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,”
From Attic field, Ionic isle,
To win the radiance of thy smile.
“In flowing meads of Asphodel”
(Which may on poet's grave aspire)
I'll range to feed thy spirit's fire;
In Switzerland, “the crags among,”
Thy slave will strive at death's own price
To pick thee furry edelweiss;
“My thoughts to lotus blossoms blown”
Shall roam to “Araby the blest”
For lotus bloom, distilling rest;
And tropic “India's coral strand”
Shall offer up its coral flower
To match thy own lips' crimson power!
Or “primrose by the river's brim”
Of some sequestered English shire
May fitter voice thy heart's desire.
“Land of the cypress and the myrtle,”
E'en Rome, of ancient grandeur, lord,
Shall yield thee myrtle of its hoard.
“Sweet garland to the sweetest maid,”
I offer thee in votive rhyme,
To “light a little hour's time.”

.

Thus wrote the minor poet man
With frenzied wrench of cranium
—Then bought and sent his own true love
A pot of pink geranium.

THE FIXED IDEA

By JEAN LOUISE DE FOREST

I AM not exactly what you would call a moral sort of chap, but there are some sins, thank God, that can never be laid at my door. I never gave a boy his first drink, or said the word that helped an innocent girl downward. I am a believer in ideals, the more of them the better; and I'll do my best to help anyone hang on to what he's got. But that is not saying that my life has been a clean, white page, not by a long shot. I know all about the underworld, its pleasures and its pains. I've had friends there, a good sort in their own way, jolly, companionable, kind-hearted—a heap kinder-hearted than some of the lily-livered pinks of perfection who pass the collection plates; and I don't mean to insinuate that some of the best men that ever lived don't pass collection plates, either.

As I say, I know all about the underworld, but it wasn't my fault—not that I would unknow it. I'm glad for every bit of experience I've had; still, I could never bring myself to take a little fellow of seventeen, fresh from his mother's teachings, and deliberately plunge him into the reeking, fetid atmosphere of the Tenderloin, and the Tenderloin at two in the morning, as my father did me.

My father was a man of the world, just such a man as I am today; only, as I said before, I'd never help anyone else to go my way, though I might shake hands with him after he got there. He said that he wanted me to see life for the first time with him, as I'd get a saner view of it and be better able to guide myself through the pitfalls that awaited me, than if I were hurled into it along with a lot of other hot young

bloods. I've had a horror ever since of all I saw and experienced that night.

But I am not getting on with my story. It's about John Hardecker—St. John the fellows all called him. He was my roommate all through college. Have you ever seen a big St. Bernard go unmoved through a pack of little snarling curs, every one of them snapping and yapping at him, and all for spite? Well, that was Hardecker. He was poor; that is, poorer than the rest of us in that dormitory. His father hadn't shown him the *demi-monde* in order to guard him against its pitfalls; he never touched a drop of liquor; he looked pained if a nice, pleasant little oath slipped into my remarks; he went into a green and yellow melancholy and stayed there for weeks, just because I wrote some answers on my cuff one day and fooled old Sykes, the mathematics professor. I never could remember that formula anyway, and, as it was, I just scraped through the exam.

All the fellows guyyed him on principle. He was the butt of every joke. They bullyragged him and mocked him, but he never appeared to notice it. I was as bad as the rest, but down in my heart I admired him more than I ever admired any human being. I worshiped the very virtues that irritated me most. I didn't want them, no, not much, but I wouldn't have had him without them. I can see him now, his shock of dark hair standing on end in ridges, where he had run his fingers through it, his pale, handsome, ascetic face bent over a book, a cup of hot coffee at his elbow. He didn't smoke, either; said it was bad for the heart, and that no one had a right to misuse his body.

It used to make me mad, sometimes, just to look at him, but once, when his mother was sick, and he went home for two weeks, it seemed as though three-quarters of my world had tumbled down about my head, I missed him so. The other fellows missed him, too, but perhaps it was because there wasn't anyone to jeer at. Anyway, the result was that we got into an awful row, just among ourselves, like pups in a kennel all after the same bone. We were in my room that night, bottles and glasses everywhere, the room thick with smoke and profanity, when into it walked St. John. We rose in a body and pitched into him. It was a low trick, but we had a little too much spirit on board, and didn't realize until the next morning that he had just lost his mother. Then I apologized, and so did a lot of them. When we parted that night we all loved each other like brothers. It reminds me of what our old history professor used to say about foreign wars being necessary, in order to prevent internal strife.

But the end came. Somebody died and left Hardecker more money than the rest of us knew existed. It didn't change him, not a mite, and he didn't seem to notice how it changed the rest of us. Somehow, a saint with a halo of solid gold is not as approachable as a saint whose halo is only tin. I tried to keep up the chaff, but the words stuck in my throat. I was glad when graduation day came. He gave me the watch I carry today, a repeater, chock-full of jewels, the envy of everyone who sees it, and I gave him a fob, a modest gift in comparison with his. Then we parted and he went abroad, and I heard from him only at intervals. Nice descriptive letters came during the summer, then cards, then nothing. I forget which of us stopped writing first, but it doesn't matter. After I left college I went to law school, where I began to pick up and steady myself, and after that into my father's law firm. Father and I had been partners for only one year, when he died, leaving me his sole heir. Then the woman came into my life.

I know that I am telling my story in a queer, roundabout way, as becomes

an amateur, but the woman leads back to Hardecker, and it is about him that I am writing. To begin with, she was different from anyone I had ever known and, to end with, she was married. I saw her the first time one evening at dinner in her own home. There were only three of us there, her husband, a big brute of a man, smoothed down and held into place by a college education, virile and masterful, with magnetism and vitality enough for ten, just the kind of man that a little, frail, delicate woman creeps up to for love and protection, as like as not to get blows instead; he was there, as I said; then there was herself and myself.

It was not a social visit. Jeannot had asked me to take a case for him, the prosecuting of some poor devil or other for exerting his wits to get ahead of Jeannot Brothers, but I didn't care much about doing it, for I didn't like the man. It was a compliment to our firm, that he persisted, up to the point of inviting me into his home.

Well—before dinner was well underway, I accepted the case, and Jeannot jumped then and there into a discussion of details that shut Mrs. Jeannot as much out of the conversation as though she had been three years old instead of twenty-five.

Finally I leaned back in my chair and said:

"This business talk must be very uninteresting to you, Mrs. Jeannot."

"Mrs. Jeannot has no objection whatever to hearing us talk business," said her husband. He looked at her as he spoke, and she shrank back again, as though he had struck her.

"But I have," I replied with a cool, steady glance at him. "I never talk business before a woman." Rude? Yes, but I gloried in it. Anyway, it fixed him, for he laughed a nasty laugh and began to talk of his wines, and Marie—that is, Mrs. Jeannot—gave me a stare of such consternation and surprise and delight that I chuckled over it half the night. I had her admiration—so much was clear; and I meant to hang on to it. I didn't know then that he took it out of her after I had gone. There wasn't

an insult in the whole category that he didn't heap on her head that night, she told me afterward.

I like little women, women who need to be taken care of. Somehow or other, they call out the very best that I have to give. I first began to drop in to see Mrs. Jeannot in the afternoon occasionally. I take a purely impersonal delight in looking at beautiful women; my friends say that I ought to have been an artist. But my prime object was not so much to see her; I felt sorry for her, and hated her husband enough to want to get the best of him by giving her a little amusement. It frightened her at first, but by and by she grew used to me, and I could see that she missed me when I didn't come. I stayed only a few moments at first; then it grew into an hour.

I'd like to describe Marie, but no mere description can do her justice. Besides, I loved her, so you could never hope to see her as I saw her. Have you ever read that little poem of Byron's—"She walks in beauty like the night," and all the rest of it? If you haven't, read it now; it just describes Marie.

As I said, at first she was afraid; then she began to look forward to my visits with a pleasure that she didn't know she felt, or she would have tried to hide it. Her dear eyes used to brighten when she came down to greet me, and day by day I could see the soft wild rose deepen in her cheeks. I guess that my own face was not as stony as it might have been, either. She knew I loved her long before I told her so. We were a pair of fools. It was all right for her not to realize; with her white, pure soul, how could she? But for me, who had knocked about the world, there was no excuse.

We reached the danger line when we began to talk about her husband. It was my fault again. I led up to it, until at last she broke down and cried and confided to me the whole miserable story of her wretchedness. She was ashamed to tell me, she said, but I had been so like a dear, dear brother to her. And she was happier for telling me, I saw. As for my visits, no one ever

bothered his head about them. The servants entertained a proper contempt for their master, and they loved their mistress. They were glad to see her amuse herself. Jeannot dined out half the time, and never came home until seven or eight when he did condescend to eat by his own fireside. We never once thought of him. Then I began to send her flowers, violets, always violets, every other day. I was clever enough not to send them every day, so that they would accumulate and attract Jeannot's attention, but there was always a fresh bunch to replace the old one. She liked that, too. Flowers meant so much more when she didn't buy them herself; her husband never sent her any.

I believe in fate, Providence, whatever anyone chooses to call it. If we are all subject to law, then there isn't any chance for deviation. We all live out our destinies, willingly or unwillingly. And so it came about that one day, without any warning whatever, we knew that we loved each other. It was a moment of palpitating, frightened silence, frightened on her part, that is, for I never felt braver. Then and there I wanted to carry her away, where that man might never desecrate her again by so much as a glance. Before I knew what I was doing, her sweet head lay on my shoulder and I had kissed her. I had been there so much that somehow we seemed to belong to each other. It was the naturalness of it all, that made her forget the proprieties. But it was love, just plain, everyday love, which is never plain and everyday except to the lookers-on. However, in our case, there were no lookers-on.

When a man and a woman who belong to another man experience for each other what is commonly known as the grand passion, there is only one natural way open to them, and they either take it or they don't. Sometimes they are held back by their morals, sometimes by fear, and sometimes they are the victims of circumstance. Marie had suffered so much, and loved me so much, that she was willing to let me decide what was best. With me, she could not be afraid of the world's cen-

sure. At all events, the world censured in public what it practised in private, so what difference did it make? It was I who pointed that out to her. There was no hope whatever of obtaining a divorce from Jeannot, unless she chose to give him cause, and I don't believe he would have taken the trouble to divorce her, even then. I shuddered to think what such an attempt would mean for her, the notoriety, everything about it. There was only one possible way; she could suddenly disappear with me. The matter would be forgotten in a few weeks. I was rich; we could live abroad; who would know?

But somehow, when it was all on my shoulders, I couldn't decide. I've never told you, have I, that Marie looked ever so much like my mother? Only, Marie was more beautiful. I remember my mother as she held her baby to her breast, the little sister who died, her other arm around me as I stood by her knee. I'll never forget how she said that girls were to be guarded and loved and honored. She said that I must be little sister's protector, and that when I grew up I must be the protector of all women. I was eight years old, old enough to understand, in a way, what she meant. It is strange how those things come back to a man. We were such friends, mother and I, and father, for all he was a man of the world, adored her. It's strange how a man can have two standards, how he can love his wife, and have other loves, too. Father did. But it's different with me. Perhaps it's my mother in me; I hope so. There is no one in my life but Marie, and there never will be.

I knew what a less experienced man might not have known, that is, until afterward, how, insensibly, the aura of a woman changes when she lets go. Sooner or later, too, someone finds out; it always happens that way. What would I have felt to see Marie treated with contempt, to know that I had brought it on her—for, you see, I was bearing all the responsibility. I thought until I began to think in circles. I imagined Marie dying under the strain of living with that man. I pictured my remorse that I had not torn her away

from him and transplanted her into my own life, which would henceforth belong to her, only her. And then I saw her, living with me, a social outcast, perhaps the mother of a babe without a name. It was at this moment that my man announced "Mr. John Hardecker," and I realized that, of all people in the universe, it was Hardecker that I most wanted to see.

I had never forgotten him. Hidden in the recesses of my mind, I had set him up as my ideal, though an ideal I never consciously struggled to attain. I had told Marie about him a hundred times, of his eccentricities and his perfections. She laughed at him, called him a prude, said she liked me better, but after that afternoon, when we knew, she would not let me speak of him at all. I knew then that she felt him in judgment upon us, and shrank from so much as his name. And now he was here. He would help me decide. I could tell him, without dishonoring the woman I loved. I would shift the awful responsibility upon stronger shoulders. To tell Hardecker was equivalent to making the decision for myself; only, there would be two of us, shoulder to shoulder.

Hardecker must have wondered a bit at the warmth of my greeting, considering the way I'd treated him years ago. I hung to his hand as a drowning man clings to the outstretched oar. I offered him cigars and wine before I remembered that he neither smoked nor drank. When I came to myself, he was sitting in the Morris chair, a cigar between his lips and smiling across the fire at me. I don't know what I'd been saying, something perfectly proper, I suppose, for he seemed very much at ease.

But the man himself! He was just as handsome, just as dignified, but no longer the ascetic; and there was a look in his eyes, a look of knowledge gained, of experience, that could not be mistaken. But I didn't think so much of it then; my mind was obsessed with just one idea.

"Hardecker," I said, "you are the person I wanted to see more than I ever wanted to see anyone."

His face became illumined. If he had

been a woman, I would have said that there came a something into his eyes like unshed tears, but it passed in an instant.

"I'm glad I happened in, Larry. I might have come sooner if I'd imagined you cared. You weren't overfond of me in the old days."

My jaws dropped. So he had noticed it, the way I treated him, and it had cut.

"By Jove," I sputtered like a school-boy, "I never cared as much for anyone else—" I stopped short. "That is, except—" I stopped again and got red.

Hardecker's face underwent a curious change. Some tension gave way. He smiled.

"Tell me all about yourself," he said. "I have kept track of your success. Who is the lady?"

"What lady?" I was acting like a schoolboy again and I knew it. Hardecker gave a little amused laugh.

"The lady you just referred to." He sipped at some liqueur which he held to the light.

"I thought you didn't drink," I blurted out.

"I didn't, in those days," he answered. "Say, Larry"—he dropped his reserve like a mask—"what a confounded prig you must have thought me! I've lived since then. I don't blame the fellows for pitching into me."

"You were all right, old man," I answered, but I felt dazed all the same. I preferred that my idol should not know good whisky and cigars when he saw them. So much for force of habit. "We were a lot of little curs," I said. "We didn't appreciate you, that was all. Here, have some more wine." I cut short his self-revelation by filling up his glass.

Then I started on my own life history. It wasn't any harder talking to him than it would have been to talk to myself. You see, he was a sort of fixed idea with me, the kind of an idea that comes out hard, and tears things pretty well to pieces in the coming.

You never knew such a patient listener. Now and again he puffed at his cigar or took a sip from the glass, but

his eyes never left my face. His silence was not the kind that repels, a hard, shiny surface that lets what you say slip off, but it was deep and kindly. It swallowed up my confidence and asked for more.

I told him how pure and good she was, how frail and sweet and tender, and how I loved her. I painted her home life and her husband in the sootiest terms I had at my disposal. I pleaded for myself like a lost soul before the last tribunal; yet all the time I knew what his answer must be. I poured out all my love and loneliness and anguish before him and begged for mercy, not in so many words, of course, but I begged for mercy. He was to decide it all for me. Somehow, it made me feel better to talk this way, because I couldn't say it to Marie. She had put everything into my hands. If only she had been the inexorable judge, it wouldn't have been so hard. I could have pleaded for myself, and the years to come would have been on her head. But I was too evenly divided between the good and the bad to go either way. Like Hamlet, I could see both sides, and might never come to a decision. When I had finished, Hardecker threw his cigar stump into the fire and leaned forward.

"My dear boy," he said, with the infinite tenderness that always lurked in his voice, "you are unstrung. What does the opinion of the world count? Laws are made by men, as liable to mistakes as you or me. Take the woman you love; be true to her and be happy. You have only one life to live."

For a moment my head swam. "But I thought—" I began.

"You thought that I was the same narrow-minded fool that I was eight years ago. Well, I'm not, thank God. There are other standards of right besides the one I was taught. Larry, you may not know it, but some of the things you said to me then stuck. I've thought of you many a time, and when I began to change I saw that you were right, that life is broader than any one man's idea. I made up my mind that I would live, live absolutely, know all that it is

a man's right to know, and that then, some day, I would come back to you."

If there had been a material crash the noise could not have been more deafening. My idol had fallen at my feet. For a moment I could not think nor speak. It was partly due to the fact that I hadn't gone to bed at all the night before, but it was due, as well, to the passing out of that "fixed idea." As I looked at the handsome, well-groomed man before the fire, he seemed, somehow, to grow smaller.

Something of what I felt must have reached him, for he winced a little when I looked at him, though he said nothing.

"After all," I replied wearily, "it is a question that a man must decide for himself, I suppose. Thank you though, Hardecker; you have done your best to help me. I'll have it thrashed out before daylight."

I have never felt sorry for the way things went after that. It always seemed to me that some other power acted through me. At all events, it was, as it had to be. Even if I had chosen differently, it would still have come out just so. Marie trusted me, you see, and if I had failed her, I know, now that I look back on it all, that she would have acted for us both. But about Hardecker, you ask. Why, it was Hardecker who helped me decide—not the Hardecker who came in that night out of the dark to drink my wine and smoke my cigars, but St. John, the man whom I remembered, the man I loved.

Marie lived only five years after that. I was in Europe when I heard of her death. Since then everything has been gray, and I see the world of men and women as through a mist—that is, all but Marie.



THE SWEETEST GIRL OF ALL

By W. B. KERR

I LOVE a pretty maiden;
For her I fondly sigh.
Her face so sweet I seldom greet;
Of me she's very shy.
I follow her day after day
'Mid scenes of strife and squalor;
If you would view this maiden, too—
Look on a silver dollar.



WHAT MAKES A HERO

OUR moral hero is not our apathetic anæmic, devoid of desire; he is our passionate pilgrim, red-bloodedly lustful, who covets his neighbor's wife and burns to transgress every law in the decalogue, *and does not*.

"TOMORROW AT FIVE"

By JOHN J. A'BECKET

AS the car whirled along Broadway, toward the close of that exquisite afternoon in May, its smooth swiftness did not prevent Mrs. Leydam's gaze from dwelling, for a fleeting moment, on a prosaic structure at the corner of a side street, not far below Union Square. It imparted a quality to her expression that subtly enhanced the charm of a face so compellingly beautiful as to rivet the most casual attention. Yet the object was an old-fashioned hotel, which, whatever its past merits, had nothing in it to appeal to the New Yorker of today, much less to a fastidious woman of high social position, which Mrs. Leydam unquestionably was.

She seemed about thirty-four or five. She was in mourning, whose elegant severity set off to perfection her slender figure and patrician air, while a most effective contrast to her regular but winning features and the soft, warm whiteness of her complexion. There was a sort of splendor to her dark eyes. Her delicately arched eyebrows and abundant silky hair were black. The light gray which powdered her hair very evenly was the last touch of aristocratic distinction.

Her car was soon merged in the thick stream of the world that rides in its ascending current on Fifth Avenue. The frequent salutations of friends and acquaintances met with her contained response, but did not dispel the pensive air which the old-time hotel had awakened in her.

Suddenly something did. The lulling expression vanished as if a thin veil had been plucked from her visage. She sat erect, her eyes rounded with

alert interest. Her attention had been rather bestowed upon the humbler folk that walked than elsewhere, and someone on the sidewalk had deeply roused her. As the car glided on, she even sat erect and turned her head, so as to retain the object in her field of vision. Then, with a quick, seemingly exultant respiration, she wheeled sharply about.

"Crothers! Stop at the next corner, please."

A new *timbre* in her musical voice made the chauffeur bring the car to the curb with alacrity. She alighted with buoyant composure. "Drive up as far as Forty-first Street and then come slowly back," she said crisply. "I wish to walk a little."

As the car made off she turned and walked leisurely back, her eyes steadily observant. She had gone only a few steps, when she gracefully paused.

"How do you do?"

The pleasant salutation seemed addressed to a tall, well built man, apparently a foreigner. He checked a first spontaneous movement of surprise, then, as naturally, threw a quick glance over his shoulder to see who was so near to him. There was no one. He brought his eyes back to the lady with a more wondering interrogation. She was pausing, unmistakably, with a most gracious air of patience, hence, with a most ingratiating one. He doffed his soft black hat in dignified and eloquent courtesy.

As he stood thus, he was attractive enough to allure and justify the most exacting feminine taste. Spare, with bronzed features, suggesting dignity, force and sympathetic gravity; a nobly modeled brow, thick, wavy, dark-

brown hair; very brilliant hazel eyes, which conveyed a caressing quality, as a dog's do trust and fidelity; a strong, plastic mouth, shaded by a full well trained mustache. Withal, a worn and rather weary look on his face.

"Shall we walk a little way together?" said the lady quietly.

"Madam, I shall be charmed," he replied, with a slight, dignified bow. She had turned, as if his direction was now hers.

"Do you recall no incarnation in which we have met before?" This with a fine smile of assured *camaraderie*.

"Certainly not in this world!" he answered deliberately. "Then, I could not have forgotten it. Yet—your eyes, your smile!" he continued, regarding her with a closer scrutiny. "Is it imagination which makes me fancy that I have seen them before? Or do you refer to some vanished eon?"

A little quiver came to her lips. "You have seen them before, and in this present span of our being," she said encouragingly. "The occasion, possibly, was not calculated to impress you as strongly as it did myself. It may not have been a very striking episode, for you. It was the turning of the ways for me. I have hoped for years that a kindly fate would once more let our orbits cross. I am very grateful that it has."

"It may sound merely courtierlike to say that it is no less a pleasure to myself—though it is the simplest truth. But if we have ever met, it is sadly to my discredit to forget it. I can say with simple truthfulness that it would seem impossible."

"We have both changed a little, of course," she said brightly—"you more than I had expected. Yet I recognized you at once. A little patience, and you will recall our meeting. I could, of course, bring it to your mind by giving the time and place. But I have set my heart on your recalling it without any assistance on my part. As some aid, however, to that desirable result, have you anything on for this evening?"

"Absolutely nothing—but life!"

She felt the impulsive bitterness of this, but ignored it, except to say, as if meeting his pleasantry in kind: "I am glad you have that. Otherwise, I could hardly ask you, as I now do, for the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening."

He turned his mordantly candid eyes upon her calmly, but with keen arraignment in them. She met his glance with a deliciously amused assurance, until she remarked that a flush had burned his clear, bronzed skin to a copper hue. She raised her daintily gloved hand protestingly.

"Remember, please, that my excellent memory is warrant for this hospitality. I do not appeal to your gallantry, but to your humanity, when I beg you to be as unconventional as myself, and with as good a conscience. This should not be too difficult. I feel that, were our acquaintance only as many minutes long as it is years, I could trust you."

"Madam," he replied quickly, while a smile revealed his white, perfect teeth and lent a charm to his slightly stern features that one could not have imagined, "I place myself unreservedly in your hands. Mr. John Harwood, of Buenos Ayres"—he enunciated his full style deliberately, and with distinctness—"accepts your kind invitation with great pleasure, if—it is still extended. I need hardly remark that I am not dressed to dine with a lady."

"As much as when we dined together before, Mr. John Harwood," she returned, with a smiling air of mockery. "Congratulations on this victory over yourself. I assure you, no greater danger menaces either of us than that of making a new acquaintance. Shall we cross here, please? I sent my chauffeur away while I renewed this old one, and my car is coming to meet us on the other side."

The gentleman from Buenos Ayres escorted her across the swarming thoroughfare with the grace of a *preux chevalier*. He was now hers to command. They had gone only a short

distance, when Crothers's searching eye discovered his mistress, and at her quiet signal drew up. Mr. Harwood assisted her in. They shot off and bowled swiftly up the Avenue. The gentleman had passed the limit of surprises now. It was an Arabian Nights' tale, with a Scheherazade worthy of the good Haroun-al-Rashid.

They drew up before a grandiose François Premier house on upper Fifth Avenue. As Mrs. Leydam pressed the annunciator button at the door, she remarked: "I could have taken you to a more amusing place, but, as you will see later when your eyes are opened, to none that could be more appropriate than my own home. It is also at least quite proper that you should know the name of your hostess. Mrs. Peter Leydam," she added, roguishly imitating his ceremonious announcement of his, "more or less of New York! My name, at least, is as familiar to you as yours was to me."

"More possibly," he retorted with animation. "Now I know why I had that conviction of having seen you. It was at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the gala night of Prince Henry's visit. After I had discovered the woman who attracted as much attention as the royal guest of the evening, I naturally inquired her name. It is needless to add that it could only have been yours."

"Really, my friend, you are 'coming on,'" murmured Mrs. Leydam. "You said the most charming things at our little dinner—but with not quite that air of preciosity! That was a great part of their charm."

The servant here opened the door and they entered. The luxury of the interior was more than rich. It was dignified, homogeneous and suggestive of the character and personal note of the one who had devised it. It was not gallantry alone that convinced Mr. Harwood that this was no other than the mistress of the house. Mrs. Leydam already possessed his mind as the ideal woman, to whom wealth and

position were but fitting appanage. He understood better how the woman she was could handle the wonderful episode in which he was still an actor, ignorant of his cues but enraptured with the *mise en scène*. He hoped ardently she would find the denouement somewhat according to her expectations. To be snatched from what he had been into this dream was weirdly stimulating. She should not suffer any unpleasant consequences which he could spare her.

"Bagot will show you to the library and look after you. I will rejoin you very soon. Will you please feel yourself perfectly at home?" She left him with that charming manner, intimate, friendly, and that assurance of a mutual background, which should be to him, even if invisible, supporting. It really sent him up the stairs almost gloomily. It was as if some marvelously sustaining stimulant had been suddenly removed. He bathed his face and hands; brushed his thick, wavy hair, rearranged his necktie, all with a solicitude quite unusual with him, as was also the cynical disparagement with which he regarded the strong, imposing figure that looked back at him disdainfully. No squire of dames that!

When he went to the library, the evening papers, neatly ranged on the table of Circassian walnut, had small appeal to him. He was making more wonderful "news" than anything they had. He pushed a huge armchair of Cordova leather up to the open window and derived a tranquillizing feeling from the fresh, green tenderness of the Park. The cool perfume of roses in a great bowl on a table near by soothed him; more, they seemed redolent of her! He smiled again in that derisive way, as he noted that he was translating every thought and feeling into terms of her. And why not? It was a midsummer night's dream. He frankly wished it were one from which there would be no awakening.

Fate had taken a rude, crushing fall out of him. Then, stunned with the

sense of his swift wreck, his inconceivable poverty, reduced to such a pass that he was at this moment weak for lack of bodily nourishment, the odious jade had executed a *macabre* pirouette and presented him a flowering spray from the realm of romance, whose searching perfume intoxicated with wild aspirations. He recalled the moment when her sudden invitation to dinner had seemed to him the tender consequence of a suspicion that he was hungry. She, who probably had never known what hunger meant, more than to realize that some dish was particularly well prepared!

The subdued, mechanical voice of a manservant informing him that Mrs. Leydam awaited him interrupted this vein of goading reverie. He rose with the alacrity of a boy, again keyed up to the fascinating mystery of the game. He found her in the living room, sitting before a great marble fireplace, in which crackled and flamed a few sticks of wood, for which the chill of the evening air was excuse. He was glad; the roseate gleams upon the exquisite whiteness of her face, throat and arms were a cheering contrast to her filmy, trailing gown of black, and seemed to kiss the lustrous matched pearls that circled her snowy neck into a glow of vitality.

She rose smilingly, with the allure of a man's "best woman friend." That possessive charm was the dominant note of her for him. The sudden thought burned through him: what if, before the bolt which should resolve him into a stranger for her, some Heaven-sent touch of feeling were to fuse them into ideal friends? Under any circumstances he could conceive of nothing that could dislodge her from that niche in his heart in which the capricious despotism of love had enshrined her.

After a few impersonal remarks, the butler announced that madam was served. She led the way to the dining room adjoining. In the rich paneling of dark old mahogany on wall and ceiling, the round table, with covers laid for two, beamed in hospitable lure,

with snowy napery, gleaming silver, sparkling glass and lighted wax candles. The center decoration was pale pink roses, set in feathery ferns. Mr. Harwood seated himself in the great carved armchair which, presumably—the thought came unsought and chillily—the master of the house had been wont to grace. He was dead, or divorced from the lady, however, else, before this, some allusion to him would have been in order. As he beheld the adorable woman across from him, he felt the query rise aggressively in his mind as to whether that gentleman had properly recognized that he was her beneficiary.

"Have you been in New York long?" she asked blithely. "Or have you been in South America?" The action was on; and while he thrilled with delight at her silvery voice, he seemed to feel the sword above his head. He could only follow her lead.

"I left South America two months ago," he replied, a slight shadow clouding his face. "You are acquainted with it?"

Again that faint, caressing smile. "I fear I know extremely little about it. And I am indebted to you for that. Tell me some more about—yourself."

"Was it my instructive talk about South America that procured me the honor of your remembrance, Mrs. Leydam, at that memorable dinner?"

"Everything you talked about helped to make me remember you," she said, with a simple dignity that made him wince. "If it were not such a shocking admission," she went on with a playful air and a deprecating smile, "I would say that simply the dinner in itself was something I shall never forget. To put myself right with you after that, I must confess at once that I have never been so hungry in my life. Do you wonder that I remember my host?"

He felt his face getting hot again; but his glance met hers with only a polite, though interrogative, interest. He said, a trifle quickly: "Pray eulogize that fortunate man moderately,

my dear madam. I envy him too much. To have been your host was an honor. To have assuaged your hunger was a singular privilege. It is only with due qualification that I declare it mine that I am dining for the first time with Mrs. Leydam."

"This is also the first time 'Mrs. Leydam' ever dined with you," she retorted instantly. "But had I not dined with you that evening, I might never have become Mrs. Leydam. It is even more than possible," she added softly and slowly, "that I would never have dined again at all!"

He regarded her intently, his brows slightly contracted. "The sphinx had only one riddle; you confound me with three. Surely you will supply me with the key?"

"I am trying to slip it into your hand, that you may unlock the door of your memory yourself," she replied animatedly. "If a man has his curiosity, a woman has her pride. Mine demands, as the least you can do, that you recall that dinner. I am waiting very patiently for you to cry out repentantly and joyously: 'Oh! That evening in May! And, positively, almost the hour we met this afternoon! That cozy little dinner afterward at the Hotel Mont Joie! It was shameful in me not to have recalled it long before this.' I expect you to say all that."

"Then, having satisfied in this essential matter, should your gallantry prompt you to express some pleasant sentiments about your girl guest, I should not feel hurt. Nor if you recalled some of the things we said."

"Much of this is pleasantry, of course," continued Mrs. Leydam, who had not taken her eyes off his raptly attentive but puzzled face. "But I really wish to learn what were your feelings about your guest's departure—though, I confess, I slightly dread this. It did not have the look of gratitude. But you may have been generous enough yourself, in reflecting on it, to believe there was some good reason for it. It is her gratitude," she added, with a thrill of feeling in her voice,

"which looks across her own table this evening and assures you that she has never seen a guest at it with such delight."

"Then later," she went on a little quickly, as if with something of a man's dread of overt emotionality, "you do remember that tempting—it *was* tempting; at this distance from it I freely confess that it was extremely so—suggestion of a drive through the Park, out to Claremont?"

Her voice seemed to become more musical as it echoed the sweet notes of memory, like a bird's clear call to its mate in the spring dusk. The intense interest with which he listened left nothing to be desired. Wonder, distress, sympathy, even a subtle something else, could be plainly read in his expressive face. But not the glad flash of awakened memory. Not the exultant satisfaction which should tell her that at last he remembered *with* her, not *through* her.

He saw the little droop in her animated features as she read this in his. Then her gallant soul rose to the occasion. If she had had the courage of her convictions—and she realized how thoroughly she had—she was thoroughbred enough to carry off the consequences with spirited assurance. Generous enough, too, not to let her pathetically chivalric victim pay a bitterer cost than was necessary.

With a change to a more conventional manner, yet still with a gracious appeal, she played her last card. "At least, you surely recall your going to secure a carriage, and then coming back to find me—gone!"

His noble countenance revealed clearly that he surely did not, despite a most intense desire to do so. She even felt that he was meditating "perjuring himself like a gentleman" as the one courtly alternative. A horrid thought suddenly shot through her mind. Under its bitter shock she cried out: "You do not mean to say that you did not come back!" She uttered a nervous, mirthless little laugh. Her sense of humor exacted toll even at the price of a stab. Then her wil-

lowy figure stiffened as she murmured: "That is the last stroke!" For the first time she regarded her guest with perfect impersonality.

It was harder than he had imagined. That desolating sense, as if the table had suddenly lengthened between them, and that a feather's weight more of realization would find him ceremoniously ushered out, crushed by an unmerited nemesis. His clear, lucent eyes, betraying his aching regret, were bent on her with unflinching loyalty. There was a splendid dignity and virile tenderness about him that made any sentiment other than regretful compassion for her guest impossible to her, especially after the strong, generous way in which he accepted the situation—for which she was alone responsible.

"If your host did not return, knowing that you awaited him, my dear madam, it is proof that he was not I. Mrs. Leydam, you constrain me to be a gentleman at the very time you expose me to the temptation of telling you a lie. For your own sake, I had hoped against hope that at some stage of events I might qualify for the role you have assigned me. The wish was father to the thought. But you have now set it forth in sufficient detail, and I am unable to do so. I saw for the first time just now your recoil as your own sustaining conviction disappeared. My reverence for you—the expression is not too strong—almost persuaded me that it would be only courtesy and kindness to simulate the remembrance you so confidently looked for. With the data you have given, it would not have been difficult. Then you would have enjoyed the gratification of expressing yourself as you wished to this fortunate host, and I would have had the comfort of having done you a service. But I could not deceive you! Believe me, I am showing a worthier appreciation of your warm, noble nature in feeling that I cannot lie to you. I would never be at ease with myself again if I did. There is only one little straw to which I cling. You are sure that the hotel was the Mont Joie? I know the hotel."

"I could not be more certain of anything."

"I have never been in the Hotel Mont Joie in my life."

For a fraction of a minute they sat regarding one another, speechless. The stately Colonial clock clicked stolidly, as if keeping the count, in a boxing bout, with grim indifference as to whether the victim of the blow "came to time" or not.

Mrs. Leydam did—with a little to spare. Every instinct of her nature, every habit of an ordered life, helped her to this with ease and apparently unruffled mien. The set face regarding her with tense appeal from across her own table may have been contributory. Such regret was harder to behold in it than the portent of a virile blush.

"How charmingly you have handled the situation!" she said heartily. "Frankly, I have blundered—egregiously! But I have only myself to thank for this," she went on. "You will remember—here speaks the 'eternal feminine'—that I assured you that nothing worse should happen to us than to make a new acquaintance. Very well; I am a true prophetess. We have done so. I am quite sure I like mine."

She spoke with the assurance of the woman of the world, with the graceful courtesy of the hostess. Before, she had transcended that role.

"You are very kind. That you permit me to regard you as a friend is the greatest honor of my life. It is impossible that I should not be yours henceforth. But I am costing you such a price!"

"Not so; I am rapidly forgetting my chagrin. It is a chastening lesson to be so obstinately mistaken, of course. If there is a culprit, it is only I. But it resolves itself quite agreeably. I thought you were an old friend. I find you are a rather fascinatingly acquired new one, introduced to me by my charming young host. I have already been as long in your company as I was in his.

"Now I am going to tell you the history of that little dinner. You shall

no longer 'see through a glass darkly.' Do you know, you have recalled my young host in much besides personal appearance. But possibly," she said with a faint smile, "you have already had more than enough of the subject!" There was that faint touch of conventionality which irked him so sorely.

"On the contrary, nothing could delight me more," he returned with low-voiced earnestness. "I shall no longer have the uneasy sense of hearing what is not intended for my ears. Under the stimulus of this, the most fascinating episode of my life, especially, now that you have forgiven me for being myself, I have the sustaining conviction that I may still further redeem my personality. Not even your young host could have been a more grateful or eager listener."

She smiled a little deprecatingly as she began. "You will find that the only material benefit which he knowingly and intentionally bestowed upon me was an excellent dinner—though his personal charm and his gay, ingenuous talk made it peculiarly interesting. He certainly had not the faintest idea of how much that dinner meant to me—on its purely material side. A perfectly healthy young woman with a normally good appetite, I had not tasted a morsel for two days."

A muffled ejaculation from her auditor seemed proof of Mr. Harwood's sympathetic attention. "That makes it worse," he muttered. This acute appreciation made her remark merrily: "You must remember, this was fifteen years ago! But one cannot appreciate the annoyance of such an enforced fast until it is experienced." Mr. Harwood only looked assent to this. She went on:

"This was not the worst thing I was enduring, although for the moment the most poignant and clamorous. I had come to New York, quite a young girl, to 'make my living.' I belonged to a 'reduced' Southern family, with more than its share of fiery Southern pride. My efforts proved a dismal failure. At last I had reached the point where rebuffs, loss of hope, inability to pay my

room rent, this incipient starvation and, as the proverbial 'last straw,' my not getting a small sum on which I had feverishly counted, overwhelmed me. So that on that Saturday afternoon in May I found myself walking up Broadway with the firm conviction that the only thing left for Miss Juliet Lamorinière, who had been a success at nothing except as a Southern 'belle,' was the Hudson River! Poor, healthy, virtuous, incompetent and proud, that seemed the only place for her. I pitied her extremely, as I reflected that she seemed so adapted for a role in a certain sphere of life, of whose privileges she was extremely fond, but which, unfortunately, was about as accessible as the moon. Yes, I was thoroughly persuaded that the river was her lot, the only logical and honorable one. If I seem to lay undue stress on what is not so very hard to conceive, it is because it is the key to what follows. You see that I did not carry out this intention. So there is only an artistic need for your being harrowed by it.

"As I walked along, absorbed by my miseries, yet carrying myself well, and glad that my clothes were perfectly correct, I was quite roused from my brooding reverie by the amazing fact that a charming young man was addressing me, pleading that I would have pity on the loneliness of a stranger in New York. And the charity he sought from me was that I would dine with him that evening! It was not the orthodox guise of a messenger from Heaven, but he seemed that at the time.

"After my first natural recoil, and then a wild desire to laugh, I had a moment of the quickest and most practical thinking of my life. I balanced the river and the 'irregularity' of dining with an innocent boy who inspired me with absolute confidence. At all events, I could more calmly estimate the reasonableness of the Hudson when restored to a normal condition by some cheering food. I assure you, the fact that the boy was one with whom I would have been charmed to

dine under more conventional conditions had no weight at the moment," Mrs. Leydam interpolated archly. Mr. Harwood's eyes were fixed on her as if held by a spell, and they had a very suspicious lustrousness. There was no need to tax too severely the emotional strain in him.

"I accepted the invitation with the same ease and tranquillity with which I would have done had it been most conventionally extended by a friend. We went to the Mont Joie because it was a very good and quiet hotel and near at hand. This last had weight with me, for I did not know how much farther I could walk. He was an ideal host, gay, considerate, anticipating everything which could at all add to my enjoyment of the occasion, and with those little touches which appeal to a woman in a man's devotion. But with all his ease and animation, there was not a suggestion of anything to offend the sensibility of the most exacting *grande dame*. I have had a large and varied experience in men's manners, and those *nuances* which are the outcome of breeding, *savoir faire* and the highest gallantry of your sex to mine. I have never seen a more perfect exhibition of them than in that boy, seemingly so natural and unconscious. Do you wonder that I have remembered him?"

"The only thing I have never been able to resolve with conviction and comfort in his conduct is his addressing me as he did at the start. He must have known that it was startlingly unconventional, to put it in the mildest form. As I have never been able to admit to myself that I could have seemed, nor he have imagined, that I was one to condone such a liberty, that point remains a mystery. Why?"

The interrogation was, to her own astonishment, drawn forth without premeditation by the expression of her guest's eloquent countenance. He breathed such perfect conviction of the reason.

"Because he simply knew, by some psychic resonance of basic kindred chords in your respective beings, that

you would understand each other. By sheer momentum of your respective natures," he said softly, without a shadow of hesitation or doubt.

"I fancy you are right," she said slowly. The most exquisite rose delicately suffused the pure, warm whiteness of her face. Singularly enough, it seemed due to none of the ordinary causes of a blush. But, whatever it was, it held her entranced for a moment. Then, without a trace of confusion, she resumed her narrative.

"Naturally, I was stimulated by every reason to make the occasion as agreeable for this young thoroughbred as possible. That he found it such seemed proven by his suggesting, when we were nearly through, that we could round out the evening most appropriately, by driving in an open carriage through the Park and out to Claremont. 'We can have an ice there and look at the Hudson.' Imagine that touch! 'The river is very pretty, from there, especially on a moonlight night.' The proposition was more alluring than he dreamed. It would really have been no more unconventional than the dinner, and seemed a most natural corollary of it. But I had satisfied my hunger now, and my sense of the conventions resumed their normal sway. I can never recall it, however, except as a wasted good!"

"I seemed to assent, and while he went to secure the carriage I made my escape. When I was back in my hatefully stuffy, hot little room, 'virtue as its own reward' failed to put in an appearance. I simply felt that I had treated my gallant young South American shabbily, that toward him my conduct had been prudish and provincial. I have continued to feel that way for these succeeding fifteen years. Hence I have cherished the hope that fate would let me meet him, at least once again. Today I was sure I had!"

"Well, he saved me from the river. And from that time all my good fortune dates. Now you understand why I so long to meet him and make an *amende honorable*. It will be a red letter day in my life when I do. You

also understand my hardihood in approaching you, and why I so wished to have you recall the episode without any assistance from me. I was so certain you were he! Imagine! I had had my recollection of this incident strongly revived as I passed the Mont Joie. Then, I saw you so soon after that! Making allowance for the years, you recall him strikingly. Your forehead, still more, your eyes, and most of all, your smile, once or twice, when you have been the most animated.

"Of course, now, I see that there was every reason except one, and that rather selfish, I fear, why I should have explained myself more fully. But I thought when you recalled the dinner I would be able to read in your expression what you had thought of your guest on that occasion. What you have actually thought of me, under the circumstances," she said, with a demure smile, "I am quite content you should not tell me."

"Do not judge me so unflatteringly, I beg of you," Mr. Harwood replied ardently. "It makes it much harder for me. Even the exotic character of this episode, a most enchanting one for me, would hardly permit their full utterance. But your account of this other dinner has exhilarated me more than you could have imagined. Do you possibly recall the exact date?"

"I have more reasons than I have told you for never forgetting it. The twenty-ninth of May, 1894."

He nodded his head gravely. "Nothing but the fact would make our meeting as we did today under such conditions even credible. Will you kindly look at this?"

While speaking, he had drawn out his pocketbook, whose thinness she remarked, and taking out something wrapped in note paper, he rose, and, coming over to where she sat, placed it in her hand. He returned to his place, and, seating himself, regarded her intently.

She opened it quickly. The enclosure was a small photograph, which had been cut from a larger one, evidently, with a view to carrying it in

his pocketbook. He saw that she recognized it at once. For a moment she remained silently absorbed in its contemplation, her bosom rising and falling lightly with the stress of her feelings. When she raised her eyes to him, the tender glow in them, which he had awaited, gripped his heart.

"My young host," she said softly. "He is—your brother?"

"My brother Paul," he answered with repressed emotion. "I should have conjectured this long before. But this whole wonderful thing has been such a fantasy, passing a poet's imaginings, that I have hardly been myself from the start. Fancy! My brother was never in New York but once—then only for a week. He left for South America two days after that dinner with you. I have been in New York only once before. Then I saw you at the Opera. I asked your name. When you told me more fully this happy episode, I knew it must be Paul of whom you spoke. That is why I was able to solve your very reasonable doubt about the manner of his approach to you. Had I been mistaken, my disappointment would have been almost equal to your own."

"Tell me some more about him. I am not feeling so disappointed—now."

"It was a far more memorable episode for the boy than you could have imagined. Had you told him what you have told me, I am convinced nothing could have dragged him away from New York. How truly you divined his character, his delicate, vigorous fiber! I question if anyone but myself had any notion what an intense sensibility underlay his gay, ardent, unaffected manner. I gathered from several things he let fall after his return from New York that he must have met some young girl who had made upon him one of those impressions which sink into the very soul. He cherished this maiden passion with a sort of proud idolatry. It was something to be enshrouded with reverent reserve. It was his first, and remained his one romance, the vivid flower of his clean, intense young manhood.

One night I heard him murmur in his dreams: 'Why did you leave me? Why did you not come back?' It was not a complaint so much as a regret, a troubling marvel. But the intensity of feeling in the words made a lasting impression upon me."

"Tell me more about him—about your family," Mrs. Leydam said gently. Her gaze veered from the boyishly fresh, ingenuous features in the photograph to the stronger, more virile repetitions of them in his brother's face. "You are so like him! You cannot wonder at my mistake."

"It was most natural. There is very little to tell, and nothing of interest. We were the only children. My father, a native of New Orleans, went to Buenos Ayres as a young man, married a young Spanish girl and settled there. Paul and myself were more Spanish than American. My parents are dead. Neither Paul nor myself ever married. Mrs. Leydam," he concluded with a slow, deep respiration, "I understand what that little dinner was to Paul. You have very graciously told me what it was to you. I know what this one has been to me. Though I have, unhappily, proved no help toward the realization of your generous purpose, believe me, you have more than acquitted yourself of any obligation to the Harwoods."

"It does not seem like you to say that," she protested warmly. "It is truer, that you have increased them. And you will do so still more when you help me to make my *amende* to your brother. I need to more than ever now. Where is my good friend Paul? Here, with you?"

Her utterance of the name was like a caress. How could such simplicity and directness be so subtly subjugating? He rose, unable to remain quiescent under the stress of his emotions. He walked a few steps away, then turned, and controlling his feeling, replied with a certain repression: "Paul died when he was twenty-eight. The photograph is one I cut out of a larger one taken when he was in New York, so that I could carry it in my pocket-

book, when I left South America and all the associations of my life two months ago—forever."

Her eyes turned slowly to the little photograph again, and filled with tears as she gazed on it. She could never make her *amende* to Paul! And how much stronger had been his claim to one than she had dreamed! That sunny, gracious, chivalric boy had not suggested such utter and majestic devotion. What a contrast in their destinies! Yet how those destinies had been affected by that little dinner given to a starving girl! Very simply she raised the little photograph slowly to her lips.

"And now, dear madam," she heard Paul's brother saying in his full, rich tones, "I must thank you for a dinner strangely akin to that to which your gracious feeling has given so loyal a remembrance. It will be the most cherished memory of my life," he said gravely. "We are both debtors to Paul. But my brother and I are far more debtors to you. This is a 'sealed page,' a 'closed garden' in which only we may wander. It remains for me to thank you and bid you 'good-bye.'"

"Oh, but you must not go yet!" she cried, her eyes softly lustrous. "And when you do, it must not be a solemn, final parting like that. Remember," she went on with a touch of pathetic lightness, "I did not leave Paul until after the coffee. And you will not forget that I have never left the dear boy, so far as memory goes. Besides, there are other things which I wish to tell—to Paul's brother. We have only now become acquainted. We both have something to live up to. *Noblesse oblige*. Burchardson," she said to the butler, whom she had summoned, "serve the coffee in the conservatory. And then turn out some of these lights."

She rose and preceded him into the domed glass house off the dining room. It seemed an urban bower, devised for the interchange of intimate confidences. Great ferns interlaced their soft, luxuriant fronds; flowers, only white, or mauve, exhaled correspond-

ently pure fragrance; gleaming threads of water trickled over white, moss-grown rocks, and fell with a soft gurgle into a bronze basin, in whose pellucid shallows Japanese gold-fish, living arabesques in gold and jet, slowly swept their mantilla-like tails above the snowy pebbles.

When Burchardson had served the coffee and placed liqueurs, cigars and cigarettes on a convenient Moorish tabouret, Mrs. Leydam insisted on her guest smoking, as if the mundane sedative were in key with the coming confidence, or might attenuate its impressiveness as a personal revelation. She began in a soft, evenly modulated tone.

"I told you that the little dinner with Paul—it is a satisfaction to speak his name, and I am indebted to you for that—was the parting of the ways for me. Were it not for Paul's association with the notable change in my destiny, since it dates directly from that dinner with him, I should hardly feel warranted in imparting to you such personal and private details. I was so absorbed in my dinner, and then in my genial young host, that I had neither interest nor attention to bestow upon the other diners at the Mont Joie that evening. Among them, there chanced to be one—does it seem quite right to say 'chanced,' when referring to a gentleman of whom I had never heard, who was dining there for the first time that evening, and whose name I have borne for fourteen years? Although I did not see him, Mr. Leydam observed me, and our marriage was the consequence. How satisfactory a union it proved you may gather when I say that he never did anything less considerate of me than to die last year. An harmonious married life of that duration may be rated a success.

"Do you wonder, then, that I have wished to meet once more that charming boy, and to let him see how his 'bread cast upon the waters' could verify the proverb? And yet he died," she concluded sadly, "thinking me ungrateful!"

Profoundly moved by the loyal sim-

plicity and remembrance of a woman who had lived in the vortex of excitement and pleasure which wealth and high position encourage, where ingratitude is the easiest of vices, Mr. Harwood could ill endure such severity of self-reproach.

"Having known you only these few hours, Mrs. Leydam, I am not surprised at a delicacy of feeling which is seldom to be looked for under similar circumstances. But I feel that you can hardly credit Paul with any such thought in your regard, after what I have told you. Living in constant thought of you, he could never do you homage enough. If, where he now is in this strange universe," he added, with a swift touch of solemn feeling, "he can know of the hospitality accorded to his brother by that girl guest of the summer evening, years ago, he will feel that you have offered abundant proof of gratitude. And if he is the same Paul, he will rejoice that my life, through no desert of my own, has been also enriched by you with a beautiful and sustaining memory. Who could believe that anything so ideal, so wonderfully accomplished, could occur in this hard, prosaic, selfish world? *You* have cast your bread upon waters which I fear no returning tide will ever bear back to you."

"And you say this—who have already brought to me what has so enhanced an already rich and solacing memory! You have taken away the one teasing thought that marred my comfort in recalling your brother's exquisite attitude toward me. Paul brought you to me, but you have amplified my memory of your brother; you are both yourself and Paul to me."

In their stress of intimate feeling, transported by a unique relation beyond all conventional planes, her words and looks so wrought upon his heart that it seemed to him as though she must hear its furious throbbing. He could endure no more and retain control of himself. He rose, saying with as calm a manner as he could achieve: "Thank you heartily for permitting me to bear away such a consoling thought.

It is a fitting crown to this wonderful, inconceivable day. I am not the man you met, Mrs. Leydam. I doubt if I shall ever find him again—or, rather, whether he will ever find me; for I shall not seek him. But—I must go!”

She had risen, with her supple grace, her look fixed on his glowing eyes, a certain new quality in her glance. She remembered the convincing force with which he had justified to her Paul's approach. He had plucked that little thorn out of her proud, if tender heart. As he finished speaking, with that odd, curt eloquence of his last simple phrase, she returned brightly: “I will not seek to keep you any longer. *Now!* What can be added to the perfection of this evening? But in this hour of childlike candor, when we have been simply human beings and given our feelings a holiday, I have a curious desire to know one thing more. It is not mere curiosity; it comes into the picture. And if I am ever to know it, there could not be a better time. The one thing that makes me hesitate is the reluctance I feel in asking it. Yet it will only show my friendliness, my confidence. And if you—”

“Pardon!” He stood drawn to his full height, a slightly commanding expression on his face, as of one who faces an ordeal. But his eyes looked unflinchingly into hers, and the light in them was tender. He had raised his hand as he spoke the arresting word. “I am very rude. You need not ask the question. Do you think I could deny you—especially on this day, when you have called me from the dead, as it were—anything you should demand of me? You will let me answer it then, unasked, or, rather, unuttered?”

“I would not have you answer it at all unless you wish to do so. It is a new touch of happiness I crave.” She stiffened a little proudly, searching his soul imperiously in her confidence.

“Yes,” he answered with a lowered voice, after a little pause.

The expression in her eyes at once repaid his sacrifice of pride. “You will ask nothing more,” he went on very quietly. “I understand that it is the

last complementary note in this evening's unusual chord. The last! Good-bye. And from the bottom of my heart, thanks—mine and Paul's.”

She held his hand with the stanch allegiance of a man's grasp. “It is only good night. Nothing can be added to this evening,” she said softly. Then, with the words, a sudden inspiration seized her. Her eyes grew bright, yet tender. “There *is* something that can be added to it.” She was palpitant. Her eyes caressed his own. “An inspiration from Paul,” she said softly. With a slow, tender grace in her appeal, she asked: “Will you not drive with me tomorrow afternoon at five, through the Park to Claremont? We will dine there—and look upon the river. It is pretty—”

Her voice broke. She pressed her handkerchief to her lips, but her eyes looked bravely at him through her tears.

No look had been in Paul's laughing eyes like this in his. She had not known they could melt into such proud eloquence. He bent and kissed her hand, his very soul seeming to pulse through his lips and to reach her own. Then, raising his head, he looked at her. “With more pleasure than I can speak,” he said intensely, and left her standing there.

Out into the soft night, out into a new world, he strode away, buoyant with hushed exaltation. It seemed as if Paul's spirit were companioning him. No longer poor, for he bore her in his heart. No longer hungering, save with his spirit, which had quaffed from that chalice of a woman's heart, whose mystic wine makes men like gods. One draught from it had made his brother's life a honeyed elegy. And Paul had brought him to the woman he had loved, to her, who had fled from him, and—carried him in her heart ever since.

He flung out his arms and lifted his eager eyes to the still stars, that burned with such grave sympathy in the heavens.

“Tomorrow at five!”

THE CUTHBERT-MAYSE AFFAIR

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A BRIGHT sky overhead, chrysanthemums in the public gardens, the gorgeous coloring of the throng along the *bund*, the sluggish tide of the Huang-pu crowded with shipping—Cuthbert saw it all with dull interest as the landing tug steamed up to the wharf at Shanghai and discharged her eager passengers from the great ocean liner lying at the mouth of the little river.

He pushed his way down the gangplank and then stood idly waiting for the babel of arrival to diminish. Now that he was back in the gay, familiar city in whose foreign upbuilding he had been much concerned, back among old friends whom he feared to face, old scenes to which he had at last fled as a refuge from the scorn of his world, he hesitated. There was a mere chance that Shanghai did not know, a chance, at least, that his fine record of the past might overbalance the hideous present.

"Hello, old man! Where did you drop— I beg your pardon—thought it was Gray." The hearty hand which had descended upon his shoulder with a touch that thrilled him through was hastily withdrawn, and the owner turned an embarrassed face aside.

Cuthbert smiled bitterly. Here was Derrick, once his nearest friend, old Bob Derrick, cutting him dead! And he had thought that Shanghai might overlook what he had done, and for which London and the rest of the world that he thought was worth while had ostracized him!

He would make one more trial; perhaps a few people, someone, at least, would hold out a welcoming

hand, someone whom he had assisted or fêted or dined in the old days that were only a couple of years past.

He faced about and shook his broad shoulders defiantly as he strode up the long wharf among the yelling, burden bearing coolies and on to the *bund* which runs along the river embankment.

When he reached Soochow Creek he paused and gritted his teeth savagely. Shanghai did not know him! He had been cut right and left by men and women whom he had known for years, who had been his intimate friends, and now considered him taboo. When he had left the city two years before, he had been accompanied to his steamer by a party of these same people, who reluctantly took leave of the favorite of the settlement, and now—well, he would leave on the morrow; he would go up country and lose himself in the Yang-tse Valley.

He turned and made his way toward the hotel where he intended to stop. He was pushing his way across the crowded thoroughfare when a low, sweet voice arrested his steps.

"Major Cuthbert! This is a pleasure, indeed! When did you return?"

He bared his head and paused at the door of Mrs. Raymond's carriage, with an eager light in his hollow eyes. "An hour ago," he replied. "How do you do?"

"Nicely, thank you. Why did you not tell us you were coming? We would have planned an ovation!"

"You are too good," he murmured gratefully. "I came—unexpectedly. Your husband—he is well?"

"Jack is always well. He is at

Hankow for the week. You must come and dine with me tonight. I will get some of the old crowd together—the Derricks, Amy Hosford, and the Braithes. At seven-thirty. You will come?"

Cuthbert hesitated as he looked into Helena Raymond's ingenuous face, with its soft, innocent blue eyes, aureole of golden hair and sympathetic mouth.

"Yes," he said almost roughly, "I will come."

His heavy brows knitted thoughtfully as he watched her drive away. With Helena Raymond as his sponsor, the closed doors would swing open again, slowly, perhaps, but after a while he would live it down.

The encounter had enlivened him somewhat, and he entered the hotel with a light step and registered under the cold, curious eyes of the sallow-faced clerk. When he had entered his room and kicked aside the luggage that cumbered the floor with its dingy bulk plastered with varicolored labels, he threw himself into a chair and closed his eyes wearily. It was harder than he had expected.

He wished he had stayed in the uttermost ends of the earth, where he had first found refuge, but his hunger for human sympathy, for the clasp of friendly hands, the sound of familiar English voices—for sight and sound of one in particular—had driven him back to the gay, foreign city on the banks of the Huang-pu, and he had hoped that some of the men he had helped in the old days—young Benham for instance, or some other cub whom he had licked into shape—might understand, might have a fellow feeling for his situation and assist him to explain his way back into the ranks of respectability.

And not one friendly hand had been outstretched save that of little Helena Raymond, and it must be that she could not know of the affair—or possibly, generous little soul, would not listen to his traducers! But Jack Raymond must have known, and probably had not cared to repeat the story

to his wife. Raymond was a queer chap.

If he went to the Raymonds' that evening, it would be at the sacrifice of his manhood; this clinging to a woman's friendly, innocent hand was a cowardly thing to do. But he must see Amy Hosford once more, just once more. He broke down and sobbed hoarsely.

Helena Raymond beamed upon her assembled guests. There were the jolly Derricks, lovely Amy Hosford, young Benham and the comfortable Braithes—the cream of the British settlement.

"My guest of honor is late," said Helena with a charming pout, as the moon-faced butler thrust appealing eyes to the bamboo portière for the third time and was frowned away.

"Do relieve our curiosity, Helena; whom are you expecting?" asked Mrs. Derrick lazily.

"It is a surprise. I did not know he had arrived until three o'clock, and then I espied him—one whom we have all missed—one whom— Ah, here he is now!"

She went forward with outstretched hand, and with one accord they all turned and faced the tall form standing in the doorway.

Cuthbert stared dazedly at the softly lighted room, the shadow of the swaying punkah, the three men glaring stonily at him, the white-gowned women, with pale, startled faces, and in the foreground, Helena Raymond, delicate and sweet in her filmy dress, a flush of pleasurable excitement in her cheeks and a warm light of welcome in her eyes.

"Dilatory one! You do not deserve the welcome we have in store for you!" She turned to the others with a blithe little gesture and added: "Major Cuthbert, at—" She stopped and stared from the irresponsive group in the room to the ashen-faced man in the doorway. Benham quietly stepped in front of Amy Hosford, thus hiding her lovely, agitated face from Cuthbert's wretched gaze.

"I do not understand," stammered Mrs. Raymond amazedly.

"If you will excuse me I will withdraw; Mrs. Raymond, I—I thank you." The man in the doorway jerked out the words as he turned aside, and instantly they were alone.

"What is it? What do you mean? I do not understand." Helena Raymond surveyed her guests haughtily.

"Dear Mrs. Raymond," began Derrick remorsefully, "you must think we are a pack of brutes, but, of course, you must know that Cuthbert is—impossible now, and—"

"Why 'impossible'?" demanded Helena spiritedly. "Please understand, Mr. Derrick, that anyone whom you meet in my home is quite possible!"

"Yes—ah—you know about the Cuthbert-Mayse affair?" stammered Derrick desperately, with an appealing glance at the other men. The women were gathered in a little group by the piano, staring curiously at their hostess. There was a strained look in Amy Hosford's white face as they awaited Mrs. Raymond's reply.

"Of course, I know all about it; there is nothing in it at all," lied Helena cheerfully, suppressing her surprise at the question. Indeed, she had never heard about the scandal which had stirred two continents.

They pressed eagerly about her. "Nothing in it! You are sure? Thank God!" muttered Braithe as his eyes encountered those of Derrick. "How do you know, Mrs. Raymond? Jack has heard something, of course?"

"Yes—oh, yes. Of course, there is nothing in it. I believe it was a cousin of Austin Cuthbert's, and we are such sillies for believing for one instant that the dear Major could be mixed up in anything like *that*. Now you have spoiled my evening, and old Ping is gnashing his teeth over the ruined dinner."

"Hurrah!" cried Derrick excitedly. "We'll go after him and bring him back. Apologies are in order now. We'll give old Cuthbert a rousing welcome."

There was a hurried donning of hats, and the three men departed, leaving the women in the gloom of the deep veranda. Amy Hosford leaned a hot cheek against the cool, sweet face of her hostess.

"Thank you Helena," she whispered with a tender little kiss.

But Helena Raymond's wide eyes were gazing out into the darkness with frightened doubt in their depths.

Cuthbert walked slowly back to his hotel. When he snapped on the electric light the glare fell on a blank, despairing face. He threw himself into a huge chair before the writing table and dropped his face into his hands. He sat there for a long time, and when he lifted his haggard eyes his gaze fell upon a square package on the table before him.

He stared at it curiously, and presently he drew it toward him and slowly untied the string that bound it. Then he thrust a finger under the red seal splotching one end and ripped off the yellow wrapper. Within was a handsomely lacquered box.

He lifted the lid and stared in horrified understanding at the interior. On a bed of rich brocade lay a coil of white silk cord—one of those mutely eloquent suggestions that are occasionally presented to a mandarin or other high official when public weal demands his bodily elimination.

Cuthbert shuddered as he withdrew an envelope from the coils of the rope. He opened it and read the contents:

It's no use, Cuthbert. This is the only decent thing you can do.

There was no signature, but he knew young Benham's handwriting. He had met Benham and Dr. Braithe coming down the steps of the club that afternoon and they had ignored him.

So this was the only decent thing he could do! He flung the box aside and groaned aloud. He had never thought of doing this. He had hoped for recognition, reinstatement, and there was nothing for him but death—and that was something he feared.

Again he saw the softly lighted rooms, the stony faces of the men, the

pale, shocked women, and innocent Helena Raymond holding out her white hand to *him*. For the first time, he realized the extent of his sinning. Death would be ecstasy compared to a repetition of that scene.

It was the thought of Amy Hosford's pale, agitated face that brought him to his feet with startling suddenness. He fumbled in his portmanteau and brought out a revolver, a heavy army weapon. He was examining the loading, when there came a quick tap at the door.

"Come in," he said irritably. He fell back as Derrick entered, followed by Benham and Braithe.

"Oh, I say, Cuthbert old man, it's all a mistake, don't you know," began Derrick eagerly. "Mrs. Raymond has enlightened us, and we've been a lot of silly asses for believing that—" He paused confusedly.

Cuthbert leaned against the writing table and laid the revolver carelessly beside him. He stared hard at the intruders for an embarrassed moment, and then he asked in a low tone that was unshaken by any emotion: "You mean that Mrs. Raymond has told you—that I am—innocent?"

Derrick nodded. "She says it was your cousin, and we've come down to ask your pardon and to carry you back to dinner."

Benham and Braithe stepped forward with extended hands.

Major Cuthbert looked at them strangely. He thought of the wall back along the lighted *bund* to the hospitable bungalow, the merry evening, the bliss of seeing Amy Hosford. If he could spend just one evening among them all, it would be something to remember. He drew a sharp breath.

"I wish to God I could go with you," he said thickly. "But, gentlemen—I never had a cousin!"

Three hands leaped to his. He wrung each one—and then he was alone. He sat down and wrote a couple of letters. Then he slipped the revolver in his pocket, took the lacquered box under his arm and left the hotel.

Along the *bund* his tall figure cast huge distorted shadows under the scattered lights. He walked firmly, and his military tread rang out on the pavement with sharp, rapping taps. Westward he went his lonely way, through the British settlement, out along the French *bund* to the eastern gate of the old walled, native city. Here he paused and flung the lacquered box into the ditch at his feet. Then he entered the arched gateway and plunged into the darkness of the city beyond.



MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR

FATHER—Do you think you are able to support a family?

FRIGHTENED SUITOR—Good Lord, man, I didn't ask for any but Mamie!



WOMEN are better than men, because they do not have women to tempt them.

HENKERS MAHLZEIT

By ALICIA RAMSEY

"*Henkers Mahlzeit*" is not necessarily a weird or a sorrowful repast. "*The Hangman's Meal*" is, indeed, a recognized domestic festivity in many parts of Germany, and usually takes the form of a favorite dish served at the last meal taken by a member of the circle leaving home.

CHARACTERS

LOUIS, MARQUIS DE VILLANCOURT
THE PREFECT OF PARIS
MARIE (*his wife*)
JEAN JACQUES (*valet to LOUIS*)
THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL BODYGUARD
A SOLDIER

PLACE: *Paris.*

TIME: *The beginning of the Reign of Terror.*

SCENE—A small room in the Bastille, sparsely but elegantly furnished. One sees it is a prison reserved for a favored state prisoner of great importance. There is a table in the center exquisitely laid for two persons. There are silver candlesticks with four lighted candles, and a vase containing white roses and lilies. Everything on the table is white. A bird in a golden cage is on a side table at the left. A superb white satin coat with lace ruffles hangs over the back of a chair. A pair of white gloves, a lace handkerchief and a white hat lie in readiness on a small side table by the door in the center. There are two doors, one leading to an inner chamber at the right, the other in the center, leading to the entrance stairs. The curtain discovers an empty stage. There is a pause. JEAN enters. He comes forward, looks at the table, moves a plate to a more exact angle, lifts the coat sleeve and delicately picks a thread off the lace ruffle. He stands as if listening intently. The clock in the tower strikes twelve.

JEAN (*crossing himself*)
May God have mercy on his soul!
Amen! (*Pause. He crosses to the door at the right and knocks. Pause. He knocks again. Pause. He is plainly much disturbed by the continued silence.*) Can anything have happened?

Monseigneur! (*He knocks again.*)
Monseigneur!

LOUIS (*off, as if yawning*)
Aah! Yes?

JEAN (*knocking again*)
It has struck midnight, monseigneur.
(*He knocks again. Pause. He gently*

Acting rights reserved.

opens the door and peeps in.) Monseigneur, you must rise or you will be late. *(He closes the door and stands in the center.)* Late! Oh, Mother of God, have mercy on his soul! *(He turns to the little enshrined Virgin, before which a red lamp is burning, crosses himself and stands with his hands clasped as if praying.)*

LOUIS *(entering. He is dressed in an elegant dressing gown, white silk undershirt and white satin breeches. He wears a white wig tied with a black bow. He yawns and stretches.)*

Ah, late as usual! Jean Jacques, I'm afraid I shall never conquer this bad habit of mine. *(He yawns again, looks over his shoulder at JEAN and laughs.)* The man that wakes me next time will have to knock louder than you, eh?

JEAN *(falling at his feet)*
Monseigneur!

LOUIS *(amused)*
What, praying for me already? Extravagant child! Wait till I'm dead! *(He yawns.)* I'm sure that clock is fast. *(He takes out his watch and holds it out to JEAN.)* Look at that! You've defrauded me of a whole five minutes' sleep! *(With mock solemnity)* Jean Jacques, if you don't conquer your vice of punctuality, you'll come to a bad end. Some day they'll be chopping off your head—if you've still got one left to chop off!

JEAN *(impassioned)*
Monseigneur, if I had ten thousand heads, I would lay them all down to save the one I love! *(He seizes LOUIS's hand and kisses it.)*

LOUIS *(lightly, to cover his emotion)*
My poor child! You'd want ten thousand blocks. Think of it, ten thousand blocks! *Pardieu*, that'd be too much even for Paris! *(With a sudden change of tone)* Get up, you fool! There's not one head in France that's worth such honest tears as those! *(JEAN rises. LOUIS changes to flippancy again.)* My coat, Jean Jacques.

(JEAN takes off LOUIS's dressing gown and holds the satin coat for him to put on. He takes the dressing gown and puts it over the chair back by the door at

the right, ready for taking with him when he goes off later.)

LOUIS

The one fault I have to find with the Bastille—they don't provide sufficient mirrors for a gentleman to dress at ease. *(He turns to JEAN, who has come back and is standing beside him in the center.)* How does it set?

JEAN

It is your coat, monseigneur. Can any man say more?

LOUIS *(laughing)*

When your time comes, Jean Jacques, they must cut out your tongue before they cut off your head; otherwise you will pay the guillotine such a compliment that the knife will refuse to fall. *(Turns about.)* So the coat sets?

JEAN

Monseigneur, like your skin.

LOUIS

Then I am satisfied, for my mother was the best tailor I ever had.

(JEAN offers him his handkerchief and gloves)

LOUIS *(considering them gravely)*

The gloves I shall require later, when I go out to take my morning drive. *(He returns them to JEAN, who lays them on the table again.)* The handkerchief *(He considers it amusedly.)*—yes, I can afford to use the handkerchief; I shall not require it later! Extraordinary! To think a man will never require to use his handkerchief again! *(He takes up the handkerchief and uses it delicately.)* *Pardieu!* It gives one quite a novel sensation! I almost wish I had a cold.

(JEAN takes out his huge red cotton handkerchief and blows his nose violently.)

LOUIS *(flipping at him delicately with his handkerchief)*

Extravagant child! At this rate you'll have no more nose left to blow when I'm gone! *(He puts his handkerchief into his pocket. The clock strikes in the tower.)* Ding-dong! If my race horses had had legs like that clock, I should not have died in debt! A quarter past twelve—and my carriage will be here at a quarter to one. Serve supper, Jean Jacques. I have an ap-

pointment with a lady at one, and it would be the first time—and the last—I ever made a lady wait. (*He saunters toward the bird cage.*)

(JEAN, with a gesture of despair, goes to the sideboard and busies himself with the dishes.)

LOUIS (*to the bird*)

Ah, little comrade, how goes it? Are you sleepy, too? Or have you learned that a silent tongue makes a safe head nowadays? (*He lifts the cage, puts his finger through the bars and whistles "The Marseillaise" softly.*) What, you refuse to sing because it is the middle of the night? Little bourgeois, that's the only time when it's worth while to sing! (*He goes and hangs the cage up on a nail by the window.*)

JEAN (*drawing back his chair and standing behind it*)

Monseigneur is served.

LOUIS (*going up and standing at the left side of the table and spreading out his hands as if invoking a blessing on the feast*)

All white to match my soul! I wonder if my uncle, the Cardinal, would say "Amen" to that, eh, Jean Jacques? (*He moves to the head of the table.*) He's very fond of saying "Amen," is my uncle, the Cardinal. His "Amens" are better than his sermons—which isn't saying much! (JEAN *pushes his chair in under him as he sits.*) What have we here? (*He shakes out his lace napkin delicately and spreads it on his knee.*)

JEAN (*handing him a silver dish with a fowl tied up with white satin ribbons*)

Boiled fowl, monseigneur.

LOUIS (*untying the ribbons*)

My favorite dish! (*He sticks his fork into a wing and considers it.*) So, my poor friend, you've been to the guillotine before me, eh? Never mind! Now you shall go with me to the guillotine. (*He puts the wing on his plate and begins to cut it.* JEAN *removes the dish and places it on the side table and returns and stands behind LOUIS's chair.* LOUIS *cuts a piece of chicken and puts it into his mouth.*) *Sapristi*, my dear hen! Your clock wasn't too fast! You went to the guillotine two years

too late. (*Puts his fork down.*) Take it away, Jean Jacques. Never shall it be said that I made a lady blush by alluding to her age.

JEAN (*removing the plate and putting a clean one in its place. He goes to the side table and takes up a silver dish with entrée and spoon and fork in it ready for use.*) Fricandeau of veal, monseigneur.

LOUIS (*helping himself*)

Fricandeau of veal—my favorite dish! (JEAN *puts the dish back on the side table and returns to stand behind his master's chair.*) The last time I ate fricandeau of veal was—let me see; was it at His Majesty's supper at Versailles, or was it at the little breakfast of Madame de Courcelles? (*He is about to lift his hand to his mouth when he catches sight of his coat sleeve with dismay.*) A thread! Jean Jacques, bring me the pair of English scissors on my toilet table.

JEAN

Very good, monseigneur.

(*He goes out. He takes the dressing gown from the chair as he passes.*)

LOUIS (*letting his hand with the fork in it fall. Impassioned*)

It was at her supper—the night I first beheld her face. Oh, God, I have sinned many sins, but I am young and I am about to die. Let me burn to all eternity, but let me see her face again before I die!

JEAN (*entering, bearing a small pair of golden scissors on a silver tray*)

The scissors, monseigneur.

(JEAN *puts the tray back on the side table and returns and stands behind his master's chair.*)

LOUIS (*taking the scissors and daintily snipping a thread from the lace on his sleeve*)

Tell that rascal of a Carron when you see him, Jean Jacques, that this hanging thread pained me deeply. (*He laughs gaily.*) *Pardieu!* He shall never make me a coat again.

JEAN (*grimly*)

He never will, monseigneur. He is dead!

LOUIS (*startled*)

Dead!

JEAN

Men die quickly nowadays, monseigneur. He went to see Mam'zelle Louise last night. May God have mercy on his soul! (*He crosses himself.*)
 LOUIS (*crossing himself mechanically*)

Dead! (*Recovering himself.*) Dear, dear! How awkward! Tiresome fellow—now he'll be pestering the ghost out of me to pay his bill! (*Laughs gaily and turns to JEAN, playing with the scissors as if they were the knife of the guillotine.*) Which shall it be, Jean Jacques? Shall we cut off your tongue which is too long, or your ears, which are too sharp; or shall we cut out your heart, which is too large?

JEAN (*bewildered*)

Monseigneur, I do not understand.

LOUIS (*throwing down the scissors and taking up his knife and fork*)

Happy child! God gave you much, my friend, but He gave you most when He withheld from you the capacity to understand. (*He begins to eat, then speaks again with entire change of tone.*) That's what makes you such an excellent servant, Jean Jacques. Would the man who cooked my supper were as excellent a cook! This fricandeau leaves much to be desired. (*He pushes back his plate. Gaily.*) Tell him I shall withhold my custom from him from tonight.

JEAN (*overcome*)

Monseigneur?

LOUIS (*gently*)

My plate, Jean Jacques.

(*JEAN removes his plate and places a clean one in its place. He goes to the side table and places the salad servers in the bowl.*)

LOUIS (*who, during this business, has picked out a rose from the vase in front of him, smells it delicately and pins it in his coat with a diamond brooch. He looks down at it complacently.*)

Pardieu! What a novel effect! I will— (*He pauses and laughs.*) Ahem! I will bequeath it to posterity!

JEAN (*handing him a silver salad bowl*)

Salad of lobster. Monseigneur's favorite dish!

LOUIS (*still arranging the flower in his coat*)

Ah, Jean Jacques, my one fault! I have so many favorite dishes! Would I had had as many appetites! (*Mockingly solemn*) Alas, the sorrow of my life has been that I had too many favorite dishes and too little time to eat them!

JEAN (*starting forward impulsively*)

Monseigneur!

LOUIS (*mockingly severe*)

Jean Jacques, if you had dropped that dish, I should have dismissed you with (*He looks at his watch.*) seventeen minutes and a half notice! You were born lucky. (*Melodramatically*) Jean Jacques, you shall stay in my service until I die! (*Turns to the bowl.*) Lobster salad! I thought I ordered the supper to be entirely white.

JEAN (*simply*)

The sauce is white, monseigneur.

LOUIS

The sauce is white! How like life! (*He helps himself.*) White sauce to cover the red lobster, but, Jean Jacques, the lobster is still red and still indigestible. *Pardieu!* I can eat it for once in my life without any fear of consequences. It is not often that a man can say that—of lobster!

(*JEAN, who has been putting back the dish on the side table, nearly breaks down*)

LOUIS (*gently*)

Some wine, Jean Jacques.

(*JEAN pours out the wine*)

LOUIS (*stopping JEAN as he is about to put the decanter stopper back again*)

Where are your manners, Jean Jacques? A glass for the guest.

JEAN (*confused*)

The guest, monseigneur?

LOUIS (*pointing to the empty chair*)

The Unbidden Guest, Jean Jacques. Not always welcome, *pardieu!* But he generally manages to find a chair. (*JEAN pours out the other glass of wine. LOUIS rises and holds up his own glass, fantastically addressing the empty chair.*) Death, I salute thee! (*He drains his glass and sits down again.*) Apparently Friend Death does not think much of the wine! *Mon Dieu*, I agree with

him! (*He starts, and listens intently.*)
What's that?

JEAN (*startling*)

Monseigneur!

LOUIS (*listening intently*)

I hear a step!

JEAN (*distressed*)

Monseigneur, it is not yet time by a quarter of an hour!

LOUIS

Fool! It is not the step of Death upon the stairs, but Life! (*He rises. Intently.*) Her step! The rustle of her gown! I should know it among a million, if I'd been dead a million years! (*He goes to the door and listens intently. There is a soft rattling of chains. The bolts are withdrawn. The door is opened.*)

MARIE (*enters. She is dressed in a black satin cloak, and wears a black velvet domino*)

LOUIS (*to JEAN*)

Blind! Deaf! Dumb! To the stairs! And kill anyone before you let him pass!

(*JEAN goes out.*)

MARIE (*tearing off her mask and flinging it on the table, coming forward and holding out both hands*)

Louis!

LOUIS (*dropping on his knee*)

Don't speak! Don't move! Only let me look at you!

MARIE

Louis, get up! Get up, I say; there's not a moment to lose!

LOUIS (*exalted*)

Witness, sweet saints, I have dined with God and won! (*He kisses her hand.*) Now I can die content!

MARIE

No, Louis, not die! I have come to save you. You shall live.

LOUIS (*rising*)

Live!

MARIE

I will tell my husband the truth—that you are innocent—that I am guilty! I have come to save you, Louis, do you understand? To save you! For I love you better than my life!

LOUIS (*throwing up his arms*)

Dear saints in Heaven, how can you sit there on your thrones of gold and

not strike me dead with jealousy and hate?

MARIE

Oh, what I have suffered! Your arrest! Your condemnation! (*She breaks down.*) Oh, God, almost your death! (*Breathlessly pouring the words out as fast as she can speak*) I haven't eaten; I haven't slept; I've hardly breathed. Every cry in the streets accused me; every look of the gossips judged me; every word of my husband sentenced me (*She drops her voice to a tense whisper*) to die!

LOUIS

Marie!

MARIE

Ah, how I have suffered! When I was with people and they spoke your name, my heart leaped in my bosom and cried, "Judas! It was you!" When I was alone the silence cried with a thousand voices, "Judas! It was you!" When I went to the confessional God turned from me and cried, "Judas! It was you!"

LOUIS

Marie!

MARIE (*brokenly*)

How I have suffered! I think my eyes must be washed away with tears.

LOUIS (*passionately*)

Sweet tears! Would that my thirsty lips dared snatch them from the earth, that in Hell I might taste the wine of Paradise! Undo your cloak, that I may look on you before I say good-bye!

MARIE (*unnerved*)

Good-bye?

LOUIS (*unfastening her cloak. It falls; she stands forth in a gorgeous gown of white satin*)

Ah, bride of Life! (*He falls on his knee.*) Of a truth, no man may look upon the face of God and live!

MARIE (*bending over him*)

Ah, Louis, you make me forget all else but you. I have no husband; there is no world; there is no life; there is no death; there is nothing in all God's universe but you!

LOUIS (*kissing the hem of her gown*)

Born to worship you—what man was ever created with so glorious a des-

tiny as this? *(He kisses her dress a second time. As he rises he picks up her cloak.)* Farewell, Perfection! *(He holds out the cloak.)* Come, Night; shut out my Sun! *(He is about to enfold her in her cloak.)*

JEAN *(entering, terrified)*

Monseigneur, there are steps upon the stairs!

LOUIS

What did I tell you? Kill them before you let them pass!

JEAN

Their suits are red, monseigneur. *(Intensely.)* It is the bodyguard of the Prefect of Paris!

MARIE

My husband! *(She reels backward.)*

LOUIS *(to JEAN)*

Hold them an instant!

(JEAN goes to the door)

LOUIS *(putting the cloak around MARIE)*

Fasten your cloak! *(She does so. He hands her her mask from the table.)* Put on your mask! *(She obeys. He draws out a chair at the right of the table.)* Sit down! *(She sits.)* Whatever he says, don't speak! Whatever he does, don't move! He'll know you by your walk. *(He blows out the candles near her, leaving the two burning on the other side of the table for later use.)*

JEAN *(in a whisper, listening at the door)*

Monseigneur, they are here!

LOUIS *(to JEAN)*

Stand between this lady and the Prefect, as if you were waiting on her needs. *(He sits in his own place, takes up the decanter and pours out wine, first for her, then for himself, as if they were supping together in an ordinary way.)*

SOLDIER *(entering and saluting)*

His Excellency the Prefect of Paris!

LOUIS *(languidly)*

I receive. Ask His Excellency to come in.

PREFECT *(entering and saluting the MARQUIS on the threshold)*

Monseigneur!

LOUIS *(rising and saluting)*

Your Excellency.

PREFECT *(to the soldiers)*

Leave us.

(SOLDIERS go out)

PREFECT *(advancing)*

Louis! *(He stops short.)* What does this mean? Who is this lady? How does she come here?

LOUIS *(interposing himself as much as possible between the PREFECT and MARIE. Lightly.)*

A prisoner's privilege, Excellency! The "last meal"! *(He waves his hand to the window, as if indicating the outside world.)* France allows him his chosen servant and his chosen dish. *(Bows suavely to the PREFECT.)* Paris will not refuse him his chosen guest! Would I could beg your company also, but, alas, you have come too late! The salad is nearly gone, and I have eaten all the fish!

PREFECT *(sternly)*

Louis, I must speak to you at once.

LOUIS *(flippantly)*

My cherished Prefect, you must, if you want to speak to me at all! My time is extremely limited. I have an appointment with a lady at one, and, as you know, she is not a lady who cares to wait.

PREFECT

Louis, this is no time for jesting. I must speak to you at once—alone! Madame, may I beg of you to leave us?

LOUIS *(intervening)*

My cherished Prefect, it is my distinguished privilege to offer you a new experience. The lady must remain; it is you who will have to go.

PREFECT

Louis, in God's name, stop jesting! There is not a moment to lose.

LOUIS *(taking out his watch and looking at it with languid impertinence)*

As I had the happiness of reminding Your Excellency when you entered. Alas, now I have only eight minutes left; when I first had the felicity of being disturbed by you, I had ten.

PREFECT *(seizing him by the arm)*

Man, I have come to save you! If you refuse to listen to me now, not even the Prefect of Paris can snatch you from the guillotine!

LOUIS *(insolently)*

What! Is it possible that there's a single thing on earth the Prefect of

Paris cannot do? *Morbleu!* Before you trust a man with a state secret of such importance, you should at least be discreet enough to wait until he's dead.

PREFECT (*impassioned*)

Man, what are you made of? You're young—all life is before you! If you send me away this time, in an hour you will be dead—do you know what that means—dead! Blind eyes, though the sun shines in the heavens; in the grave there is no sun. Deaf ears, though the voice of love may call you; in the grave there is no love. Dumb lips, though a prayer might save you; in the grave there is no prayer. Dead, Louis, dead! Senseless, voiceless, soulless! Carrion for the crows of Paris to peck out your eyes and the dogs of Paris to lick up your blood!

MARIE (*starting up*)

Ah!

LOUIS (*putting his hand on her shoulder and forcing her down; he turns gaily to the Prefect*)

Let us hope that the dogs and the crows will not have indigestion! (*Flippanantly.*) Has it never struck Your Excellency that even the Prefect of Paris must die?

PREFECT (*grimly*)

Aye, Louis, all men must die—but not before their time. Man, don't trifle with yourself and me any longer! I know you're innocent. (*He takes out a paper and holds it out to Louis.*) Here is the King's pardon. It is yours if you give me the name of the guilty man.

LOUIS (*reciting in a monotonous voice like an official*)

Louis Charles François Etienne Didier St. Pierre, Marquis de Villancourt. (*He turns to MARIE gaily.*) Pardon the monotony, madame; it is not my fault!

(MARIE covers her face with a gesture of despair.)

PREFECT (*much moved*)

The name, Louis, the name! Who is it that you're shielding? I can read men like an open book, Louis de Villancourt. I can read your innocence in your eyes. You did not steal those papers. It was not your hand that set

the Austrian free. It was not you who conspired against the King's majesty. You are lying to shield the guilty. His name, Louis, his name, and you are free. (*He hands him the pardon.*)

(LOUIS takes the pardon from him as if considering the possibility of doing what he asks. The PREFECT watches him eagerly. MARIE lifts her head in an agony to see what he is going to do. He moves a few steps away from the PREFECT, as if reading the paper.)

PREFECT (*breathlessly*)

The name!

LOUIS (*gaily*)

Alas, Excellency, I have relegated ink to the scribes. I write only in flame. (*With a sudden movement he holds the pardon in the candle flame. It is written on thin, old-fashioned paper, and in an instant is burned.*)

PREFECT (*starting forward with the intention of stopping LOUIS, then falling back with a gesture of despair.*)

Madman! You have destroyed yourself! Nothing can save you now—not even I!

MARIE (*tearing the mask from her face and facing them superbly*)

But I can, Louis, and I will!

LOUIS (*starting forward to prevent her*)

Madame!

PREFECT (*astounded, falling back*)

Marie!

MARIE

It was not your friend who tricked the Prefect of Paris, Excellency; it was your wife!

PREFECT (*petrified with astonishment*)

My wife! (*Suddenly, icily calm.*) How did you come here?

MARIE

By the same way as you, Excellency. I stole a pass from your cabinet while you slept.

PREFECT

Sacré, madame! You shall answer to me for this later. For now—what are you doing here—alone, with him?

MARIE

I have come to save him. He is innocent; I am guilty. It is not he who must die, but I!

PREFECT (*in a blind fury*)

Aye, die, both of you! One block—one axe—you and your lover together!

LOUIS (*leaping forward*)

Liar! Defend yourself! I have no sword, but, Mother of God, I have still my hands!

MARIE (*rushing between them*)

Stop! What you have said is a lie, Excellency. It would have been my glory if it had been the truth!

PREFECT (*striking her*)

Wanton!

LOUIS (*seizing the PREFECT and forcing him down on his knees*)

Unsay it, or, by the God that made you, you're a dead man before you can call your guards!

(*There is a pause.*)

PREFECT

Madame, your pardon.

LOUIS (*standing away from the PREFECT, who rises slowly*)

Prefect of Paris, not a moment ago you said you could read men like a book. Look into my eyes.

PREFECT (*hoarsely*)

I'm blind! I see nothing but hate and blood! (*He seizes the crucifix round his neck and holds it out to LOUIS.*) Your oath, your oath! Swear you are not her lover, on your God!

LOUIS (*kissing the crucifix. Solemnly*)

I swear it. (*He gives back the crucifix.*) A De Villancourt knows how to starve. He has never learned to steal!

JEAN (*entering*)

Monseigneur, the soldiers are coming up the stairs!

MARIE (*rushing to the PREFECT*)

Save him! Save him! He is innocent! I am guilty! Your enemy, the Duc de Montpensier, persuaded me to steal the papers and help him free the Austrian. I will confess all. He is innocent; I am guilty. It is murder, not justice, if you let him die!

(*Steps sound off stage, as of soldiers*)

LOUIS (*snatching up her mask and holding it to the PREFECT*)

Madame's face is not for these canaille, Excellency. It were well for her to resume her mask.

MARIE (*proudly refusing it*)

Monseigneur, one has done with

masks when one is face to face with death!

(*The CAPTAIN of the Guards enters, saluting at the door. Two soldiers stand beside him in the doorway.*)

CAPTAIN (*reading from a paper*)

Louis Charles François Etienne—

LOUIS (*saluting him with airy impertinence*)

Do not trouble to read the rest, my friend. I am here. (*Pause. He turns to the PREFECT with a bow, as if he were about to go.*) Excellency!

MARIE (*flinging herself forward toward her husband*)

No, no, Henri! He's innocent! He must not die!

LOUIS

Jean Jacques, my hat and cloak.

PREFECT

One instant, Louis. (*To the CAPTAIN.*) Sir, you may retire. This gentleman does not go with you.

CAPTAIN (*saluting*)

By whose orders, Excellency?

PREFECT

By mine, sir. I am the Prefect of Paris.

CAPTAIN (*saluting*)

Pardon, Excellency, but I take my orders from His Majesty, the King of France.

PREFECT

What, sir! Do you dare to question me? You shall answer to me for this, sir, with your life!

CAPTAIN

My life is at His Majesty's service, Excellency, when and for what purpose he will.

PREFECT

Retire, sir. The prisoner stays with me.

CAPTAIN

The King's pardon, Excellency, if you please. (*He holds out his hand.*)

PREFECT (*taken aback*)

The pardon!

CAPTAIN

The King's pardon or the prisoner, Excellency—which you please.

LOUIS

The prisoner is of less value, sir. I follow you.

MARIE

No, no! He's innocent! Henri, save

him! It's murder, not justice, if you let him die!

PREFECT

Sir, I am a plain man, but what I say I do. If you dare to set your will against mine, I warn you within an hour you are in prison; within a week you're dead.

CAPTAIN

Excellency, you are a great Prince and I am only a plain soldier, but what I say I do. You carry out your orders; I carry out mine. You serve France; I serve the King. The King's pardon or the prisoner, Excellency—which you please.

PREFECT

Not five minutes since I held the King's pardon for this prisoner in my hand. It was burned by an accident. Shall an innocent man die because a piece of paper is caught in a candle flame?

CAPTAIN (*indifferently*)

Men die for less in Paris, Excellency, every day. (*He turns to LOUIS.*) Monseigneur, be good enough to follow me.

LOUIS (*flippantly*)

My friend, I have been waiting for you to finish what you had to say.

CAPTAIN (*saluting*)

Monseigneur, I know you for a brave and true gentleman. I have served under a De Villancourt before today. I know you for a true friend to the good cause and a loyal subject of His Majesty, the King. The King has need of friends these days, monseigneur. Pledge me your word that you are pardoned, and give me the guilty name. I will risk my life and take your word until a horseman shall take word of this to His Majesty, the King.

LOUIS

My friend, I follow you. Lead the way.

MARIE

Louis!

PREFECT

Louis, are you mad? I will to horse myself and to Versailles to the King.

LOUIS (*aside*)

And what will you say to him?

PREFECT

The truth—that you are innocent.

LOUIS

And that *she* is guilty?

PREFECT

The King will forgive.

LOUIS

But your enemies won't. One word of this and you are lost. (*There is a roar of voices off stage, as of a crowd growing impatient.*) Listen to that! The world is upside down, my friend. If they knew she had helped free the Austrian, not even the King himself could save her from them!

PREFECT

What shall I do?

LOUIS

Live for her, Henri. I can only die for her. Do you grudge me so poor a service as that?

PREFECT

I envy you, Louis. She loves you. If I could change places with you, by the splendor of God, I would! (*They clasp hands. The roar outside continues.*)

MARIE

Louis!

PREFECT (*aside*)

Control yourself, madame.

MARIE (*pushing him aside*)

Louis!

LOUIS (*tenderly*)

Noblesse oblige! (*He bows to the PREFECT.*) Excellency, adieu! (*He turns and bows to MARIE profoundly.*) Madame, *au revoir!* (*He turns to JEAN.*) Jean Jacques, my gloves. (*As he takes them from him, he puts his hand on JEAN's shoulder. The old man breaks down, and falling on his knee, kisses LOUIS's hand. He turns to the CAPTAIN.*) My friend, I am ready. (*The clock strikes one.*)

LOUIS (*laughing gaily*)

Mon Dieu! I shall be late, after all!

(*LOUIS, the CAPTAIN and the SOLDIERS go out, marking time. There is a pause. The roar of voices increases. Then comes a sound of cheering. All listen intently. JEAN falls on his knees before the enshrined Virgin, and begins to pray. The death bell begins to toll. MARIE stands as if turned to stone. The PREFECT uncovers his head. The bird begins to sing gaily.*)

CURTAIN

FEBRUARY

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

O H, sing out a song when the nights are long
And the evening hour is chill,
When the winds go by with a sob and a sigh
And the clouds in the sky are still;
When never a bird in the land is heard,
And every voice has a rift,
When the rivers freeze and the trembling trees
Stand up to their knees in the drift.

*Then it's hi, ho, hi, when the woods all lie
A-huddling up 'neath a wintry sky,
And it's ho, hi, ho, when the north winds blow,
And the whole world sleeps in the deeps of the snow.*

So hey for a lay when the dawns are gray
And the morning air is swift,
When the fields of white are a cheerful sight
And the clear, cold night is a gift;
When the breath of the fir and the pine trees stir
All our days with a poignant thrill,
And the winter's soul is a brimming bowl
Which we pledge with a whole heart's will.

*Then it's hi, ho, hi, when the woods all lie
A-huddling up 'neath a wintry sky,
And it's ho, hi, ho, when the north winds blow,
And the whole world sleeps in the deeps of the snow.*



"THE greatest good to the greatest number" is an acceptable maxim, since, naturally, the greatest number is number one.



NO sooner does a man cease to be single than he begins to lead a double life.

THE SOUL OF SOLÁ

By JULIAN JOHNSON

A PASTORAL sunset sky swung idyllically above the disillusionized city of white light as we looked down from the Institute building into the narrow path of the world threading its famous length below. The Street of Streets was brightening rapidly, and as the red horizon paled, signs and other electroliers blazed out one by one, like comets and constellations in some new created heaven. Jack dropped his brush upon the sill, gazing moodily into the river of incarnate life.

"I tell you," he said, "there have been painters and painters, but no painter in twenty years like Don Sebastian."

"He hasn't made much stir in the world." My answer was skeptical.

"Not yet," answered the self-appointed champion. "He is finding himself. He fought his way into the Salon this year—and only three years ago he was a law student in Poughkeepsie."

"An American!" My surprise was genuine. "I thought him a Spaniard."

"His grandfather was a Spanish grandee, rich in titles but poor in purse. Don Sebastian's father was an up-State merchant, and the boy himself studied for the bar until his sketching proclivities flunked him out of school. His real name is Allen Carlisle, but the students in the Quarter, making a joke out of his family romance, called him the Don. His teacher was Sebastian of Brussels, and so he won his make-believe coat of arms." I had seen other protégés of Jack's rise, flourish for a day and come to the naught of sign painting or newspaper illustration.

"What can His Greatness do?" I

queried, with a touch of disbelief in my voice. "Does he make landscapes or architectural drawings?"

"Neither," said Jack simply. "He paints souls."

"Well, I suppose souls are done in water color," I jibed; "it's thinner than oil, you know!"

Jack's castle of faith was not to be stormed in any assault of alleged comedy. "He could draw souls just as truly with a crayon or a lead pencil," he concluded firmly. I don't know how far the raillery might have gone had not a clear, well modulated voice sounded sudden and startling in our ears.

"Is this Mr. Bronson?"

Jack turned, gave one incredulous look at the visitor, grabbed him by the arms and waltzed him grotesquely across the studio and back again, capering like an inebriate satyr.

"Don, Don!" he shouted, as they paused at last. "I didn't expect you until Monday! How did you— Here! You must know Bill Williams—sometimes William Bills; he paints nearly as bad as I, but he's a good fellow!"

"Painters are many," responded the Don easily, taking my hand with a virile pressure, "but real good fellows are few. Therefore, I'm more than glad to know you."

In the exchange of commonplaces between Jack and his friend, I had a good chance to observe Carlisle. He was short and rather heavy. His hands were small and his face was pale. There was an extreme sensitiveness about his mouth and eyes that would have given his face an effeminate cast, had not a rugged, rock hewn chin and a Herculean

lined neck brought it unmistakably back to iron masculinity. His English was that of a profoundly educated man, and his words showed the calm reserve of one for whom the world may hold many pleasures but few sensations.

"Where are you going to put up? Got any folks here?" Jack was surveying the Don from an overturned box.

"I don't know where I shall stay," he returned, smiling good-humoredly. "I have no people in town, and I'm not particular where I sleep, for I sleep well—very well."

"Clear conscience, I guess," ventured Jack, whose own was always pricked by half-dodged or overdue debts.

"No, no conscience at all," laughed the Don. He took a purse from his pocket and poured a small gold piece and some silver into his hand.

"Both of you will go with me to Browne's tonight for dinner—"

"To Browne's!" gasped the impoverished Jack. "I, who have been doling myself two meals a day at the lunch wagon these many weeks! Ah, my noble friend, this return to Olympus is too sudden!"

"Must you have a taxicab?" smiled the Don.

"I—in a taxi?" Jack's wrath was melodramatic. "Waste that dessert and those clear Havanas on a vulgar chauffeur? Never!"

"Take this starveling if you must," I put in, as soon as I could find an opening, "but I have already dined." I did not wish to make the traditional crowd of three.

"He's a liar!" said Jack simply. "He's been living on sardines and crackers ever since his noble sacrifice to pay the rent."

"You are coming with us," concluded the newcomer with an assurance that left no room for argument. And I went.

We dined well. Jack's appetite was elephantine, and proceeded to full gratification as slowly as a snail. I marveled that a man could keep his appetite on the high speed for so long a time. The Don ate moderately of simple dishes with strange trimmings. I had a steak

and a salad, cheese and coffee. Jack's quantity and the Don's quality gave the bill skyscraping height. He put his gold piece and all his silver, save half a dollar, on the waiter's tray. Then he called the waiter back and added the half-dollar.

"You'll want to cash a draft tonight, won't you?" asked Jack.

"No," smiled the Don. "I have no drafts to cash. I have no more money."

"No more money!" Even Jack, who lived as the lilies, was astounded at this finger snapping in the face of fate. "And yet you called that waiter back and gave him your last half-dollar!"

"He was a good waiter," said the Don.

Jack looked his repentant misery, and while I felt too full and sleek to appear distressed in any way, I said, lamely enough, that I considered my own gluttony criminal. As for Jack and me, we had seventy cents between us, and no outlook.

"I'm not worrying," laughed our over-sea entertainer, evidently enjoying Jack's rueful countenance and my rather comic protestations.

"But you've got to eat. You've got to sleep. You've got to wear passable clothes. And New York without money—"

"Is the back of that card clean?" asked the Don suddenly, indicating the menu card. I gave him the card silently.

He took out a stub of a pencil and looked across the room. Jack stared open-mouthed, but I followed the Don's eyes. I saw a man and a woman idling over their coffee. The man was a Jew, and carried evidences of his wealth. The woman was an enigma to me, and I confess I found her fascinating because she perplexed me. She appeared not like her companion, but of plain Teutonic stock. Her sad eyes made her almost beautiful. That the two were not happy was soon apparent. The Don sketched with inconceivable rapidity.

Presently the man, glancing up for his waiter, noticed the artist. Jack turned ostentatiously and puffed his cigarette with blast furnace intensity. The Don paid no attention, but drove

his pencil with unwavering precision. The man stared straight at the artist for some minutes, and the artist returned his glance, but there was no wavering in the look and no cessation in the work. The woman was not aware of the attention bestowed upon her.

Then the man rose softly and stepped toward us with even movements, lithe in spite of his largeness. Jack evinced a desire to crawl under the table, and I felt uneasy, to say the least. Moneyless, we were in a fine situation for a restaurant brawl.

"Pardon me, sir. I ventured to sketch your wife." The Don accented the last word, speaking quietly, and suddenly thrust his completed sketch into the man's hand.

"You—" There was thunder in the voice, but that instant his eye fell upon the picture. I watched his face, breathless. Jack's fallen cigarette was burning through the white tablecloth.

At first there was only a bitter, acidulous smile; then his lips began to loosen. The hardness went out of his eyes and a look of wonder replaced it. The wonder gave place to softness, and I thought his lips trembled. The Don gazed calmly at him.

"That's a—a—very pretty picture," the man said in a murky, husky sort of voice. "How much do you want for it?"

"I didn't draw it to sell," quickly answered the Don. "I drew it because the subject interested me."

"But I want it," persisted the man, "and I shall not take it unless—" He reached into his breast pocket, dropping the card on the table before us. As I looked I started, and Jack gasped audibly.

It was the woman—and yet not the woman. This was a creature all yearning eyes and warm, trembling mouth. I thought the picture must have spoken, for it was the face of a woman crying only for love, a countenance blazing in the reflection of clustered jewels, but with eyes dimmed in the darkness of loneliness. The mouth was eloquent—but the eyes! The eyes were luminous as a summer moon, new risen. I

wished for darkness as I gazed, for I felt, black pencil streaks though they were, that they glowed with an unearthly light of their own.

The man caught up the picture hastily and thrust it into his pocket. It was as if we had violated a shrine. He put a pair of banknotes into the Don's protesting hand and stepped quickly away.

As the big fellow held the woman's opera cape he leaned across her shoulder and whispered softly in her ear. A light came into her eyes, and her lips trembled into the very shape of the Don's penciled softness. As they went out she hung tenderly upon his arm.

The Don got on well. There were no more dinners at Browne's during the next month. Jack and I fell to dining again upon the marble topped tables and wide-armed chairs. While the Don smoked imported cigarettes, we never saw him eat. Jack accused him of gnawing the grass off the studio landscapes.

"And I used your oils to complete the salad," jocularly returned the pupil of Sebastian.

Then began the Don's hour of prosperity, albeit it was prosperity coupled with a fame that was near infamy.

Madame Ansini, whose golden house on West Fifty-second Street is closed for three-quarters of the year, while its owner rambles wearily to and fro upon the Continent, had seen the Don's picture in the Salon, and now, noticing his name in connection with some small studio affair, sent for him.

He flatly refused to paint her picture. This only interested her, and from a formal request her entreaty became urgent demand. He acceded, for pay in advance, but warned her that she would not be pleased. She replied with the silly flattery that anything he might do could not fail to please her. He finished the picture, letting her see none of his studies. When she looked at the completed portrait her rage knew no bounds.

The Don had painted the most wonderful dog collar of pearls and diamonds that had ever been seen in New York. Above, with newspaper sketchiness, he had carelessly drawn in the woman's

face. The diamonds blazed like sunbeams, and the pearls were luminous as stars. Each little gem had actual, individual perspective. But the face might have been the work of an engineer's draughtsman, so expressionless, dull and devoid of meaning was it. Yet, withal, there was a very marked resemblance to the lineaments of Madame Ansini when that pasty countenance was at rest. The wrathful lady hurled the picture from her door, but, to avoid scandal, she did not sue for the recovery of her money. And the Don, who was no hero, but merely a needy artist, kept the money. The yellow journals found the story, and painting; painted and painter were notorious for a day.

There were others—the wonderfully human portrait of Father Pieroti, the placid, animal-like oil of Vantoon, the Dutch Consul and, finally, the remarkable study of Marie Burne-Dorn, which attracted national attention. Miss Burne-Dorn was a handsome and wealthy young woman, perhaps, if the truth be admitted, more attracted to the artist than to his work. She had five millions in her own right, and she made love with every dollar of those millions. And she was pretty and pleasing, to be sure.

Her undoing came when she chose a mirror painting of herself. By a remarkable trick of the brush—her face was in the mirror, and only her coiffure occupied the foreground—it was only at a certain angle that the beholder could see her face at all. From nearly every point the mirror presented a blur—dull vacancy, confounding and even startling. There was no money paid for this picture. Had the Don possessed anything there might have been a lawsuit.

We were sitting in his studio one day, three weeks later. Jack had fallen to lithography; I was living meanly upon a remittance, and the Don was as unvisited as though he had never been known.

"This soul penchant of yours," I yawned, kicking a discolored palette, "is rather unfortunate. It'll consign you to the manufacture of card labels and posters yet."

"Not unfortunate," the Don responded, with a touch of seriousness remarkable for him; "say, rather, disappointing. It's especially so among women. I used to be an idealist, but women have made me a rank, sordid materialist. I used to be in a tumult of enthusiasm over my first little models. I fancied them graces and goddesses. I tried to hold them up, and, somehow, whenever I took out the prop of my imagination, they came tumbling down to nursemaids and laundry girls. As I've gone along, my brush has made them worse, rather than better. I try to do them differently. I can't, that's all."

We were silent a long time.

"You're a woman hater," I concluded.

The Don leaned forward with compressed lips and gleaming eyes. "You're wrong!" he whispered fiercely. "I've always felt that when I found the woman I couldn't draw—that woman I should love!"

"I don't suppose a genius like you ever has need of a model?"

I jumped, and the Don nearly fell off the window ledge. We looked at the door.

It was half open, and a girl, smothered in furs even in that warm spring day, was peeping through.

"Come in," said the Don simply, extending his hand.

I cannot describe her, except in mere externals and dimensions. She was slender, not above medium height, with great gray eyes, jetty hair massed like a black thundercloud, arching eyebrows blacker still, and a mouth that in five minutes could be all mouths. Jack said her mouth was terrible. I never had a word strange enough to describe it.

When I first looked at her her mouth was red and swollen and passionate—the voluptuous mouth of a Cleopatra. A word from the Don, and it flashed into a thin scarlet line, behind which her white teeth gleamed like those of a tigress. At an interval of silence all the color went out of it, and it was narrow and straight and cold—so cold! There was no warmth or life in it. It was reptilianly placid.

The Don moved as if to turn away, and this severe, lifeless aperture melted in a moment into a new life. It was a rose now, a dewy, fragrant rose, a rose awaiting only another's touch to set it in full flower. The Don looked at her mouth then, and I saw him pale. The veins stood out on his hands as he clutched the window ledge.

"I don't need a model; you were right." The words cost him a visible effort.

The girl laughed and set the wonderful mouth at a new phase. "Very well," she concluded at the door; "I know another man who does need me."

The Don bounded half the distance to her. "Wait!" he said in a voice of studious repression.

"Why do you wear furs now?" he asked, eager to talk with her.

The girl shuddered. "I am always cold," she said. Her voice sounded like a winter wind.

"You are a Jewess?" he asked politely, giving her an intent look.

"I am a Russian," she replied. "The Cossacks killed all my family when I was two years old. They gave me to a grand duke."

The Don's foot fell loudly to the floor.

"I was only a little servant in the Duke's kitchen," added the girl, with a curious haste that seemed calculated. "I ran away to America before I was twelve."

"Your name!" The Don had resumed his old tone.

"It's a name of my own making, short, but enough—Solá."

"I'll sketch you now, Solá," said the Don, rising and gathering his brushes.

"You're going to paint my soul, I suppose!" Solá laughed merrily.

"I said I would sketch—you!" The Don's last word had great emphasis.

"I defy you!" she challenged, still laughing.

The Don made no answer. He was dabbling at the sink as I strolled to the window and looked down upon the great crooked thoroughfare below.

We glanced back at the same instant. Solá had thrown her furs into a chair,

had removed her hat and was tearing her dress from her shoulders.

The Don threw himself in front of me, as though I had been an intruder from the street. "Solá," he cried, "stop! Give me your face—good God, girl, just your face!" He was as breathless as though he had just rushed up all our stairs.

"Oh, very well," responded the model cheerfully, yet with a professional manner quite unmistakable, as she slipped the sleeves of her waist over her shapely arms. I knew, then, that my place was anywhere save in that studio. I remarked loudly that I had an engagement.

"A little that way—not so much—there! That is the light I want." The Don's voice was strangely gentle. He had not even heard me.

In the basement of the great *Times* tower I waited for a local Subway train at six. There was a crowd and much jostling, and presently I discovered that the being in whose side my elbow was buried was none other than the Don.

"What luck today?" I asked, after the usual greetings.

His face clouded. "Rotten!" he ejaculated bitterly. "I worked nearly three hours, and made five sketches of her—and I burned them all. This is the first time I've fallen down so completely since my first year in Paris."

"Never mind," I returned. "By the way, I'm alone tonight, and I've had a little windfall. A great-uncle, or something or other, has taken two of my old pictures. It's Rector's and anything you like afterward."

The Don's voice dropped to a whisper. "I can't," he murmured. "I've an appointment with a possible customer—a customer." He raised his voice with sly cunning. It was the first time that the Don had lied to me. Whatever word his lips might form, his eyes were crying only, "Solá!"

Jack and I had been a great deal with the Don, but now we went to his place less frequently. In fact, he appeared to be insufferably bored by Jack, and only confided in me occasionally.

He drew and painted only Solá, morning, noon and night. He did no other work. She made no other sittings. They always dined together, sometimes with religious parsimony, at other times with Babylonian prodigality. Solá still occupied her room somewhere in the Bronx, and the Don, as usual, bunked in the studio.

Solá had many fine gowns hidden beneath her perpetual furs. Once, I remember, she threw these off and stood luridly forth in a deep-hued, clinging robe—a sensuous, human lotus flower.

A hidden fire flared from under the Don's inscrutable eyelids. "Where did you get it—the dress?" he muttered.

"I had it made to please you," she replied with quick sweetness. But he knew she lied, for she had no money. Solá came down from the Bronx every afternoon at one, and returned each night before twelve. The Don lived like an anchorite in his sky room. There are thirteen hours between midnight and one in the afternoon. The Don did not seem to think of that.

Solá was always good-humored, but occasionally the Don came near rubbing the plating off her good nature. On one of the rare café excursions that the four of us made together, the Don, as he paid an unusually extravagant bill, laid his hand lightly on Solá's white wrist, and said jocularly: "What would you do with this check if I should find no money in my purse?"

Solá did not change the expression of her face nor raise her voice as she answered instantly: "Alderman Tim Feehan is sitting just behind me. I should hand the bill to him."

The Don's hand crushed hers till its back was dead white and the fingers were purple almost to bursting.

Solá did not try to withdraw her hand, as she continued in the same colorless, disinterested voice: "His picture was in last Sunday's *News*. The story said he's been hunting a chance to pose as a patron of art. He has millions, you know."

The Don's grip slowly relaxed. He said nothing. Solá's hand was still marked in blotches of red and white.

The cold sweat stood on the forehead of the man who had been drowned in her eyes.

I visited the Don one morning a little later. He was cross-legged on his studio table, sorting a deep pile of sketches, sketches made in crayon, in pencil and even in water color. He tried to conceal them when I came in, but as instantly affected no especial interest in my curiosity. They were all sketches of the mouth of Solá. He did not say so. There was no need for him to say it. I made no comment. In every sketch there was the thin, scarlet tiger line. In the most vivid impressions he had drawn her lips sharp and narrow as splinters of ice.

It was only eleven, but Solá entered suddenly. She seemed surprised at seeing me—painfully surprised, and her eyes narrowed balefully. "Don," she said, without removing her hat, "I shall be out this afternoon, but I shall return at six, and you will take me to dinner—at Shanley's."

"But," protested the painter, "I've no work today, and you're missing an important sitting. If you must go, why can't I—"

"Don!" The word had tremendous emphasis. Then came the old purring sweetness. "You don't want to dine at Shanley's alone, do you? Then wait. I shall be on time." The door closed, and we heard her hard little heels clicking down the corridor. I went out softly. I was afraid to stay.

It was a week before I saw the Don again. I had a trifle of work for him that meant not less than half a thousand dollars. It was a short task, and I knew that his finances were dwindling day by day. Solá did not always live on beer and pretzels.

I was shocked at his appearance. His face was haggard, as though from many sleepless nights; his clothes were unkempt, and his studio was littered with a hopeless confusion of sketches and studies, none of them finished, but all of Solá. There were a thousand eyes of Solá, and a hundred mouths of her, and hair coiled strangely as Medusa's horrid locks. There was an arm or two, and a

bust, rubbed and half erased, as though the painter had been shocked at his own physical profanity.

The Don drew me to the window. "I shall never do another stroke for any man," he whispered fiercely, "until I have caught and fastened there"—his finger trembled as he pointed at the canvas on his easel, and his voice was almost inaudible—"the soul of Solá!"

Expostulation was useless. Yet, when I went out, he followed me to the door, and in a fawning, patronizing tone that filled me with terror, patting my arm the while, he begged a loan of twenty dollars. I handed it to him, in notes. The old, proud Don had disappeared. The strange, dependent creature in his body made me sick and weak. I staggered as I stepped into the elevator.

But the man who would buy a picture was not easily placated, and sought Jack as an agent. Jack, who had long since dismissed the Don as an inexplicable riddle, came to me. And remembering the Don's pathetic poverty, I went back to him. I hoped that this last appeal to professional pride might draw him out of his strange condition.

There was a screen in front of his door. I always entered unannounced, so that often he did not hear me until I stood before him. It was late afternoon, and as I closed the door softly and stepped out, the shadows of the room fell so heavily about me that those standing in the light might well see nothing. I took one step and drew back.

The Don, aged and wan, sat in the sunset light like a figure of tragic despair. His hair was gray at the temples, and his face was lined and seamed.

He had evidently been sketching the figure of Solá for the first time. She sat cross-legged on the model throne, clad only in a kimono. She was unconcernedly darning a glove, plying her needle nimbly and adeptly.

I noticed, with a start of surprise, that the canvas on the Don's easel had been carefully covered.

He was speaking to her. There was a great, oppressive finality in his words.

"Solá," he said quietly, "something came upon me last night like the torment of the damned. I painted from midnight until dawn. I don't know what I painted, but I think it was the soul of you. I couldn't see what I drew, but I seemed to be coloring it with my own blood. No, you sha'n't look! I was afraid to look. I covered it up before daylight. Not for worlds would I look—"

A rippling laugh from Solá broke in harshly. "Silly!" she said.

"Solá," he whispered more earnestly, "it is you that I must have! I've never said this before, but I must have you—you—you—forever and ever!" He was crouching before her, and his eyes were the eyes of insanity.

Solá covered her bare knee—not modestly but coquettishly. She stitched industriously at her glove.

"Well," she answered finally, "I don't know about forever and ever, but, if you like, I can stay here with you this month."

The Don's face was blanched as from a blow. He was on his feet, in a forced calm. "Solá," he entreated, "how can you say that? God! You speak as though you were—as though you were— No, you're not that!" He was straining his fingers to prevent clutching her. His reserve was quite gone again. "Solá! Can't you see that I love you? Why, I love you so much that I've never even dared to kiss you! Can't you see that I want to marry you—that I must have you for my wife? Solá, marry me, marry me!" He was groveling, sobbing out his words, and the tears were running down his cheeks like rain.

Solá put down her glove and rose, shrouding herself in the rich folds of her kimono. She wrapped it tightly from ankle to neck, and then unconsciously looked at the lines of her figure before she spoke.

"Don," she said with cool deliberation, "if you hadn't made a damn fool of yourself we could have had a nice time here for a little while. But in July I'm going to make the trip across with Alderman Feehan—and don't you

forget that! If you're going to act this way, I think I'll cut it—right now!"

The Don got up, and, without looking at her, crossed to the window. He sat down motionless, staring, sphinx-like, into the sunset.

She watched him for a moment. Then she raised her arms above her head, stretching luxuriously and writhing her white body like the coil of some lustrous serpent.

"Oh, you're quite impossible!" she sneered, and turned from him.

I retreated as silently as I had come. I sought Jack, but I did not find him before midnight. We agreed to go to the Don early in the morning.

A strange, penetrating chemical odor assailed our nostrils as we passed through his door. We went hastily around the screen.

The Don was sitting quietly at the window, almost as I had left him. Jack leaned over him, and then straightened suddenly and removed his hat. I did likewise. He was quite dead.

Yet his face had the peace, the confidence and even the youthful beauty of the man who had spent his last money upon us that first night at Browne's. How he died I don't know. I believe the perfunctory official investigator said something about cyanide.

We looked at the easel simultaneously, and I think the same thrill passed through both of us.

"There lies the soul of that murderess—the soul of Solá!" whispered Jack almost unconsciously. Then, turning to me, he said: "Uncover it."

"I am afraid!" I whispered, trembling. Jack, suddenly summoning all his courage, tore the cloth rudely from its thumbtack fastening.

The canvas was thick with paint. A maelstrom of brush marks rioted upon it, but all form was absent. One light gave a hint of outline that another light as quickly destroyed. Color there was none. It was all a uniform, dead gray. It was nothing, formless and cold—cold!



SEA LURE

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

TODAY the sea runs from me with a smile,
 O'er foam white shoulder flung; a dare it seems
 To follow. Hark! Her song is woven themes
 Which called the mast bound mariner, the while
 He strained his bonds; 'tis siren's lure and guile.
 From flying hem fall gifts of pearl; there gleams
 Her pearly foot on path to Port o' Dreams,
 To Avalon and purple sundown isle.
 But as the world old runes chimed high and sank;
 What hollow death note fell, what smothered roar?
 What form, by flutt'ring garments hid before,
 Leaps out? From shoulder poise to tense drawn flank
 The line of crouching leopard! And the shore
 Is red with that spilled draught wherefrom she drank.

MADemoiselle AUTOMNE

Par LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS

LE jeune homme que sa famille, non sans ironie, surnommait le "poète," se promenait à pied et tout seul à travers la campagne d'automne. Il s'était attardé bien après les siens dans la villa rustique louée pour passer la saison d'été. Fuyant le vertige tapageur de l'auto et tous ces plaisirs sans silence qui ravissaient ses jeunes sœurs, il aimait sentir la maison vide autour de lui lorsque, au retour de ces longues courses rêveuses, il s'asseyait au coin d'un feu allumé par le jardinier qui le servait. Chaque jour variait sa promenade. Il faisait lentement la connaissance des environs où il ne reviendrait probablement plus jamais, puisque, chaque année, ses parents choisissaient, pour la villégiature d'été, un endroit différent.

Il allait le long des routes désertes. Elles tournent à travers champs et aboutissent on ne sait où. On y voit de grands espaces de terre labourée et de ciel pommelée et la morte-saison crispe les branches noires où demeurent quelques feuilles tournées au rouge sang. Un village est à l'horizon. On découvre tout à coup quelque vieille grille de parc ou bien, dévoré de lierre, un mur bas renfermant un morceau d'automne. Le jeune homme chérissait ces choses. Ainsi à l'écart, il souffrait moins de sa mélancolie native, de tout ce lyrisme intérieur qui gênait tant son cœur lourd et ses yeux sauvages.

Un après-midi, l'une de ces anciennes grilles, au bord de la route, l'attira. Il s'approcha et colla son beau visage contre les barreaux. On voyait des allées sombres tachées de feuilles sanglantes, des branches cassées, des

herbes folles, tout un désordre délicieux. Le bout d'un toit se distinguait au loin. Quelque vieille maison, hermétique et hantée, depuis longtemps oubliée dans son parc. . . . Parmi tout cela, plus pathétique que la sauvagerie naturelle, l'abandon.

Le jour tombait déjà. Le jeune homme entendit des vers chanter dans sa pensée. Il commençait d'en chercher l'agencement complexe lorsqu'une apparition entre les rameaux noirs le fit soudain reculer.

Quelle créature légère courait çà et là, suivie par la traînée lumineuse de ses cheveux de flamme au vent? Était-ce quelque follet crépusculaire qui, pour jouer, prenait si exactement la teinte de la saison, promenait sous les arbres dépouillés sa lueur ardente couleur de feuille morte?

— C'est l'esprit de l'automne qui hante ce parc, chuchota le poète avec frayer et joie.

Par crainte, en se montrant, de faire évanouir la vision, il recula encore de quelques pas et se tint en observation derrière la haie ébréchée qui bordait le parc.

Le léger spectre, toujours suivi de sa torche chevelue, passa et repassa dans le fond des allées, tourna autour des arbres, disparut assez longtemps, puis revint. Il s'approcha même si près que le jeune homme, anxieux et blotti, distingua nettement sa nature. C'était une mince fillette d'une quinzaine d'années, modestement vêtue. Il ne put détailler son visage tout encombré par les mèches légères. Mais il vit à quelques pas ces cheveux flamboyants qui semblaient incendier la petite robe terne. Lorsque l'enfant secouait la tête, une

vague de frissons rouges ondulait derrière elle: chevelure magnifiquement touffue, quoique plus impondérable, dans l'air du soir, que la chute d'une dernière feuille pourprée. . . .

Le poète rentra chez lui plus rêveur encore qu'à l'ordinaire. Il fermait les yeux le long des chemins obscurs du retour pour voir briller dans son souvenir le halo rouge que cette chevelure y avait laissé. Au coin du feu, il interrogea le jardinier, homme du pays, et qui devait y connaître tout le monde. Il apprit ainsi l'histoire de cette petite fille. Elle lui fut contée avec malveillance. Un père bourru et perclus qui ne s'occupait guère de l'élever; pas d'autres parents pour prendre soin d'elle; pas de gouvernante pour l'éduquer. On ne la voyait jamais en classe ni à la messe. Elle vivait d'un bout de l'année à l'autre dans ce parc, lâchée comme un petit animal. Tout le pays en était scandalisé.

Resté seul devant ses bûches ardentes dont les flammes claquaient comme les cheveux de la fillette, le poète imagina tout un roman. Cette petite nymphe d'automne n'était-elle pas, ainsi libre et solitaire, une frêle enfant-poète incomprise de tous comme lui-même? Il n'avait pas vu son visage, mais il le voulait pâle avec des yeux magnifiques et qui comprenaient tout. La songerie dont il se berçait n'avait cependant pas un caractère amoureux. Il s'intéressait à l'enfant inconnue avec un sentiment plutôt fraternel. Il voulait la retrouver et lui dire: "Moi aussi je suis poète, et parce que je suis farouche et muet on m'entoure de tous côtés d'une sourde réprobation. Les yeux de mes sœurs sont pleins de moquerie quand elles me regardent; personne ne m'a jamais demandé pourquoi j'étais triste. Je ne me sens à l'aise que lorsque je suis tout seul avec les paysages, de même que vous, petite sœur, parmi les feuilles tombées de votre parc. . . ."

Il retourna le lendemain vers la grille abandonnée. Caché derrière la même haie, il vit la vivante feuille s'agiter au milieu de l'automne rose. Mais il n'osa pas encore se montrer. Ce ne fut qu'à son quatrième pèlerinage qu'il se décida

à quitter sa cachette et à paraître aux yeux du mignon fantôme.

La fillette sautillait au milieu de l'avenue. En voyant cet étranger debout devant la grille, elle s'arrêta, et, immobile, déconcertée, elle le regardait de loin, prête à fuir. Il comprit qu'elle allait lui échapper. Alors, d'une voix très douce, il dit:

— N'ayez pas peur, mademoiselle; je suis un poète qui admire votre belle chevelure. . . .

Par quelle suite de paroles rassurantes, par quels regards arriva-t-il à l'approprivoiser? Au bout d'un quart d'heure d'hésitation, elle était tout près de lui, de l'autre côté de la grille.

Il vit enfin son visage. Le rose de ses joues était comme une fleur de pommier, mais ses yeux bleus n'étaient que ceux d'une petite fille intimidée, encore trop gaminée pour qu'on pût se rendre compte si elle serait jolie ou simplement banale.

Cependant, une conversation s'était engagée. Il cherchait avidement, par quelques indices, à connaître le secret de cette âme balbutiante. Elle disait:

— Mais oui, j'aime bien lire. . . . Il y a une vieille armoire pleine de livres au grenier. . . . Je lis la Bibliothèque Rose et Jules Verne. Oh! c'est beau, Jules Verne! . . . Il y a aussi des vers, oui. . . . Vigny, ça s'appelle, je crois! Je ne comprends pas tout, mais ça me plaît aussi. . . . Et puis je couds! Je sais très bien broder. . . .

Il lui reparla de ses cheveux pour oublier ses intonations de pensionnaire. Cette âme de gosse, encore sans forme, le décevait un peu. Pourtant, elle avait parlé de Vigny. Peut-être le poète, en elle, attendait-il d'être éveillé?

Il dit:

— Je ne sais pas votre nom, mais je vous appelle Mlle. Automne. Il semble, quand vous secouez la tête, qu'il va tomber des feuilles mortes. . . .

Elle se mit à rire.

— Ce serait un très joli jeu, fit-elle.

Elle se baissa et, prenant à même, ramassa des poignées de feuilles tombées. Puis, d'un geste de faunesse, elle en fit descendre les cascades multicolores sur sa chevelure de soleil couchant.

Le poète avait joint les mains.

— O petite divinité! . . . murmura-t-il pour lui-même.

Et voici que, tout à coup, une voix rauque d'homme fâché traversa tout le parc. La petite fille avait bondi.

— C'est papa! . . . fit-elle en s'enfuyant.

Le poète aperçut au loin la pénible silhouette d'un homme âgé qui s'appuyait sur deux cannes. Il paraissait si furieux qu'il valait mieux ne pas s'attarder à la grille, de peur que la pauvre déesse-enfant ne fût horriblement grondée.

Il revint donc en soupirant chez lui. Non, il ne fallait pas poursuivre davantage ce jeu dangereux de l'appriivoisement. Il allait retourner à Paris, laisser là ce petit rêve mélancolique suscité par son esprit tourmenté de chimères.

Le lendemain, avec des précautions pour ne pas être vu, il jeta par-dessus la grille une grande feuille jaune et lisse de tulipier sur laquelle, à l'encre, il avait inscrit ces vers :

De vos cheveux couleur d'automne,
La flamme vive me parcourt.
Leur couleur mortuaire autour
De votre front d'avril détonne.

Quelle tache en la monotone
Allée où va votre pas sourd!
De vos cheveux couleur d'automne,
La flamme vive me parcourt.

Rouge au loin, décembre moutonne.
— Aux feuilles qui choient sans retour,
Avez-vous pris le fardeau lourd
Et léger, petite Pomone,
De vos cheveux couleur d'automne?

Cet adieu éternel d'un passant inconnu, Mlle. Automne le découvrirait-elle un jour parmi les jonchées mortes de son allée, ou bien la feuille de tulipe deviendrait-elle poussière comme les autres, sans avoir jamais été lue?

Sur cette ombre d'aventure, les années ont passé lentement. Le poète

est devenu un peu plus fermé et sombre qu'en sa première jeunesse, un peu plus désœuvré et ridicule aux yeux de ses sœurs railleuses. Quelle circonstance le ramène un jour dans le pays de Mlle. Automne? Dès son retour, il s'enquiert près du jardinier qui l'a servi jadis.

— Heureusement pour l'enfant, dit cet homme, son père est mort six mois après votre départ. Il n'était que temps! Son tuteur l'a mise en pension, et elle est devenue tout à fait comme les autres. Maintenant, elle est mariée. Elle a même deux bébés. Son mari et elle habitent toujours la maison que vous avez vue. Mais ils vont la vendre. Si vous voulez visiter, ils la font voir de deux à quatre. . . .

Le poète hésite tout un jour. Ira-t-il, sous prétexte d'acheter la maison, revoir l'enfant devenue femme, l'enfant qui portait derrière elle, si rouge et si légère, sa chevelure merveilleuse comme un don de fée? Devinera-t-il à son regard si elle a conservé secrètement, page ineffable de son adolescence, la feuille jaune de tulipier confiée au hasard de l'automne? Apparaîtra-t-il devant elle comme le fiancé longtemps attendu et qui n'est jamais revenu?

Une angoisse violente le torture. Puis, secouant la tête, il dit un "non" définitif à l'occurrence qui le tente. La jeune femme qui va vendre sa maison, la mère sage des deux bébés doit être quelque provinciale au gros chignon informe et rouge, aux yeux fades dans lesquels il ne verra aucun secret. La feuille morte a dû tomber en poussière. . . . D'ailleurs, il vaut mieux ne jamais vérifier ses rêves, parce que la vie est une chose très raisonnable et que les choses raisonnables sont, pour les poètes, plus tristes que de grands malheurs.



SACHE qu'un maître seul rend les femmes fidèles.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE EDITOR

By Z. M. AND N. B.

October 30, 1909.

THE EDITOR,
BLANKLEY'S MAGAZINE,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIR:

For your consideration,
I inclose this dissertation,
And trust the inspiration
May persuade your publication
To the usual remuneration.

Yours truly,
HELEN E. SCRIBBLER,
Crescentville, Indiana.

November 8, 1909.

MISS HELEN E. SCRIBBLER,
CRESCENTVILLE, INDIANA.

We much regret, dear madam,
Since your story we have seen,
That a cruel fate withholds it
From a yearning magazine.

Very truly yours,
THE EDITOR.



BEYOND TODAY

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

HOW vain are half our hopes and fears! Alas,
We miss the very truth in both extremes:
Our fondest hopes but seldom come to pass;
Our saddest fears are likewise only dreams!



THE grub who fancies himself a butterfly exploits his limitations at the first flight.

WHAT THE THEATER GOT IN ITS STOCKING

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRICAL December came in like a lamb and went out in what we believed used to be the manner of the lion before he was bostocked into a vaudeville condition. There was nothing tame about the dramatic Christmas season. Indeed, such a wild riot of new productions was projected into New York along with the holidays that a conscientious reviewer's Christmas and New Year's dinners through force of circumstances had to consist of the green and cerise-lined chocolate drops that may be cajoled out of the box on the back of the seat ahead for ten cents. Holiday week was a dramatic panic.

In decided contrast to this state of affairs was that which prevailed earlier in the month, when a critic's most arduous duties consisted for the major part in reviewing the Friday night performances of the amateur altos and sopranos at Miner's, the repose and waxen dignity of the most recent bathtub murder victim at the Eden Musée, and the dramatic significance of the latest histrionic effort of the Merry Martini Maidens at the Murray Hill. Ah, those were the happy days! No reviewers' gatherings in the lobbies during the entr'actes to discuss the decline in the art of the star since that memorable night, years ago, when she captivated the town at Daly's. No worrying as to what the current score was reminiscent of. And—no evening clothes! There may be nothing particularly educating or artistic in listening to a very dirty, homely young amateur tenor sing "Gee, I Wish I Had A Girl,"

or to behold the evolution of the plot of a burlesque show, but as a diversion for the professional reviewer, it compares favorably with "camping out." After an uninterrupted session of drama, an evening spent in watching an Irish comedian periodically swat a German comedian with a good, old-fashioned slapstick is for all the world like an invigorating trip to the country. And it serves to make one enjoy drama all the more when one gets back to it.

After keeping the theater in an expectant ante-Christmas state, Santa Klaw's and Erlanger's booking department, as well as that operated by the opposition, bestowed so many new dramatic presents on the New York playhouses that the prospect was a very dizzy one for any magazine reviewer who had hoped to include a retrospect of the entire month in his publication. Two plays and one critic formed the eternal theatrical triangle during the closing week of the old year and, inasmuch as dramatic reviews *à la* Cook are scarcely acceptable in little old Copenhagen-on-the-Hudson, my readers will have to forgive me for not being twins.

Unqualifiedly the most ambitious, biggest and most astonishing production during the dawn days of December—and one that demands new laurels for the New Theater—was "THE NIGGER," from the pen of Edward Sheldon. To be characterized in a general way as an edition *de luxe* of "The Clansman," this drama, although intrinsically not any better than that of

Thomas Dixon, was conceived and executed with such magnificent bravado that it not only interested, but actually clutched at its audience with twisting fingers, poked those fingers into the very heart of their emotions and held them there, at arms' length, appalled yet fascinated. The play is in three acts. I can convey the idea of these best thus: Act I, Rape and Rope; Act II, Taint; Act III, Taint, 'Tain't, 'Tis.

As may be inferred from this, the theme of "THE NIGGER" is the theme of all negro plays except minstrel shows. That it succeeded as it did, despite the triteness of this theme, reflects all the more credit on its author, its sponsors and its performers. The play opens at Morrow's Rest, the home of Philip Morrow, sheriff of a county in a Southern State. The latter has just accepted the nomination for governor from the anti-prohibition interests when, from far off in the distance, there is heard the sound of horse's hoofs clattering wildly toward the scene. A deputy rushes in. "The usual crime," he cries to the sheriff. "The man?" quietly asks the latter. "That nigger, Joe White," says the teller of the news. "The girl?" asks Morrow. "Jake Willis's little Mame," comes the answer. Morrow hesitates but for a second. "Get back to the jail as fast as that horse will carry you," he commands; "fortify it, get White and keep him against the mob." The deputy starts to protest. Morrow checks him. He leaves.

But no sooner have the beats of the horse's pounding hoofs lost themselves down the lane than from off in the woods there comes to Morrow's ears the faint baying of bloodhounds on the trail. The ominous sound comes nearer and nearer. A sudden silence—the cry of Jinny, Morrow's "mammy," that they are after her Joe—a sweeping aside of the underbrush—and the trembling negro throws himself at Morrow's feet, wailing for protection. The hounds and pursuers are heard at even closer hand. A pause, then momentary silence. They have lost the trail! But only for a moment. The

lanterns of the mob are seen crashing through the thickets. The little victim's own father bursts in on the scene. He halts before the sheriff and slowly, quietly, in even tones, says simply: "You'd better give him up, that's all; you'd just better give him up." Morrow, forgetting politics, pleads, loses and refuses. The negro is rushed away toward the jail. Down across the valley road the leaders of the mob are seen dashing madly on horseback to head off the deputy and his prisoner. Again silence prevails, then a triumphant yell, then a heart-rending shriek from a black throat with a noose around its neck.

"But don't you mind, dear," says Morrow's sweetheart to him as the curtain falls; "it's only a nigger."

For sheer sensationalism, this makes the first act of the same author's "Salvation Nell" nil. Furthermore, there is no let-up. Following on the heels of this stage picture of one of the ubiquitous Dixie lawn *fêtes*, there ensues a scene in the subsequent act that makes the scene at the curtain of the prologue of "Resurrection" take on the light of an amateur performance given by girls at a fashionable boarding school. It occurs when Morrow, now governor, learns that through his grandfather's nonchalant disregard for Cupid's color line he has inherited a dash of chocolate in the more conventional Caucasian strawberry. His fiancée shrinks from him in horror. He—a nigger! "Yes," he cries, "a nigger, a nigger!" He seizes her, pinions her arms behind her and assails her with his kisses. She breaks from him, but he catches her again, bends her backward and presses his caresses upon her, shouting in her ears the blind proclamation of his love.

"You shrink from me, do you?" he hisses. "Shame, shame—why even the last words of that quadroon girl to my grandfather were: 'I love you, I love you!'" Now, dear reader, how is that for a situation for a person with an artistic soul and a weak heart? But hesitate, Mr. Nigger, hesitate. Hardly has the auditor recovered control of

his breathing organs, when the curtain parts again and the girl who has figured in this mass formation scene against the Tuskegee tackle enters his private office and tells him that as far as the taint is concerned 'tain't anything to her, and that she wants to marry him, anyway. "What!" he cries. "You would marry a nigger?" And she replies that she would. Morrow, however, come to his senses, parts from her and, as the curtains close, steps out on the balcony to divulge to the throng below the fact of his inherited black blood and to lend himself thenceforth to the cause of his brethren—the negroes.

"THE NIGGER" is the most thrilling drama of recent years. Whether or not you find fault with its creator's application of psychology in the building of his characters, and whether or not you shudder or be offended or revolt, you will be startled and impressed beyond words—I can promise you that. Guy Bates Post and Miss Annie Russell, in the leading roles, are indisputably magnificent. "THE NIGGER," as a play, will never have to look for a situation. It has one, in fact, that it might well spare.

THERE is no doubt in my mind now that W. Somerset Maugham has got the Indian sign on American audiences' sense of humor. So much has been vouched for in the prints concerning his "cleverness," that all he has to do is to say something no one quite fully understands in order to have it accepted with a round of I-think-I-know-what-it-means laughter. Some such possibly subtle line, for instance, as "A woman is always a woman, but a man must be careful not to catch the grip," brings a salvo of applause when uttered by one of his "society" characters. And even such obviosities—this word really *ought* to be in the dictionary—as "A rolling stone gathers no moss" seem to take on an added repartee luster when he places them in the mouths of his fashionable characters. In "PENELOPE," the influence of Swastika is revealed with a ven-

geance. Quite frankly, this is a compliment. What matters it how you entertain, so long as you do? Maugham most always does that—as, too, do Marcelline and Robert Mantell.

In this latest Maugham importation Miss Marie Tempest is a delight. What an exquisite little comedienne she is! The story of "PENELOPE"—her husband calls her "Pen"—is the familiar one of the wife who loses her husband's affection by giving him too much of her own, and who, by pretending that she does not care for him, subsequently brings him penitently back to her feet. Young Doctor O'Farrell has just such a wife in Penelope and, as a diversion, "treats" a Mrs. Ferguson, whose own husband is an army officer stationed in Malta. During this course of treatment, the absent Mr. Ferguson gets the Maltese, double and other kinds of crosses from his loving wife who, in explaining her fondness for other men, states her case with rare adroitness when she says she likes "to have a man do things" for her. Following the sage advice of her mathematician father, who, from the character of his observations, must have had his eye on the other sort of figures most of the time, Penelope proceeds to show no concern over her husband's actions and, substantiating her father's theory, finally proves that the Pen is mightier than the grass widow. Philip Desborough, as Penelope's worse half, will never set the world on fire with his acting, but Miss Mabel Trevor flickers rather agreeably in the role of the Maltese cat. Taken from curtain to curtain, the entertainment is decidedly pastimey.

SEVERAL years ago various newspapers suffering from a pain in the circulation department sought to alleviate their condition with the aid of a Protean individual who was styled "the mysterious Mr. Raffles." The latter was advertised to appear at a certain place at a certain time every day, and elegant cuckoo clocks and other equally valuable prizes were offered to those readers who, locating the man, would go up to him, tap him

on the shoulder and shout out in a loud voice: "You are the *Evening Hullabaloo's* mysterious stranger." The scheme worked beautifully, and after a hundred or more respectable citizens in each of the cities had been locked up for insulting other respectable citizens by hitting them stinging blows on the back, the announcement would be made that the prize had been awarded to a man who lived on a street no one ever heard of; "Mr. Raffles" would be called back to town from Hot Springs or wherever he had been hiding and twenty new clerks would be given jobs in the circulation room.

Rida Johnson Young has succeeded in increasing the circulation of the Bijou Theater with a somewhat similar idea called "THE LOTTERY MAN." She has employed for farcical purposes a young reporter who, to help out his paper and his own pocketbook, offers himself as a matrimonial prize to the woman reader whose coupon shall bear the lucky number. The reporter, played by Cyril Scott, soon has all the women in town who take any stock in marriage busy clipping coupons. Of course, as is to be presumed, very few of these feminine wedlock seekers are of the sort that could obtain places in a Floradora sextette, and as the contest wages warmer and warmer it becomes a certainty that, no matter what woman wins, the reporter, if he marries her, will never need fear any eternal triangle trouble in his household. Naturally, no sooner has the lottery gone to press than the reporter meets his *affinis* in the shape of a young woman who doesn't believe anything she reads in the newspapers, particularly coupons, and who, disgusted with the lottery idea, sends the newspaper man from her in what, in a serious play, would probably be the "big" scene. But even though the homeliest woman in the world, beautifully played by Miss Helen Lowell, gets the lucky number, the reporter gets his sweetheart in the end by a stroke of Mrs. Young's pen. Mrs. Young thus proves that she could engineer a real newspaper prize contest to perfection.

"THE LOTTERY MAN" is mighty bright farce. The program styles it comedy; but farce it is straight from the funnybone. What if the playwright's conception of newspaper workings is decidedly academic so long as she exploits it merely to amuse "tired business men"? A writer of farce may add two and two and make it anything he chooses. The result must be laughter—that is the only demand. And "THE LOTTERY MAN" fully meets it.

I WAS one of the few persons who stayed the second performance of Paul Bourget's "DIVORCE" through to the end. I had a severe cold and the theater was so nice and warm and the book I had with me was so interesting, I really hated to stir out again. Then, too, there are no more comfortable chairs in New York than those in the Lyric Theater. According to a footnote on the program, "the action of the play takes place in Paris at the present time. Eight hours are supposed to elapse between the first and second acts and two weeks are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts." In other words, the play was supposed to cover a period of about two weeks, nine hours and a half. To my mind there was no supposing about it. I am sure it did cover that length of time.

"DIVORCE" proved to be one of the most drawn out, talkative dramas during which I have ever read a novel. My kind heart always has a twinge when I have to write such uncomplimentary remarks about a play, but in this case I can give "DIVORCE" no more pain than it gave me. So we are quits. "DIVORCE" originally created a sensation in Europe. For that matter, so did Doctor Cook. In New York it created only a sensation of *ennui*. There may possibly be something wrong with my powers of analysis, but if they worked aright as far as this French-made drama was concerned, I will say that they made me believe "DIVORCE" was the weakest piece of dramatic argument revealed in a very long time. In France the drama was proclaimed

as "a terrible arraignment." The adjective, at least, was correct. In this country it has been argued that the lack of favor with which the play was received was due to the fact that it dealt with conditions not vital to us. Yet, even granting this, even projecting oneself into the mental state of the French nation for the time being, I cannot conceive that the alleged arguments of the drama are any sounder, any more substantial or any less nonsensical than a café dispute over the respective ability of two ball players to catch line drives with their left hands.

"DIVORCE" is left-handed drama. If it had been written by George Bernard Shaw we might have accepted it for its amazing riot of bumping and cranky expositions, but to ask its acceptance as the really serious work of a really serious dramatist was a different matter. Bourget's drama *does* start somewhere, but after it goes along a short distance it gets the logical blind staggers and ends nowhere. Instead of being an argument against divorce, it is a strong argument in its favor. "DIVORCE" is nothing more than a poorly conceived story of a couple of rather illy angled love affairs. A mawkish, well aged woman, having married another after divorcing her first husband, lives with her second choice eight years and then suddenly makes up her mind that she has committed mental bigamy. After eight whole years of wedlock, mind you! Her son by her first husband somehow or other similarly gets this delicious idea into his head and proclaims the fact that, if his parents withhold their consent, he will "marry" the mistress of another man without the somewhat usual formality of getting a marriage license. The latter lady, who when she can't be good is philosophical, declares that she never has committed a sin because she simply does not believe to do what she has done is a sin. Bourget stirs up this mixture of "problems," and "solves" it by showing what we have known all along—that when things get right down to cases of purely physical

love (and that is all these shown here are) the laws of the Church and of man sneak out of the back door.

MISS GRACE GEORGE as Lady Teazle in the New Theater's presentation of Sheridan's "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" was exquisite. So, too, was the production given this classic comedy. The theater's stock company, although thrown individually into the background by the sterling brilliancy of Miss George's art, was collectively capable. Such flaws as Albert Bruning's Teutonic accent in an English drawing-room set and draw curtains that just couldn't make their wires behave were to be forgiven readily in retrospect. The New Theater made good its effort to reintroduce into playdom of the present the first of a series of the masterpieces of other days.

Sheridan was the Clyde Fitch of his time. Vanities were as clay pipes before the unerring marksmanship of his quill. The fads and foibles of society were bubbles waiting to be pricked, yet pricked so delicately that their colorings remained to the end. It is remarkable how Sheridan's lines retain their modernness, their life, even to this day. "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" is as if it had been written into the past from the present. Not even such supposedly recent social developments as petticoated intrigues with chauffeurs escaped Sheridan. They were footmen then—that was the only difference. Most remarkable of all, however, was this playwright's appreciation of the also supposedly contemporaneous fact that the surest way to get a laugh was through a swear word. The "damns" of Sir Peter Teazle have never failed to provoke a roar of merriment. Present day playwrights have merely added "hell" to the list.

AFTER presenting "MRS. DAKON" at a series of matinees, the Shuberts announced that they would change the title to "DAKON'S DAUGHTER" and would feature Miss Laurette Taylor in the title role. This decision was prompted by good judgment and by

fitting appreciation of as dainty a bit of acting as New York has witnessed thus far this season. As originally intended by Kate Jordan, the authoress, the character whose name gave the play its title was relied upon to center the attention of the audience, but in actual presentation it was found quickly that every atom of sympathy went to the daughter and thus forced the latter role into prominence. Miss Taylor's naively charming portrayal of twenty-year-old Ruth Dakon, a girl still in that fascinatingly awkward state that lies between the budding territory of the 'teens and the blossomed empire of womanhood, was responsible for this unexpected shift of sympathy to no little degree. I venture to say, however, that another actress than Miss Dorothy Dorr might have halted the shift time and again, despite the hard unpleasantness of her role. With Miss Virginia Harned, for instance, in the part of Mrs. Dakon, there might have been a somewhat different story to tell.

The play, like most of its kind written by women, reveals, considerable overbaked sentiment that makes for masculine indigestion. Its story is that of a woman who deserts her husband for another man, of the latter's repudiation of her when he hears she has driven her husband to suicide, and of the falling in love of the man with the woman's daughter. This same idea, worked out with blunt daring, has made one of the most talked of French dramas of the last few years.

WILL my women readers tell me why it is that their sister dramatists so insistently compel their heroines to enter bachelor apartments in the small hours of the night? Mrs. Jordan sent Mrs. Dakon into Brundage's Washington Square rooms at four o'clock in the morning, and Jessie Trimble sent Genevieve Lawrence into Nixon's Washington Square apartment shortly after midnight. May I venture to inquire, too, if the dramatic Spirit of Immorals is moving downtown from its flat in the Forties, where it lived all last season? The Genevieve mentioned was

the central figure in a play called "THE WEDDING DAY," presented at the Hackett Theater, with Miss Jessie Bonstelle in the part. The keynote of the play is best expressed by quoting one of sweet Genevieve's lines: "All the girls in our set drink cocktails." Acting on this principle, Genevieve got herself so far beyond the aromatic spirits of ammonia redemption stage on the eve of her wedding that her fiancé jilted her at the altar for someone who would feel kinder toward the prohibition ticket. The play was replete with moonshine sentiment, and pointed out this one piercing moral: If you must drink, do not drink [Jessie] Trimble. The latter has too much alcohol and too little of the essence of real dramatic rye in her stage concoction. "THE WEDDING DAY" has been postponed indefinitely, we are given to understand.

"THE BACHELOR'S BABY" is the cutest little kid on Broadway. Any man or woman who can sit through this comedy by Francis Wilson and not long to have just such a little trouble maker around the house is either beyond hope or is a traveling salesman. There are more pleasant lumps in the throat and more winning smiles to be found in the Criterion Theater these days than in all the love letters in all the trunks in all the attics of all the similar plays now laughing and crying in New York. If I were a woman I could not describe "THE BACHELOR'S BABY" better than to say it is a "dear." That is exactly what it is. It is too bad we men have no synonym for the word.

Thomas Beach (Francis Wilson) is a baby hater from the word "go." "They're son-of-a-guns," is the way he expresses it. He is a bachelor and, like many other bachelors, believes children constitute the punishment visited by Providence on those persons who seem to require chastisement. He has just returned from a sojourn with a married couple, whose red-headed youngster has put pins in his soup, crumbs in his bed and otherwise annoyed him. His dis-

like for children has been given added impetus, and just at the point when he has worked himself up to a race-suicide frenzy he is informed by a placid relative that he has "inherited" his late brother's little girl. "What!" he shouts. "Be the guardian of a baby? Well, I should say not!" And when, subsequently, the child is literally forced upon him, he puts down his foot and says he will have none of her. But time and the cute little girl gradually work a change in him, and when, upon getting her back eventually after she has been taken from him, he hugs her and hugs her and hugs her, he hugs his audience along with the child to his heart. There is a pretty love story with an older girl veined through the play, and in the end the bachelor and she are brought together by their mutual love for the little tot who came into the house an unwelcome intruder and remained to rule over it as queen.

"THE BACHELOR'S BABY" is not a wonderful comedy by any means, and determined analysts of everything from Ibsen to peach blossoms may have plenty of chance to find fault with it, but it is tremendously delightful. The Davis youngster, in the role of the tiny invader, is an acting pocket edition of Billie Burke. And speaking of the latter, I loved "My Wife," but oh, you "Bachelor's Baby"!

"CAMEO KIRBY" is a great play for matinee girls and high tenors. As for men, let those who have seen it speak for themselves. This most recently presented work of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson seems to have cornered the sentiment market. Beside it, their "The Man from Home" is like a chapter of divorce court proceedings and even their "Springtime" like a winter of discontent. It is an idyl with Bertha M. Clay feet.

Cameo Kirby—a splendid title for a play—is a Mississippi steamboat poker player whose favorite game is hearts. Originally portrayed by the comedian who dramatized Rawhide mining stock, the role of the swash-buckling gambler is now intrusted to

Dustin Farnum. Kirby is a gambler who is as "on the level" as a ballroom floor. He is likewise as polished. Thus it comes to pass naturally that he should fall in love with the daughter of the man from whom he is believed to have four-aced away the deed to the latter's plantation. The man, before the play begins, has deprived the daughter of a male parent by means of a revolver. The girl, unaware of the gambler's identity, shields him from a mob after he has killed the real villain and falls in love with him while doing so. All goes well until she learns the name of the man whom she has befriended. Kirby plays a losing hand thenceforth, but, by turning a trick of satisfactory explanation, finally wins the "kitty," whose name in this case happens to be Adele. At least, while the curtain is falling, she promises to wait for him and so, in the unwritten fifth act, she is to be found playing the queen to his king in their pretty Louisiana plantation house of cards.

"CAMEO KIRBY" is the dramatization of a poker hand made up of five kings of hearts. And a winning hand it is for those who are perfectly willing to forget such a thing is impossible so that they may be allowed to live for three hours in a don't-wake-him-up atmosphere of saccharine romance. Among the players of the dramatic hands, Emmett Corrigan, as Kirby's partner, is the ace and Gordon Johnstone, as a hot-headed young Southerner, the two spot. Miss May Buckley plays the queen of hearts with too plainly marked sentimental cards.

IN the sky line of sensational drama, "THE CITY," Clyde Fitch's last work, is the Metropolitan Life Tower. All other recent sensationally built plays are lost far beneath in its shadows. For superlatively racking emotionalism and quivering, bursting passion this piece of dramatic writing sweeps its every rival from the American stage of our time. It is magnificently terrible—as far removed from the other Fitch we had come to know as is Ibsen's "Ghosts" from "The Bachelor." "THE CITY" is

Fitch Ibsenized, Sophocles Eugene-Waltered, D'Annunzio New Yorked.

The play is a defense of the city, that great market place of men that tries them out with its lures and Lorelei lullabies and lets those survive the test who can. But "THE CITY" seems to me to be more than this. It is an arraignment of *rural* immorality, the immorality that lurks in the little towns and villages, an immorality that, comparatively, at least, runs alongside, if not ahead of, the vice that is more usually charged to the cities. The latter are the sewers into which lead the drain pipes of the little towns.

We are shown a family in an up-State village. The call of New York has gotten into their blood, all save the father, a leading figure in the little community. The mother, daughters and son implore him to move to the city so that they may have "a chance." But rather be first, says he, in a little Iberian village than second in Rome, and he refuses. Protestations are useless. He is firm. Then the crash! He is discovered to be, not a pillar of the church as was supposed, but a thief and the father of one more son than the law allowed him. The shock of discovery kills him and his family go forth to the city—the mother with her vain ambitions, the daughters with their longing for metropolitan glamour and show, the son with his trust of a conqueror-to-be.

In the city we find them, basking in its subtle smiles and answering those smiles with the worst that is in them. The son, determined on fame, risks every dishonor to gain his end. One daughter, married, has already arrived at the correspondent stage. The mother has ceased to be a mother. The younger daughter, a weak, silly product of the country town, is in love with the young man whom the son has employed as his secretary in accordance with his father's last wish. She conveys this fact to her brother. He says such a love is impossible. She insists that she loves the man. "I forbid it," cries her brother. "I don't care if you do," the girl shouts in defiance; "I am

going to marry him." "Marry him?" screams Rand. "You can't!" He rushes toward his sister. "You can't!" he repeats. She looks at him. "I have," she answers. And then, in the most carbolically diabolic scene that has ever stripped the callousness from metropolitan theatergoers, there ensues the battle between the brother, his sister and the man she loves. Both the latter are as adamant to Rand's frenzied appeals. "You must break the marriage," he roars, "for it was not a marriage!" "Why?" leers the secretary. "Because," hisses Rand, "you are her *brother*!" The illegitimate son has married his father's legal child.

A shot rings out. The girl falls dead into Rand's arms. The degenerate murderer, crazed with morphine, turns the revolver on himself. Rand is on him like a flash. They struggle. Rand gets the gun. The delirious fiend begs him to give it back, that he may end it all by killing himself. "No," shouts Rand, sending the revolver crashing through the window, "it's the electric chair for you!" And out of all this chaos comes Rand, at the end, with the declaration to put all dirty work from him thenceforth and forever and the determination to fight the fight over again with the city, that has been fair and just, he proclaims, from the very start. Walter Hampden is Rand, strong, clear cut and vitally effective. Tully Marshall, as the degenerate drug victim, gives as wonderful a portrayal as the stage has seen in a decade. "THE CITY" is a tremendous play. It has made women faint and the cheeks of men blanch through its horror. Incidentally, it has made both men and women think.

"THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY" was presented to Broadway by Chicago and proved to be quite as breezy as its birthplace. "Here's to the Last Girl" was far and away the prettiest of a number of whistle melodies, and Miss May De Sousa, the first girl, far and away the most attractive and capable personality in the cast.

BOOKS TO READ AND BOOKS TO AVOID

By H. L. MENCKEN

WHEN a book is a good one and worth the price asked for it by the book selling banditti, the best thing for the reviewer to do is to say so in plain words and have done. Any attempt to enlarge upon that bald verdict is not only gratuitous and useless, but also extremely fatiguing to the reviewer. The customary vocabulary of his art fails him, for it is made up almost entirely of terms derogatory and infuriate, and when he seeks to make use of the ordinary phrases of praise he finds them flat to the taste. In addition, he discovers that his processes of ratiocination, usually so fluent and accurate, are impeded by his novel emotions. He is in the impossible position of a man trying to read Kant in the vestry room while waiting for his bride to arrive at the church, or of a woman trying to recite the Lord's Prayer with a mouse nibbling at her ankle. Take my word for it, the enterprise is one of staggering difficulties.

If an editor came to my laboratory today and asked me to write an intelligible review of "Huckleberry Finn," "The Antichrist" or "The Old Bachelor," I should have to charge him a thousand dollars for it to pay for the wear and tear on my system; but if he asked me to fill a few pages with observations upon a book by Sir Oliver Lodge, Marie Corelli, E. Phillips Oppenheim or Edward Bok, I should be glad to do it for three dollars, with one hundred dollars extra if he demanded that I read the book.

Let these lofty thoughts serve as overture to a brief notice of H. G.

Wells's new novel, "ANN VERONICA" (*Harper*, \$1.50). Wells, though still a young man, is a veteran of his book stalls and has planted a lavish crop of best selling wild oats. He made his debut, unless I err, with a volume of thrilling short stories, and proved thereby that Edgar Allan Poe, as a performer upon the spinal column, was all thumbs. Next he began to write scientific romances in the manner of Jules Verne, and did it so much better than Verne that he revolutionized the trade. Later he set up shop as a serious philosopher and wrote a number of speculative books of a most interesting sort, in which the clear thinking made one forget the occasional smear of rancid socialism. Then Wells turned his back upon all such fripperies and devoted himself to a novel called "Tono-Bungay." In this book a new Wells was revealed, a Wells with a firm grip upon the structure of the novel, an individual and illuminating point of view and an alarmingly ready pen. He had something to say and he knew how to say it; his characters stood out in the round; his fable was engrossing and significant; he burrowed down into the natural forces and human passions which color the civilization of today. The result was the best novel, at least in English, published during 1909. Compared to it, the year's books of the Anthony Hopes, Hopkinson Smiths and Weir Mitchells were as warts to Ossa.

"ANN VERONICA" misses some of the epic surge of "Tono-Bungay," but it is still a novel infinitely above the com-

mon level. Just as in "Tono-Bungay" Wells concerned himself with the modern man of action and his war upon the laws commercial, so in "ANN VERONICA" he deals with the modern woman and her war upon the laws moral and social. Ann Veronica Stanley is no unique monstrosity, but a young woman of a type already growing familiar. Born into an orthodox English home, she is in it but not of it, for its fireside god is respectability and hers is knowledge. It seems to her far more noble to master the microscope than to shine at bridge whist. This notion strikes her father as sacrilegious and indecent, and there ensues a vexatious and hopeless wrangle, which Ann Veronica ends by departing for London to wrestle with the world in her own way. How she encounters orthodoxy there as well as at home, how her woman's skirts and her woman's pruderies handicap her in her struggle for existence, how love comes into her life to color her outlook, and how, in the end, she works out her destiny—all this is told in Mr. Wells's vivid and entertaining book. It is not a mere idle romance fashioned for fools, but a careful study of a type whose aspirations and demands will soon be making a loud noise in our philosophical groves and sanhedrins.

I REGRET that the same high praise cannot be poured upon "THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION," by Meredith Nicholson (*Doubleday-Page*, \$1.50). When Mr. Nicholson seized his pen in hand, I have no doubt his aim was as exalted as Mr. Wells's, but aiming is one thing and bringing down the duck another. "THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION" is a novel of the familiar and depressing American type—that is to say, it deals with interesting and important things in a formal and sentimental manner. The hero is a young Pittsburger of vast wealth and loose morals—a personage common enough to deserve serious investigation. But Mr. Nicholson's exploration of his mind is confined to a superficial examination of his skull. To explain his vileness we must be content with the news that he

has a raging thirst, and to explain his redemption we must be content with the news that he falls in love. The other characters are from the common stock; I read the book last week and have already forgotten them. Here and there a picturesque passage proves that Mr. Nicholson has a pretty gift for literary composition, but at no time is there any evidence that he knows how to write a novel.

"THE CASH INTRIGUE," by George Randolph Chester (*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$1.50) is a story of the sort that needs no comment. Such tales are written in great quantity by a host of busy authors. As a rule, they first entertain the plain people as serials in the second class magazines, and are then put forth between covers, in gaudy, lithographed wrappers. For a brief month they dazzle us in the bookshops; one or two reviewers, as in honor bound, hail them as masterpieces, and they appear in the dope sheets of best sellers. And then they are suddenly, cruelly and permanently forgotten. Read a thousand such books and you will not encounter a single plausible character or a single poignant situation or a single flash of true humor, insight or understanding. They are not even fables, but merely inflated anecdotes.

In the present case the author cannot take refuge behind the plea that he can do no better. Such a defense would be sound enough if offered by George Barr McCutcheon, William H. Osborne, Thomas Dixon, Hall Caine or any other such literary blacksmith. But Mr. Chester is no blacksmith. On the contrary, he is a man of considerable talent, whose early short stories showed a lot of promise. They had humor in them and ingenuity; they were worth reading. Let him go back, in the name of all the little devils in Gehenna, to his earlier manner. Let him resuscitate his lost ideals. Let him have done with shoddy goods.

EVEN worse is "THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS," by Anna Katharine Green (*Badger*, \$1.25). It is tedious, im-

probable, affected, silly, artificial, incredible, wearisome, banal. It has, indeed, almost every fault in the pharmacopœia save obscenity—which is not properly a fault at all, but merely a merit unwisely exaggerated. The story of mystery, at its best, is a sorry thing. It depends for its appeal upon one of the most degraded of human yearnings—the desire to behold marvels and to stand agape. This desire is strongest in children, theologians and savages. When it reveals itself in an educated adult it can be regarded only as a lamentable weakness, like biting the finger nails, going to vaudeville shows or drinking witch hazel. The man who makes a practice of reading detective stories is a man in imminent if unconscious peril of grave aberrations. As a next step he may begin to admire George M. Cohan's music.

I AM willing to admit, of course, that some detective stories show unnatural merit. I even insist upon it. The various diverting yarns written by Mary Roberts Rinehart prove it. But that is because Mrs. Rinehart writes with her tongue in her cheek. In her books the orthodox detective story is burlesqued, and the result is commonly enjoyable, just as a burlesque upon "Camille" may be enjoyable—as it actually is in "La Traviata," particularly when Tetrassini's vast bulk wobbles in the death agony—whereas "Camille" itself is hideously offensive to the entirely human mind. In Mrs. Rinehart's latest book, "WHEN A MAN MARRIES" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50), the comic element becomes everything. It is not literature, I grant you, but it is still infinitely above plain flappedoodle. A book of harmless and amusing foolery.

ANOTHER such book is "LADY MÉCHANTE," by Gelett Burgess (Stokes, \$1.50). Here we have a bundle of fantastic improbabilities, with a stratum of pungent satire at the bottom of them. The story is grotesquely impossible, but it is still near enough to humanity to give it zest. There are novelists of

the day, I opine, who may read a moral in its extravagances. A number of drawings by the author do no harm.

IN "THE CALL OF THE HEART," by L. N. Way (Dillingham, \$1.50), we come upon maddening physiological enigmas. A woman of thirty, wooed by a presentable gentleman and loving a rather devilish married man, decides to risk the Great Adventure with the married man. He seems to be a bit reluctant—perhaps it is bashfulness—but she has resolution and so drags him on to the encounter. Chapter XI ends here, and the reader falls back upon his imagination. In Chapter XII we behold the cold gray dawn of the morning after. The poor girl is horrified, disgusted; her fingers "tremble and fumble"; her eyes are fixed in "a stare of terror." She flees in loathing. Why? I am sure I don't know. The problem is beyond me, and apparently it is also beyond this Mr. — or is it Miss or Mrs.?—L. N. Way. At any rate, no satisfactory explanation is offered. Perhaps the book is intended as a document in support of Mr. Bok's crusade for the more specific instruction and entertainment of the young person. But is a woman of thirty a young person?

P.S. She marries the presentable gentleman in the end.

COMING to Eden Philpotts, I must confess a lack. He is a skillful and workmanlike writer, and his method and manner are admirable, but I find it utterly impossible to grow interested in his people and their doings. His latest book, "THE HAVEN" (Lane, \$1.50), deals, like those that have gone before, with the folk of Devon, but he has moved down from Dartmoor to the sea. The story is about fishermen and their wives—their aspirations, their prejudices, their eternal toil. I am concerned about Devon fishermen but slightly. They interest me, indeed, about as little as it is possible for any group of human beings to interest me. In Kaspar Almay, rotting on his remote and God-forsaken river bank, I

become enormously engrossed; and so, too, in Huck Finn on his raft, and Hamlet wrestling with his blue devils; but the tale of Ned Major's struggle against that destiny which doomed him to be a fisherman leaves me cold. All this by way of apology, and not by way of criticism. I am perfectly willing to accept the word of those critics who say that Mr. Philpotts is an accomplished fictioneer and "THE HAVEN" a great book.

IN "PRISCILLA OF THE GOOD INTENT," by Halliwell Sutcliffe (*Little Brown*, \$1.50), I encounter a demand for a similar apology, though one, perhaps, less abject. The scene here is the north of England, and the personages strongly suggest those of Philpotts. They do not interest me, but once again the writer gives proofs of his capacity. Mr. Sutcliffe, I suppose, is an Englishman. The English have excellent second-raters.

WE return to America in "THE AUTOMATIC CAPITALISTS," by Will Payne (*Badger*, \$1.25)—to America and the orthodox American novel. The central characters are a pair of nefarious young brokers, who perform financial cadenzas with money which belongs, by the laws of God and man, to others. The tale is entirely incredible, but more than once amusing. It passes.

So does "THE CONCENTRATIONS OF BEE," by Lilian Bell (*Page*, \$1.50). It is not a work of art, but a good enough yarn to read while the train is stalled. Miss Bell's fondness for magnificent personages persists. She gives us peeps into high society; we are introduced to a "young millionaire architect" and other magnificoes. The fable itself concerns a widow who seeks to shake off the disgusting tentacles of a sister-in-law. Miss Bell invests this effort with her kittenish comedy, but in real life it would be serious drama. Of all the curses of civilization, indeed, there is none more appalling than that convention which requires us to be po-

lite to relatives-in-law. A man, let us say, meeting, loving and marrying an amiable young woman, discovers, after it is too late, that her folk do not partake of her amiability—that her elder brother is an incurable bore, of unsound politics and unclean finger nails, a borrower of small change, a baseball fiend, a loud laugher; that her Aunt Mary is a frowsy advocate of foreign missions, bazaars and other such vapidities; that her very mother, perhaps, is an unbearable busybody and shrew. And yet he is compelled, by our absurd notions of decency, to be polite to these nuisances, to receive them in his home, to listen to their wretched chatter, to heed their voluntary advice in his most private affairs. Until that law is repealed I shall continue my existence *a capella*. I have long ranked it, indeed, fourth among my seven and twenty sound reasons for avoiding matrimony as a pestilence.

BUT back to the novels. The next is "JERD CLESS," by Myra Daley (*Cochrane*, \$1.50), a long and extremely tedious story of life among the Mormons—not the libidinous apostles and archangels of Salt Lake, but the simpler believers of the hills. Tedious it is, as I have said, but it has its moments, and with the aid of an experienced copy reader it might have been vastly improved.

"A WAVE OF LIFE" is a novel written by the late Clyde Fitch in his non-age and now dug up for the enjoyment of his enemies (*Kennerley*, \$1.50). It deals with the folk who inhabit the borderland between Society and Bohemia, and is the wretched pot boiler of a boy who wrote in the fashion because he was in sore need. Now and then there is a glint of Fitch's quaint humor and some show of his later feeling for atmosphere, but in the main it inspires sorrow rather than anger. As a contribution to American literature it has little more importance than a speech in Congress or a drama by Charles Klein.

IN "THE TITLE MARKET," by Emily Post (*Dodd-Mead*, \$1.50), we come upon a philosophical romance, with international marriage as its theme. Mrs. Post, I have been informed, is a woman of the first fashion, and in consequence she has had a chance to observe with her own eyes the persons whose conubial adventures she presumes to discuss. The result is a story with more than one touch of realism in it, but it cannot be said that the author lifts many psychological veils. Her conclusions, indeed, seem to be practically identical with those reached by earlier and less privileged sages. A marriage between a sensible American girl and an honorable Phœnician prince is very apt to be as happy as unions of educated folk ever are, but a marriage between a foolish American and a sinister exotic is almost certain to end in wailing and gnashing of teeth. So we read the lesson.

Mrs. Post has yet to write a novel worth studying, but her work shows a gradual advance, and if she chooses her models wisely she may yet rise well above the popular level. It is scarcely the province of a lowly book reviewer to conduct a correspondence school in novel writing or to give impertinent advice, but I find myself impelled to suggest, apropos of nothing, that for a young novelist, the best thing to do with the works of Mrs. Humphry Ward is to burn them, and that much invaluable knowledge is to be got out of a careful reading of George Moore, Emile Zola, Joseph Conrad and William Makepeace Thackeray, and particularly out of "Evelyn Innes," "Germinal," "Lord Jim" and "Barry Lyndon." These books have perfect form and come close to perfection in detail. They have veritable human beings in them, and they grapple not ineffectively with the riddle of human destiny.

A BOOK of no such solemn burden is "OLD HARBOR," by W. J. Jopkins (*Houghton-Mifflin*, \$1.25). Here we have a loose collection of character sketches, drawn with a kindly pencil. The scene is a decayed New England

seaport, and about all the personages there clings an ancient air. Now and then the book suggests the conventional b'gosh story, and at other times it recalls Hawthorne at his worst; but in the main it is amusing enough. Miss Wetherbee, Nan Hedge and others in the picture have a pleasant flavor.

LET us now thank the gods for a literary critic with something to say and the good will to say it in a loud voice—a critic who has thought things out for himself, to five places of decimals, and evolved plain definitions of good and bad—a critic without reverence or respectability, but with a hard fist and steam behind his wallop! Such a rare immoralist is Percival Pollard, whose book of praise and blame, "THEIR DAY IN COURT" (*Neale*, \$3.00), has kept me chuckling for a week. In many matters I fail to follow Mr. Pollard. When he maintains, for example, that Ambrose Bierce is a genius of the first water, I am tempted to howl. And when, in a book plainly designed to be comprehensive, he fails to mention H. G. Wells, Frank Norris, Joseph Conrad, "In Babel," "Sister Carrie" or "Dragon's Blood," I wonder. And when, finally, he excerpts "Three Weeks" from his anathemas, as a work "too fine in its art to be critically reviled," I swoon away completely. But these stray faults do not contaminate the rich, full flavor of the book. It is to the customary scrapple as blood is to ditch water, or quinine to molasses taffy. In a country, indeed, which regards Hamilton Wright Mabie as a serious critic and James Whitcomb Riley as a great poet, a man of Mr. Pollard's assertive masculinity stands forth like a truth seeker in the Baptist college of cardinals.

The charge of effeminacy seems to lie at the bottom of his sweeping indictment of current American letters, and that charge, I am convinced, is well founded. Nine-tenths of our readers of books are women, and nine-tenths of our women get their literary standards from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As a result, their literary deities are

Hopkinson Smith, Mary E. Wilkins, Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Mrs. Burton Harrison. So far we have come only upon harmless virtue. But harmless virtue, even when indubitably kosher, sometimes palls, and the great human yearning to be devilish—that universal impulse toward the forbidden which prompts even innocent old ladies, who would perish of blushes over Boccaccio, to indulge in tedious tournaments of obstetrical anecdote—that yearning or impulse asserts itself. Thus we arrive at "The Yoke," "Sir Richard Calmady," "The Awakening" and other such putrid stuff, beloved of high school girls and discussed in hoarse whispers by the woman's clubs.

In this way feminine prudery and eroticism produce two classes of books, the one made up of incredible love making in the open air, and the other made up of indecent love making on the hearth rug. The books of the first sort pour forth in immense quantities, for not even a servant girl would be silly enough to read one of them twice; but those of the second sort need not be produced so copiously, for every one of them is read to pieces. For novels that deal seriously with life as it is actually lived by human beings, putting love making in its proper place—which is to say, far down the scale, above eating, perhaps, but well below dying—there is no profitable audience in our fair republic. That field, indeed, is entirely forbidden to the author. If he would see his portrait in the "literary section" and know the taste of truffles, he must keep out.

Mr. Pollard puts half of the blame for all this upon the American critics, but that attempt to be just merely complicates his task without helping it, for a majority of all the professional critics in America are women, and many of the men in the minority are tenors. It is quite the rule in newspaper offices for women to write the book reviews, and even the literary monthlies seem to prefer them. That these fair critics are often well educated, as education goes, and almost

always honest I freely grant, but the fact that they are women remains insistent, and that fact must inevitably color their judgments. If they are "ladies," they must necessarily start out with the firm conviction that old Frankie Rabelais was a vile and clumsy fellow, without true wit; that Machiavelli was a bad philosopher and Congreve no gentleman; that "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" is a nasty book and "The Secret Agent" a dull one. Such convictions are essential to the "lady," but they are very dangerous, I believe, to the critic. Once embraced, they lead with certainty to the theory that Robert W. Chambers is a master of his art and Dr. Elwood Worcester a deep thinker.

It is against all such notions of literature that Mr. Pollard wages his holy war. He argues for the truth in letters—not for groveling, flea hunting naturalism, but for that larger truth seeking which essays to study the anatomy of human impulse and to depict with understanding the eternal struggle between man's will and his destiny. He gives praise where it is due, and he calls names when they are deserved. There is a hearty honesty about him, an evident desire to do justice at all costs, a will to acknowledge merit and denounce sham. He follows no man in his judgments, and he apes no man in his writing. There is individuality in his style. He knows how to set forth his ideas in English that has character. If you read his thick book you will probably damn him now and then, as I have done, but you will never fall asleep over it.

THE melancholy burden of Cicely Hamilton's book, "MARRIAGE AS A TRADE" (*Moffat-Yard*, \$1.50), is that marriage, for women, is a trade accursed. And yet—oh, the pity of it!—it is the only trade for which the average woman has any talent. The result of this, says Miss Hamilton, is that the average woman approaches the hymeneal altar with the grim despair of a union musician tackling the nine symphonies of Ludwig von Bee-

thoven. There is no romance in it for her; she is merely going to work. For her board, lodging and clothes and a miserable dole of pin money she will slave away her life, losing her beauty in kitchen wars and submitting daily to the loathsome caresses of a vile male. The romance, says Miss Hamilton, is all on the side of that male. He is loving and passionate, but the woman, at best, is no more than meekly complaisant. To him marriage is a poem, a game of chance or a delightful vice; but to her it is only a trade.

The picture is sad and makes one dab at one's eyes and nose, but a brief inspection reveals the fact that it is also unauthentic. In a word, Miss Hamilton wastes her tears upon a mythical martyr fashioned of her own oblique observation and shallow philosophy. When she says that marriage is the normal trade for the average woman she tells the obvious truth, but when she maintains that that trade is badly paid and that the average woman finds it slavery, she begins to fare upon the quicksands of fallacy. Marriage, indeed, is the best paid of all trades for women, for its average practitioner is an equal partner in ninety per cent of her employer's income while he lives, and is entitled, by our benevolent laws, to one-third of his savings when he dies. And her income begins as soon as she accepts her position and continues unabated until her employer's death or flight, no matter how slight her professional skill.

Find me another trade in which the worker's remuneration is not dependent upon her efficiency! A woman without the slightest talent for housekeeping gets just as much as one whose capacity approaches genius. She poisons her husband with tough steaks, wastes his money upon senseless gauds and allows his socks to become veritable sieves, and yet he must give her a half-share in ninety per cent of his income, and leave her a third of the remainder when he dies. If he seeks a divorce upon the ground that she has swindled him and threatens to swindle him incessantly in future, the learned judge

beckons to a catchpole and has him thrown out as a maniac. If he would escape from her clutches, he must outrage his fastidiousness by beating her or his sense of decency by giving her "evidence"; and even then he will have to pay her from forty to seventy-five per cent of his income in alimony until death releases him.

Considering all this, I fail to follow Miss Hamilton. I fail to follow her, again, in her argument that women regard marriage, not as an agreeable business, but as a necessary and disgusting duty. As a bachelor I pretend to no intimate knowledge, but observation leads me to believe that, when caressing is going on, the woman enjoys it quite as much as the man. In the normal male, indeed, the impulse to dalliance is almost as rare as the impulse to go to church. He is satisfied with an occasional kiss; orgies of osculation disgust him; he has an ascetic streak. Not so the woman. Her emotions are less susceptible to voluntary inhibition. Of simpler organization, she never yields to intellectual concepts, but only to physical exhaustion. So long as she is sure that no one is looking she is insatiable.

And yet Miss Hamilton wants us to pity this woman as a glorified white slave! With all due respect, I refuse. If this seems too harsh, I offer a concession. That is to say, I promise not to envy her.

COMING TO "WHY AMERICAN MARRIAGES FAIL," by the late Anna A. Rogers (*Houghton-Mifflin*, \$1.25), we are upon more nourishing provender. There are six essays in this little book, and in every one of them there is abundant good sense. Mrs. Rogers's criticisms of the American wife, the American man and American education are not those of the tedious sophists of pulpit, college rostrum and yellow journal. She has something new to say, and she says it in clear English, and it is worth hearing. I am not going to attempt a summary of her arguments. You must read them for yourself.

FARMING IT—

by Henry A. Shute.

(Houghton-Mifflin, \$1.20)

The grotesque adventures of an amateur farmer, told in Judge Shute's best comic manner.

THE GOD-MAN—

by Rev. Henry Lorsh.

(Badger, \$1.50)

Sloppy strophes by an elderly ecclesiastic.

HINTS FOR LOVERS—

by Arnold Haultain.

(Houghton-Mifflin, \$1.00)

A pretty book of rather obvious epigrams.

A MISSION TO HELL—

by Edwards Eells.

(Sherman-French, 80 cents)

The story of an attempt to carry the gospel to Hell. A rich and racy tale, full of surprising incidents and shrewd observations.

CANDLES IN THE WIND—

by Maud Diver.

(Lane, \$1.50)

Nearly 150,000 words of East Indian romance.

SKIMMING THE SKIES—

by Russell Whitcomb.

(Badger, \$1.50)

A rip-snorting airship yarn for boys.

SWEET NANCY—

by Marion Ames Taggart.

(Page, \$1.50)

A book for girls, beyond my troubled comprehension, but vastly praised by fair young critics of my acquaintance.

THE DIAMOND MASTER—

by Jacques Futrelle.

(Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50)

A galloping yarn of gems and jeopardies, mystery and murder, high finance and young love.

VERONICA PLAYFAIR—

by Maude Wilder Goodwin.

(Little-Brown, \$1.50)

A somewhat artificial eighteenth century romance, with Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, Benjamin Franklin, Beau Nash and Lady Mary Wortley Montague among its personages.

MARIE OF ARCADY—

by F. Hewes Lancaster.

(Small-Maynard, \$1.50)

The scene is the 'Cajan country of Louisiana, and the characters are simple Acadians. A quaint and sentimental little story of considerable charm.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER—

by J. Storer Clouston.

(Century Co., \$1.50)

A fantastic farce, in the F. Anstey manner, with a valetudinarian hero who finds the fountain of eternal youth and emerges from its waters the very devil of a fellow.

THE COURTS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK—

by Henry W. Scott.

(Wilson, \$5.00)

An exhaustive treatise upon the origin, history, composition and jurisdiction of the New York courts past and present.

THE CLUE—

by Carolyn Wells.

(Lippincott, \$1.50)

A breathless detective story, fashioned according to the approved models. Miss Wells's private Sherlock Holmes—Fleming Stone by name—is the wonder worker, as he was of her earlier story, "A Chain of Evidence."

JEANNE OF THE MARSHES—

by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

(Little-Brown, \$1.50)

An overpowering tale of villainous aristocrats, passionate love and "hig leef," by the male Bertha M. Clay.

Finder of Men



An average American knows many people. But he does not always know where they are.

He has a thousand friends and acquaintances. Where are they at this particular moment? He can be sure of some of them—perhaps a dozen. But he wants to locate one or more of the others.

The Bell system enables him to reach them.

If he finds his friend at home, or in his place of business, he talks with him at once. If he learns that his friend is in some other town the Bell System will furnish the connection.

Cities are larger than they used to be. Men know and need to know more people. Yet the need of keeping in touch is as great as ever. Without Bell service there would be hopeless confusion.

The range of the telephone is not confined to one town or one community. It is not satisfying simply to learn that a man is out of town; through the Long Distance Service of the Bell System he may be reached, wherever he is.

The Bell Service extends to all communities. It reaches the millions of American people. One in twenty is a Bell subscriber. The other nineteen can be found because Bell service is universal service.

The telephone does more work for less money than any other servant of mankind. There is economy as well as efficiency in one system, one policy, universal service. Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

When writing to advertisers kindly mention the SMART SET
Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY




A BOTTLED DELIGHT

Club Cocktails

The most perfect hand-mixed drink you've ever tasted could never have the fine, full, mellow flavor of a CLUB COCKTAIL. Because the rare old liquors used in their mixing are each measured to exact proportions. CLUB COCKTAILS make a more uniform and a more delightful drink than any made-by-guesswork effort could be. Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London



**SAVES TIME
TO BUY OR SELL
THE**

BOSTON GARTER

KNOWN TO EVERYBODY
WORN ALL OVER
THE WORLD

MADE WITH
Velvet Grip
CUSHION
RUBBER BUTTON
CLASP

OF ANY DEALER, ANYWHERE
or Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price

GEORGE FROST CO.
MAKERS, BOSTON

**OVER 30 YEARS THE STANDARD
ALWAYS EASY**

A Charming Home in Florida

FOR SALE

45 acres, large and commodious house of very best construction; ornamental grounds; hot house; large pecan orchard now beginning to bear nuts; full bearing orange trees.

The owner has expended more than \$30,000 in building up the property and will sell for less than half that because of present inability to occupy and enjoy the place.

If you want one of the pleasantest homes in all Florida, healthful all the year,

GO AND SEE THIS PLACE

It is at DeLand, Florida, the county seat of Volusia County and the seat of Stetson University; a fine town, population mostly from the North; schools, churches, etc. Three miles from the St. Johns River, high pine-covered land; on the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railway, 108 miles south of Jacksonville.

See agent on the property. The Mann Place, Southern Boulevard.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

2 lb and 5 lb Boxes! - Best Sugar for Tea, Coffee! - By Grocers Everywhere!



Physicians have
recommended it
since 1780

OLD JAMES E. PEPPER WHISKY

JAMES E. PEPPER DISTILLING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - LEXINGTON, KY.

4 Qts. - \$5.00

Sold by Druggists and Dealers

No More Fat Folks

Double Chins Quickly Removed

If the advice of Mae Edna Wilder is followed there will be no more fat folks in a short time. She took off thirty pounds of superfluous flesh in less than six weeks, and removed her double chin in two weeks, by a treatment of her own discovery, and she generously offers to tell anyone about it who is sufficiently interested to write her. By her method there is nothing to take internally, no face straps or body bandages to be worn, no exercises or dieting, just a simple, harmless home treatment that you can use in your own room, without the knowledge of your most intimate friends, and as if by magic your fat rapidly disappears without inconvenience to you of any kind. She has written a book intensely interesting to fleshy people, and she will give away ten thousand copies absolutely free. The book tells all about her wonderful treatment, and she sends with it sworn affidavits to back up her claim. It costs you nothing to find out about this treatment, and if you have a large bust, large hips, large abdomen, a double chin, or superfluous flesh on any part of the body, and wish to get rid of it quickly, write her at once for a copy of the free book before the present edition is exhausted, and you will be agreeably surprised and pleased with what she sends you. Her address is MAE EDNA WILDER, Suite 1430, Rochester, N. Y.



Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY



Hartford Fire Insurance Company

With the coming of 1910, THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has rounded out a century of business history. That means something in the hazardous business of fire insurance, for four out of every five companies organized in this country have either failed or retired. It means unshaken stability. The smoke of every great American conflagration has darkened the sky over the Hartford's head. In San Francisco alone it paid ten millions. But emerging triumphant from the ordeals of 100 years, it enters its second century stronger than ever.

Unshaken stability for a century is no mean heritage, but age is venerable only when adorned with honor. Honor implies more than honesty. It is the quality which impels an institution to meet every obligation, not only with promptness and exactness, but with fairness and a spirit of equity. That is the Hartford's record in the past, its aim to-day and its ideal for the future. Its policies afford unsurpassed indemnity, and by co-operating with its patrons to lessen fire dangers, it offers continuous service. Its business, scattered among more than 15,000 communities throughout this great land, is the largest of any fire insurance company in America. Its agents are everywhere.

Insure in the Hartford

When writing to advertisers kindly mention the SMART SET

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



Cleanser and Mouth Wash In One

Polishes the teeth to dazzling whiteness, while its fragrant antiseptic foam reaches every part of the mouth—neutralizing all tooth-destroying acids, preventing discoloration and decay.

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

comes in a handy metal box—nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that insures beautiful teeth, healthy gums and a sweet breath. At your druggist, 25 cents.

Strong's Arnica Jelly Keeps Your Skin Smooth

No need to endure the discomfort of sunburn or winter chapping. Apply with finger tips, rub gently into pores. In collapsible metal tubes, 25 cents.

NOTE:—If your druggist does not have these goods, send price to us. We will forward them prepaid.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1612. [3]

C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.



"I
Cannot
tell a
lie"—

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

are really what we say they are—a connoisseurs' proposition—strictly.

Theoretically—"at all dealers." Actually—at most of the best stores and clubs.

If your dealer cannot or will not supply you we will, but we'd rather you'd ask the dealer first.

15 cents and a quarter in boxes of 10;
\$1.50 to \$6.00 in boxes of 100.

Makaroff - Boston

LOFTIS SYSTEM DIAMONDS ON CREDIT WATCHES

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE NEW YEAR in fine Genuine Diamond Rings, ladies' or gentlemen's. These are brilliant gems, specially priced at \$20, \$25, \$35, \$50 and \$75. Send for our beautiful catalog containing over 1,500 illustrations. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it, pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. Our prices the lowest. As a good investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. It increases in value 10 to 20% annually.

LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE, Dept. H 20 93 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.—Branch Stores: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

**Insist on getting what you ask for—
a substitute is never equal to the original.**

When writing to advertisers kindly mention the SMART SET

Digitized by Google

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured

Under the Auspices of the Cincinnati Evening Post Five Test Cases Were Selected and Treated Publicly by Dr. Irvine K. Mott Free of Charge.

Irvine K. Mott, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, well and favorably known in that city as a learned physician—a graduate of the Cincinnati Pulte Medical College, and of the London (Eng.) Hospitals, has discovered a remedy to successfully



treat Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other kidney troubles, either in their first, intermediate or last stages. Dr. Mott says: "My method arrests the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidneys, and preserves intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use neutralize the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes in the kidneys."

The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment and prove its merit by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free.

Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made, five out of the twelve were decided upon. These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott as cured. The persons treated gained their normal weight, strength and appetite, and were able to resume their usual work. Anyone desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies by sending to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured, as treatment can be administered effectively by mail.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the doctor has prepared about kidney trouble, and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 575 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

HOTEL GRENOBLE

56TH ST. AND 7TH AVE.

Opposite Carnegie Hall, New York City

A Select Family and Transient Hotel. Situated in the finest residential part of the city, two blocks from Central Park, convenient to all theatres and shops.

Rooms \$1.50 a day and up
Rooms with bath \$2 a day and up

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. \$3.00 a day and up

Geo. W. O'Hare, Mgr.

TO ADVERTISERS

ONLY high-grade advertisements of thoroughly reliable firms are solicited for this magazine. No better medium is offered this class of advertisers

\$3,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR
IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS



We teach you by mail every branch of the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business and appoint you

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

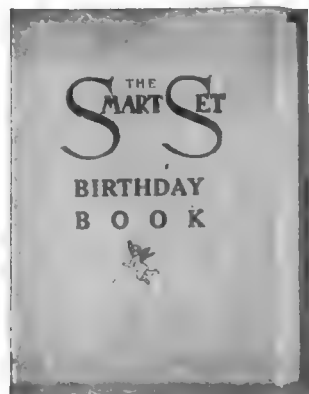
of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can begin making money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Course FREE To Each Representative. Write for 62-page book, free.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 3570 Reaper Block, Chicago

"A chaperon is a young woman who always takes a girl along for the looks of the thing."

—and 364 other equally clever epigrams in

The Smart Set Birthday Book



Choicely bound in imported leather, stamped in red and black, printed on hand-made paper.

284 Pages—postpaid 75c.

An Ideal Birthday Gift

ESS ESS PUBLISHING CO.
452 Fifth Avenue, New York

When writing to advertisers kindly mention the SMART SET



The Knabe

MIGNONETTE GRAND IN MAHOGANY. PRICE, \$700

Where others have failed to build a small yet perfect GRAND PIANO, meeting present-day requirements, the HOUSE OF KNABE, after years of careful research and experiment, has succeeded in producing

The WORLD'S BEST GRAND PIANO

In the small size of
5 FEET, 2 INCHES

This instrument possesses that same matchless tone for which KNABE GRANDS have long since been distinguished—a tone peculiar to and distinctive of all KNABE PIANOS, which carry the endorsement of the leading musicians of the day.

Knabe Pianos may be purchased of any Knabe representative at New York prices with added cost of freight and delivery.

Wm. KNABE & Co., 439 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 39th Street
NEW YORK

BALTIMORE

LONDON

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

Commonsense and Life Insurance



To keep young is something we all want to do. And it's mostly brought about by not thinking about it. You can't keep young if you are always dwelling on those terrible things that may happen when you're young no longer. That's why some people save. Saving is fine, excellent, provided you can find out in advance that you are going to live long enough to make the saving worth the stinting. It's a mean thing after you've done without your tobacco for a week, to hike into the sweet eternal. What's to be done about it anyhow? Easy! A life insurance policy means saving plus. No risk of falling into the long sleep with \$14.75 at the bank. Not only is your life insured, but you are insured against your own inclination to shake the baby's bank, when you see a "sure thing". Insure yourself and be assured. Don't let the wife and the kiddies run the risk of having not only lack of syrup, but actually no cakes at all. It simply means that you deposit a part of your savings with an insurance company instead of a bank. The bank simply pays you back what you put in; but the insurance company may pay much more. No bank in the world is as strong as the Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

"The Standard for 60 years"

POND'S

EXTRACT

Soothing, Refreshing and Healing

is an ideal non-oily toilet cream of great purity and exquisite Jacque Rose fragrance. "Vanishing Cream" effectively promotes that fineness of skin texture so requisite to a clear and beautiful complexion.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
Dept. 5 78 Hudson St. New York





**HEADACHE ?
BROMO-SELTZER**

"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women Is Cleanliness"

NAIAD



Odorless

Hygienic

DRESS SHIELD

Supreme in
Beauty, Quality and Cleanliness

Absolutely free from Rubber, Sulphur
and Poisonous Cement.

Can be Sterilized, Washed and Ironed. Guaranteed with every pair. All styles and sizes. At the stores, or sample pair sent on receipt of 25 cents.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs.

101 FRANKLIN STREET

NEW YORK

Milo

The
**Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality**

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.



The
Pure Food
Drink of
Value

The most appetizing, nourishing and easily digested of all food-drinks—quickly and easily made. For invalids and children it is unequaled.

At All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

Chocolates, Bonbons, French Bonbonniere

The unique Luncheon Restaurant is a popular resort for ladies—afternoon tea 3 to 6

At your club or dealer's

PIANOS

Google

Write for Catalogue D and explanation.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.

Boston, Mass.

have been established over 60 YEARS. By systems of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a Vose piano. We take old pianos in exchange and deliver the new piano to your house free of expense.